

# PLAUTUS

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY

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IN FIVE VOLUMES

IV

THE LITTLE CARTHAGINIAN  
PSEUDOLUS  
THE ROPE



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## THE GREEK ORIGINALS AND DATES OF THE PLAYS IN THE FOURTH VOLUME

IN the Prologue<sup>1</sup> of the *Poenulus* we are told that the Greek name of the comedy was *Καρχηδόνιος*, but who its author was—perhaps Menander—or who the author of the play which was combined with the *Καρχηδόνιος* to make the *Poenulus* is quite uncertain. The time of the presentation of the *Poenulus* at Rome is also uncertain: Hueffner<sup>2</sup> believes that the capture of Sparta<sup>3</sup> was a purely Plautine reference to the war with Nabis in 195 B.C. and that the *Poenulus* appeared in 194 or 193 B.C.

The date, however, of the Roman presentation of the *Pseudolus* is definitely established by the didascalía as 191 B.C. Geographical and military allusions in the play make the year 309 B.C. or 308 B.C.<sup>4</sup> a probable time for the production of its Greek original. But whether the Greek play was written by Menander, Philemon, or someone else is doubtful.

<sup>1</sup> *Poen.* Prol. 53.

<sup>2</sup> Hueffner, *De Plauti Comœdiarum Exemplis Atticis*, 34–35.

<sup>3</sup> *Poen.* 663–665.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. Hueffner, 11–16

## THE GREEK ORIGINALS

The *Rudens* was adapted from a play of unknown title by Diphilus.<sup>1</sup> Warfare in Sicily made it unlikely that Labrax would have been tempted to try business there<sup>2</sup> either before the island came under the control of Agathocles, or after the death of Agathocles. Gripus' ambition, also, to found a *regnum magnum*,<sup>3</sup> like the successors of Alexander the Great, seems to Hueffner<sup>4</sup> additional evidence that the original of the *Rudens* was presented between 303 and 290 B.C. The *Rudens* itself appears to have been first staged between 200 and 190 B.C.

<sup>1</sup> *Rud.* Prol. 32.

<sup>2</sup> *Rud.* Prol. 54-56; cf. 541.

<sup>3</sup> *Rud.* 935.

<sup>4</sup> Hueffner, 67.



SOME ANNOTATED EDITIONS OF PLAYS  
IN THE FOURTH VOLUME

*Pseudolus*, Auden; Cambridge, Cambridge University Press, 1896.

*Pseudolus*, Lorenz; Berlin, Weidmann, 1876.

*Pseudolus*, Morris; Boston, Allyn and Bacon, 1890.

*Rudens*, Marx; Leipzig, Hirzel, 1928.

*Rudens*, Sonnenschein; Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1901.



## CONTENTS

I.	Poenulus, or The Little Carthaginian	<i>page</i> 1
II.	Pseudolus	144
III.	Rudens, or The Rope	287
	Index	437



POENULUS  
OR  
THE LITTLE CARTHAGINIAN

## ARGVMENTVM

Puer septuennis surripitur Carthagine.  
Osor mulierum emptum adōptat hunc senex  
Et facit heredem. deinde eius cognatae duae  
Nutrixque earum raptae. mercatur Lycus,  
Vexatque amantem. at ille cum auro vilicum  
Lenoni obtrudit, itaque eum furto alligat.  
Venit Hanno Poenus, gnatum hunc fratris repperit  
Suasque adgnoscit quas perdiderat filias.

## PERSONAE

AGORASTOCLES ADULESCENS  
MILPHIO SERVUS  
ADELPHASIVM }  
ANTERASTILIS } PUELLAE  
LYCVS LENO  
ANTAMONIDES MILES  
~~A~~ADVOCATI  
COLLYBISCVS VILICVS  
SYNCERASTVS SERVVS  
HANNO POENVS  
GIDDENIS NUTRIX  
PVER

## ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

A seven-year-old boy was kidnapped from Carthage. An old woman-hater purchased this boy, adopted him, and made him his heir. Later two of the boy's relatives, girls, were stolen, and their nurse with them. Lycus buys them and torments the young lover. But the lover's bailiff with a bag of gold is fubbed off upon the pimp, so implicating him in theft. Hanno the Carthaginian arrives, finds the lover to be his nephew, and recognizes his long-lost daughters.

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

AGORASTOCLES, *a young gentleman of Calydon.*

MILPHIO, *his slave.*

ADELPHASIUM } *girls bought by Lycus.*  
ANTERASTILIS }

LYCUS, *a pimp.*

ANTAMONIDES, *a soldier.*

COUNSELLORS, *acquaintances of Agorastocles.*

COLLYBISCUS, *bailiff of Agorastocles.*

SYNCERASTUS, *slave of Lycus.*

HANNO, *a gentleman of Carthage.*

GIDDENIS, *nurse of Adelpasium and Anterastilis.*

A SLAVE BOY, *belonging to Hanno.*

## PROLOGVS

Achillem Aristarchi mihi commentari lubet :  
inde mihi principium capiam, ex ea tragoedia.  
“sileteque et tacete atque animum advortite,  
audire iubet vos imperator”—histricus,  
bonoque ut animo sedeate in subselliis,  
et qui esurientes et qui saturi venerint :  
qui edistis, multo fecistis sapientius,  
qui non edistis, saturi fite fabulis ;  
nam cui paratumst quod edit, nostra gratia  
nimia est stultitia sessum impransum incedere. 10

Exsurge, praeco, fac populo audientiam.  
iam dudum exspecto, si tuom officium scias :  
exerce vocem, quam per vivisque et <sup>1</sup> colis.  
nam nisi clamabis, tacitum te obrepet fames.  
age nunc reside, duplicem ut mercedem feras.<sup>2</sup>

Bonum factumst, edicta ut servetis mea.  
scortum exoletum ne quis in proscaenio  
sedeat, neu lictor verbum aut virgae muttiant,  
neu dissignator praeter os obambulet  
neu sessum ducat, dum histrio in scaena siet. 20  
diu qui domi otiosi dormierunt, decet  
animo aequo nunc stent, vel dormire temperent.  
servi ne obsideant, liberis ut sit locus,  
vel aes pro capite dent ; si id facere non queunt,

<sup>1</sup> Corrupt (Leo) : *vales* Geppert.

<sup>2</sup> Leo notes lacuna here : *factumst* Pylades : *bonum factum esse* MSS.



*Scene :—Calydon. A street in which stand the houses of Agorastocles and Lycus.*

## PROLOGUE

I have a mind to imitate Aristarchus' *Achilles*. Aye, I shall take my exordium from that tragedy. (*grandiloquently*) "Silence! Hush ye, and turn hither your attention! Hearken! 'Tis the command of the general"—(*chuckling*) manager of this troupe who wants you to sit in your seats with good cheer, both those who have come here famished and those who have come here full. You that ate showed much more sense; you that ate not, eat your fill of show. For a man with a meal before him, because of us, to stalk in and sit here empty, is more than foolish.

(*loudly*) Crier! Rise and bid this crowd give ear! I have long been waiting to see if you knew your duty. Exercise that voice that lets you live and flourish. For unless you bellow, you'll silently starve away. (*after the Crier has vainly tried to quiet the house*) There now, sit down, if you want your pay doubled!

(*to audience ironically*) So good of you to observe my edicts! (*with high authoritativeness*) Let no well-ripened wanton take seat upon the stage, nor lictor murmur, or his rods, nor usher ramble around in front, or show a seat, while an actor is on the boards. Those who have stayed too long at home in idle sleep should now stand in patience, or else sleep in moderation. Let no slaves crowd in, but leave room here for free men, or else pay cash for manumission; in case they cannot, let them go

## TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

domum abeant, viter ancipiti infortunio,  
 ne et hic varientur virgis et loris domi,  
 si minus curassint, quom erī reveniant domum.  
 nutrices pueros infantis minutulos  
 domi ut procurent neu quae spectatum adferat,  
 ne et ipsae sitiant et pueri pereant fame 30  
 neve esurientes hic quasi haedi obvagiant.  
 matronae tacitae spectent, tacitae rideant,  
 canora hic voce sua tinnire temperent,  
 domum sermones fabulandi conferant,  
 ne et hic viris sint et domi molestiae.

Quodque ad ludorum curatores attinet,  
 ne palma detur quoiquam artifice iniuria  
 neve ambitionis causa extrudantur foras,  
 quo deteriores anteponantur bonis.  
 et hoc quoque etiam, quod paene oblitus fui : 40  
 dum ludi fiunt, in popinam, pedisequi,  
 inruptionem facite ; nunc dum occasio est,  
 nunc dum scriblitae aestuant, occurrite.

Haec quae imperata sunt pro imperio histrico,  
 bonum hercle factum pro se quisque ut meminerit.

Ad argumentum nunc vicissatim volo  
 remigrare, ut aequae mecum sitis gnarures.  
 eius nunc regiones, limites, confinia  
 determinabo : ei rei ego finitor factus sum.  
 sed nisi molestumst, nomen dare vobis volo 50  
 comoediai ; sin odiosum, dicam tamen,  
 siquidem licebit per illos quibus est in manu.  
 Carchedonius vocatur haec comoedia,<sup>1</sup>  
 latine Plautus Patruus Pultiphagonides.  
 nomen iam habetis. nunc rationes ceteras

<sup>1</sup> Leo notes lacuna here: *comoedia graece, latine P. P.*  
 Ritschl.

## PROLOGUE

home and shun a twofold catastrophe—rod welts here and whip welts there, if their masters come back home to find their work undone. And nurses, let nurses attend to their tiny brats at home, let not one bring them to this play, for the nurses may get dry and the children starve to death, or go maamaaing here for food like so many young goats. Matrons are to view this play in silence, laugh in silence, temper here their tuneful chirping, take their prittle-prattle home, and not be a nuisance to their husbands here as well as there.

Now for what concerns the Directors of the games—let no artist gain the palm unfairly, let none be crowded out through partiality, so allowing worse men to supplant their betters. Yes, and another matter, which I had almost forgotten—lackeys, while the show is on, storm the bakeshop! Now while you have the chance, now while the tarts are hot, charge!

These be the general orders issued for the general-management, and 'twill be well, by heaven, that each man remember them for himself.

Now I wish to revert again to the Argument of this play, that you may be as well informed as I am. Its bounds, limits, and confines I shall now determine : I have been selected as its surveyor. But if you do not object, I wish to give you the name of this comedy ; of course, if you do object, I shall tell you anyway—that being duly authorized by those in charge. It is called *Carchedonius*, Plautus giving it the Latin title of *Uncle Papeater*.<sup>1</sup> There you have its name. Now let me make the

<sup>1</sup> *Pultiphagonides* may refer to Plautus, the Latin title being *Patruus*.

## TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

accipite; nam argumentum hoc hic censebitur:  
locus argumentost suom sibi proscænium,  
vos iuratores estis. quaeso, operam date.

Carthaginienses fratres patrucles duo  
fuere, summo genere et summis ditiis; 60  
eorum alter vivit, alter est emortuos.  
propterea apud vos dico confidentius,  
quia mihi pollictor dixit qui eum pollinxerat.  
sed illi seni qui mortuost, ei filius,  
unicus qui fuerat, ab divitiis a patre  
puer septuennis surripitur Carthagine,  
sexennio prius quidem quam moritur pater.

Quoniam periisse sibi videt gnatum unicum,  
conicitur ipse in morbum ex aegritudine:  
facit illum heredem fratrem patruelem suom, 70  
ipse abit ad Acheruntem sine viatico.  
ille qui surripuit puerum Calydonem avehit,  
vendit eum domino hic diviti quoidam seni,  
cupienti liberorum, osori mulierum.  
emit hospitem is filium imprudens senex  
puerum illum eumque adoptat sibi pro filio  
eumque heredem fecit, quom ipse obiit diem.  
is illic adulescens habitat in illisce aedibus.

Revertor rursus denuo Carthaginem:  
si quid mandare vultis aut curarier, 80  
argentum nisi qui dederit, nugas egerit;  
<sup>1</sup> qui dederit, magis maiores nugas egerit.

Sed illi patruo huius, qui vivit senex,  
Carthaginiensi duae fuere filiae,  
altera quinquennis, altera quadrimula:  
cum nutrice una periire a Magaribus.

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets *verum* preceding *qui*.

<sup>1</sup> So termed throughout the play, though really a cousin of Agorastocles' father.

<sup>2</sup> A park outside Carthage.

## PROLOGUE

rest of my report, for this Argument is to be examined here like an Income Tax Return: the office at which to submit a Return on Argument is its own stage, and you are the Commissioners. Your attention, please.

There were two Carthaginian cousins, of distinguished family and fortune; one of them is living, the other is deceased. I make this statement to you with the more assurance, because it was made to me by the undertaker who did his undertaking. But the son, the one and only son, of that old gentleman who died was stolen away from his affluent home in Carthage and from his father when he was a seven-year-old boy, this occurring six years before his father's death.

Seeing that his only son was lost to him, the father fell sick from grief; he made that cousin his heir and departed unto Acheron, without funds for the trip. The man who stole the boy carried him to Calydon, and sold him as a slave to a certain rich old man here who longed for children but hated women. This old man bought the lad without knowing that he was the son of a family friend of his, adopted him, and made him his heir on his own demise. And that house there (*pointing*) is the residence of this young man.

I now intend to take another trip to Carthage: anyone of you, with commissions or affairs for me to attend to, must supply me with cash, or it will do him no good; if he does supply it, it will do him a great deal less good.

Well, our lad's Carthaginian uncle,<sup>1</sup> still alive but old, had two daughters, one five years of age, the other four: along with their nurse they disappeared completely from Magara.<sup>2</sup> The person

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

eas qui surripuit, in Anactorium devehit,  
 vendit eas omnis, et nutricem et virgines,  
 praesenti argento homini, si leno est homo,  
 quantum hominum terra sustinet sacerrumo. 90  
 vosmet nunc facite coniecturam ceterum,  
 quid id sit hominis, cui Lyco nomen siet.  
 is ex Anactorio, ubi prius habitaverat,  
 huc commigravit in Calydonem hau diu,  
 sui quaesti causa. is in illis habitat aedibus.

Earum hic adulescens alteram efflictim perit,  
 suam sibi cognatam, imprudens, neque scit quae siet  
 neque eam umquam tetigit, ita cum leno macerat: <sup>1</sup>  
 quia amare cernit, tangere hominem volt bolo. 101  
 illam minorem in concubinatum sibi  
 volt emere miles quidam, qui illam deperit.

Sed pater illarum Poenus, postquam eas perdidit,  
 mari terraque usquequaque quaeritat.  
 ubi quamque in urbem est ingressus, ilico  
 omnes meretrices, ubi quisque habitant, invenit;  
 dat aurum, ducit noctem, rogitat postibi  
 unde sit, quoiatis, captane an surrupta sit,  
 quo genere gnata, qui parentes fuerint. 110  
 ita docte atque astu filias quaerit suas.  
 et is omnis linguas scit, sed dissimulat sciens  
 se scire: Poenus plane est. quid verbis opust?

Is heri huc in portum navi venit vesperi,  
 pater harum; idem huic patruos adulescentulo est:  
 iamne hoc tenetis? si tenetis, ducite;

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following vv., 99-100 :  
*neque quicquam cum ea fecit etiamnum stupri*  
*neque duxit umquam, neque ille voluit mittere.*

<sup>1</sup> Lycus, "wolf."

<sup>2</sup> Vv. 99-100 : Nor has he ever had intercourse with her, or taken her, nor has the pimp been willing to send her to him.

## PROLOGUE

who stole them took them to Anactorium, and all three of them, both nurse and girls, he sold, cash down, to a man—if a pimp be a man—who is the most consummate scoundrel that the earth sustains. Now guess for yourselves what sort of man he is in general, when his very name is Lycus.<sup>1</sup> This Lycus left Anactorium, where he had been living, and immigrated here to Calydon not long ago to ply his trade. That is his house there. (*pointing*)

One of these girls our young gentleman dotes on to distraction—unaware that she is a relative of his—without either knowing who she is, or ever having touched her, the pimp so keeps him on the rack:<sup>2</sup> perceiving how he loves her, he wants to make a haul. As for the younger sister, a certain soldier is infatuated with her and wants to buy her as his mistress.

But their Carthaginian father ever since they disappeared has kept searching for them everywhere by sea and land. On reaching any city, he at once hunts up all the harlots at their homes; he pays his money, hires one for the night, and then inquires where she is from, what country, whether she was captured in war or kidnapped, who her family and parents were. In this shrewd and ingenious way he seeks his daughters. He knows all languages, too, but, knowing, dissembles his knowledge. A Carthaginian complete! Why say more?

This last evening he sailed into harbour here, the father of these girls (*pointing to the house of Lycus*); and likewise the uncle of our young gentleman (*indicating the house of Agorastocles*) here. Have you got it? If you have got it, pull; but

## TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

cave dirumpatis, quaeso, sinite transigi.  
ehem, paene oblitus sum relicuom dicere.  
ille qui adoptavit hunc sibi pro filio,  
is illi Poeno huius patruo hospes fuit.  
is hodie huc veniet reperietque hic filias  
et hunc sui fratris filium, ut quidem didici ego.

120

Ego ibo, ornabor; vos aequo animo noscite.  
hic qui hodie veniet, reperiet suas filias  
et hunc sui fratris filium. dehinc ceterum  
valete, adeste. ibo, alius nunc fieri volo:  
quod restat, restant alii qui faciant palam.  
valete atque adiuuate, ut vos servet Salus.



## PROLOGUE

do be sure not to break it off; let it come to the grand finale. (*turns to go, then stops*) Ah, but I almost forgot to tell you the rest. That gentleman, who adopted this lad as his son—he was once the family friend of the boy's Carthaginian uncle. To-day this uncle will arrive here and here discover his daughters and this nephew, so I have learned.

Well, I must go and get into my costume. Follow our plot patiently. (*with increased emphasis*) The Carthaginian who arrives to-day will discover his daughters and this nephew. (*about to go*) Now then, fare ye well and stand by us. I am going: I must now become another man. As for what remains, others remain to make it clear. Fare ye well and show us favour, that so Salvation may keep you safe. [EXIT.]

## ACTVS I

*Ag.* Saepe ego res multas tibi mandavi, Milphio,  
dubias, egenas, inopiosas consili,  
quas tu sapienter, docte et cordate et cate  
mihi reddidisti opiparas opera tua.  
quibus pro bene factis fateor deberi tibi  
et libertatem et multas grates gratias. 130

*Mil.* Scitumst, per tempus si obviamst, verbum vetus.  
nam tuae blanditiae mihi sunt, quod dici solet,  
gerrae germanae, *σαλὲ κολλῦραι λῦραι*.  
nunc mihi blandidicus es: heri in tergo meo  
tris facile corios contrivisti bubulos.

*Ag.* Amans per amorem si quid feci, Milphio, 140  
ignoscere id te mi aequum est.

*Mil.* Haud vidi magis.  
em, nunc ego amore pereo. sine te verberem,  
item ut tu mihi fecisti, ob nullam noxiam:  
post id locorum tu mihi amanti ignoscito.

*Ag.* Si tibi lubido est aut voluptati, sino:  
suspende, vinci, verbera; auctor sum, sino.

*Mil.* Si auctoritatem postea defugeris,  
ubi dissolutus tu sies, ego pendeam.

## ACT I

ENTER *Agorastocles*, TREMULOUS AND HYSTERICAL,  
CLINGING TO *Milphio's* UNWILLING ARM.

(*pleadingly*) Oh, Milphio, many's the affair I've entrusted to you time and again when all looked dark and forlorn and counselless, and you, with your wisdom and cleverness and sagacity and shrewdness, have turned them into triumphs for me. And for all these kindnesses I own that I owe you your liberty, yes, and endless thanksgiving and thanks.

(*coldly*) When an old phrase fits the occasion it's well used. Why, all this blarney you're giving me is nothing but pure piffle, as they say, *rien que belles balivernes*. Now you blarneybait me: yesterday you wore out three ox-hides on my back and it didn't bother you a bit.

(*on the verge of tears*) I'm in love, Milphio, and if my love makes me do anything, you ought to overlook it.

(*with asperity*) Yes, of course! See here! Now I'm in love myself, dying of it. Just let me beat you the same as you did me, all for nothing at all: and afterwards, I being in love, you overlook it.

(*humbly*) If you find any joy or pleasure in it, I do let you. Hang me up, bind me, beat me; I authorize you, I let you.

But if you evade authority later on when you're loose, I'd be the one hung up.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Ag.* Egone istuc ausim facere, praesertim tibi?  
quin si feriri video te, extemplo dolet. 150
- Mil.* Mihi quidem hercle.
- Ag.* Immo mihi.
- Mil.* Istuc mavelim.  
sed quid nunc tibi vis?
- Ag.* Cūr ego apud te mentiar?  
amo immodeste.
- Mil.* Meae istuc scapulae sentiunt.
- Ag.* At ego hanc vicinam dico Adelphasium meam,  
lenonis huius meretricem maiusculam.
- Mil.* Iam pridem equidem istuc ex te audiui.
- Ag.* Differor  
cupidine eius. sed lenone istoc Lyco,  
illius domino, non lutumst lutulentius.
- Mil.* Vin tu illi nequam dare nunc?
- Ag.* Cupio.
- Mil.* Em me dato.
- Ag.* Abi diirectus.
- Mil.* Dic mihi vero serio : 160  
vin dare malum illi?
- Ag.* Cupio.
- Mil.* Em, eundem me dato :  
utrumque faxo habebit, et nequam et malum.  
locare.
- Ag.* Vin tu illam hodie sine <sup>1</sup> dispendio  
tuo tuam libertam facere?
- Ag.* Cupio, Milphio.
- Mil.* Ego faciam ut facias. sunt tibi intus aurei  
trecenti nummi Philippi?
- Ag.* Sescenti quoque.

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following *damno et*.

## POENULUS

- Ag. Would I be capable of doing that, especially to you? Why, the moment I see you get a blow, it hurts.
- Mil. Yes, by gad, hurts me.
- Ag. No, no, me!
- Mil. That would be my preference. But what d'ye want now?
- Ag. (*despairingly*) Why should I lie to you? I'm in love, beyond all self-control!
- Mil. (*dryly*) My shoulder blades surmise as much.
- Ag. But with the girl next door, I mean, (*indicating Lycus' house*) my Adelphasium, this pimp's courtesan, the one a little older.
- Mil. (*nearly*) Lord, Lord! I heard that from you long ago.
- Ag. (*sobbing*) I'm in torment, I want her so! But that pimp Lycus she belongs to, oh dear, he's dirty as dirt!
- Mil. Want to give him something now he'll hate?
- Ag. (*hopeful*) I long to!
- Mil. All right! (*grinning*) Give him me.
- Ag. Oh, go to the deuce!
- Mil. Tell me in sober earnest: do you want to give him something he'll regret?
- Ag. (*hopeful again*) I long to!
- Mil. All right! Give him this same me. He'll have something he'll hate and regret both, I promise you.
- Ag. You joker! (*weeps*)
- Mil. (*surveying him thoughtfully*) Want to make that girl your freedwoman to-day without its costing you a thing?
- Ag. (*through his tears*) I long to, Milphio!
- Mil. (*confidently*) I'm the man to manage it. Have you got three hundred pounds inside there?
- Ag. Yes, and six hundred.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

*Mil.* Satis sunt trecenti.  
*Ag.* Quid iis facturur's?  
*Mil.* Tace.

totum lenonem tibi cum tota familia  
dabo hodie dono.

*Ag.* Qui id facturur's?  
*Mil.* Iam scies.

tuos Collybiscus nunc in urbest vilicus;  
eum hic non novit leno. satin intellegis? 170

*Ag.* Intellego hercle, sed quo evadas nescio.  
*Mil.* Non scis?

*Ag.* Non hercle.  
*Mil.* At ego iam faxo scies.

ei dabitur aurum, ut ad lenonem deferat  
dicatque se peregrinum esse, ex alio oppido:  
se amare velle atque obsequi animo suo;  
locum sibi velle liberum praeberier,  
ubi nequam faciat clam, ne quis sit arbiter.  
leno ad se accipiet auri cupidus ilico:  
celabit hominem et aurum.

*Ag.* Consilium placet. 180  
*Mil.* Rogato, servos veneritne ad eum tuos.

ille me censebit quaeri: continuo tibi  
negabit. quid tu dubitas, quin extempulo  
dupli tibi auri et hominis fur leno siet?  
neque id unde efficiat habet: ubi in ius venerit,  
addicet praetor familiam totam tibi.  
ita decipiemus fovea lenonem Lycum.  
Placet consilium.

*Ag.* Immo etiam, ubi expolivero,  
*Mil.* magis hoc tum demum dices: nunc etiam rudest.  
*Ag.* Ego in aedem Veneris co, nisi quid vis, Milphio. 190  
Aphrodisia hodie sunt.

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<sup>1</sup> A festival of Venus.

# POENULUS

- Mil.* Three hundred's plenty.
- Ag.* What are you going to do with it?
- Mil.* Hush! This day you shall get the pimp entire with his entire household as a gift from me.
- Ag.* How will you do it?
- Mil.* You'll soon know. Your bailiff Collybiscus is in the city now: this pimp's unacquainted with him. Understand, do you?
- Ag.* (*somewhat dazed*) I understand, yes, yes—but I don't know what you're aiming at.
- Mil.* (*contemptuous*) You don't, eh?
- Ag.* Really, I don't.
- Mil.* Well, I'll soon let you know. He'll be given the money, so as to carry it to the pimp's, saying he's a stranger, from another town. He'll say he wants a girl and a good time; wants a nice quiet place provided where he can enjoy himself privately without being observed. The pimp'll be keen for the money and hurry him into his house. (*triumphantly*) He'll be concealing man and money!
- Ag.* (*half-heartedly*) Very good scheme.
- Mil.* Then you ask him if your slave is at his house. He'll suppose it's me you're after: so he'll promptly say no. Can you doubt he will forthwith be liable to you for twice the value of the money and the slave he stole? And he hasn't the wherewithal to settle. When he comes to court the praetor will adjudge his entire establishment to you. So there's pimp Lycus lured into our pitfall.
- Ag.* (*restless*) Very good scheme.
- Mil.* Ah, but you wait till I have it polished up, and then you'll say so all the more; it's crude as yet.
- Ag.* I'm going to the temple of Venus, if there's nothing you want, Milphio. This is Aphrodisia<sup>1</sup> day.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

*Mil.*

Scio.

*Ag.*

Oculos volo

meos delectare munditiis meretriciis.

*Mil.*

Hoc primum agamus quod consilium cepimus.  
abeamus intro, ut Collybiscum vilicum  
hanc perdoceamus ut ferat fallaciam.

*Ag.*

Quamquam Cupido in corde vorsatur, tamen  
tibi auscultabo.

*Mil.*

Faciam ut facto gaudeas.

inest amoris macula huic homini in pectore,  
sine damno magno quae elui ne utiquam potest.  
itaque hic scelestus est homo leno Lycus,  
quoi iam infortuni intenta ballistast probe,  
quam ego haud multo post mittam e ballistario.  
sed Adelphasium eccam exit atque Anterastilis.  
haec est prior, quae meum erum dementem facit.  
sed evocabo. heus, i foras, Agorastocles,  
si vis videre ludos iucundissimos.

*Ag.*

Quid istuc tumultist, Milphio?

*Mil.*

Em amores tuos,

si vis spectare.

*Ag.*

O multa tibi di dent bona,

quom hoc mi optulisti tam lepidum spectaculum.

*I. 2.*

*Ad.*

Negoti sibi qui volet vim parare,  
navem et mulierem, haec duo comparato.  
nam nullae magis res duae plus negoti  
habent, forte si occeperis exornare,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following v., 214 :

*neque umquam satis hac duae res ornantur.*

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<sup>1</sup> V. 214: Nor are these two things ever fitted out sufficiently.



## POENULUS

*Mil.* (*curtly*) I know.

*Ag.* (*longuishingly*) I wish to gladden my eyes with the sweet costumes of the courtesans.

*Mil.* (*impatient*) Let's get started on this scheme of ours first. Let's go in and instruct bailiff Collybiscus how to play his part in it.

*Ag.* (*with pained resolution*) Though Cupid's busy in my heart, no matter, obey you I will.

[EXIT INTO HIS HOUSE.]

*Mil.* (*calling after him*) I'll make you glad you did do so. (*soliloquizing*) This chap has a love-spot in his chest that simply can't be eradicated except at high cost. So it's this villainous pimp Lycus I now have my barb of bale well aimed at, and a little later I'll let fly from my barbican. (*as the pimp's door opens*) Aha! But here come Adelphasium, and Anterastilis! (*to audience*) It's this first one (*pointing*) that's driving my master mad. But I'll call him out. (*goes to his door*) Hey, Agorastocles! Come on out, if you want to see a gorgeous show!

ENTER *Agorastocles*.

*Ag.* Why the uproar, Milphio?

*Mil.* (*pointing*) There's your lady fair, if you want to inspect her.

*Ag.* (*rapturous*) Oh, God give you every blessing, for bringing me a spectacle so lovely! (*draws Milphio back into the doorway*)

Scene 2. ENTER *Adelphasium* AND *Anterastilis*, A MAID  
CARRYING THEIR OFFERINGS.

*Ad.* (*surveying herself irritably*) A man that wants to make himself a world of trouble should get himself a ship and a woman, just those two. For no two things can possibly be more troublesome, if you happen to try to fit them out,<sup>1</sup> and as for fitting

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

neque eis ulla ornandi satis satietas est.  
 atque haec, ut loquor, nunc domo docta dico.  
 nam nos usque ab aurora ad hoc quod dici est,<sup>1</sup>  
 ex industria ambae numquam concessamus  
 lavari aut fricari aut tergeri aut ornari, 220  
 poliri expoliri, pingi fingi; et una  
 binae singulis quae datae nobis ancillae,  
 eae nos lavando eluendo operam dederunt,  
 aggerundaque aqua sunt viri duo defessi.  
 apage sis, negoti quantum in muliere una est.  
 sed vero duae, sat scio, maxumo uni  
 poplo cuilibet plus satis dare potis sunt,  
 quae noctes diesque omni in actate semper  
 ornantur, lavantur, tergentur, poliuntur.  
 postremo modus muliebris nullust: numquam 230  
 lavando et fricando scimus facere finem.<sup>2</sup>

*Ant.* Miror equidem, soror, te istaec sic fabulari,  
 quae tam callida et docta sis et faceta.  
 nam quom sedulo munditer nos habemus,  
 vix aegreque amatorculos invenimus.  
*Ad.* Ita est. verum hoc unum tamen cogitato:  
 modus omnibus rebus, soror, optimus est habitu.  
 nimia omnia nimium exhibent negoti hominibus ex  
 se.

*Ant.* Soror, cogita, amabo, item nos perhiberi 240  
 quam si salsa muriatica esse autumantur:<sup>3</sup>  
 nisi multa aqua usque et diu macerantur,  
 olent, salsa sunt, tangere ut non velis.

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following v., 218:

*postquam aurora inluxit, numquam concessamus.*

<sup>2</sup> Leo brackets following v., 232:

*nam quae luuta est nisi perculsa est, meo quidem animo  
 quasi inluta est.*

<sup>3</sup> Leo brackets following v., 242:

*sine omni lepore et sine suavitare.*

## POENULUS

them out sufficiently to suffice, it can't be done. In saying so I speak from late experience of my own. Why, from the very peep of dawn until this moment<sup>1</sup> we've both of us incessantly kept at it, being bathed or rubbed or dried or bedecked, prinked and pranked, made up and done up. Yes, and we each had two maids that helped with the bathing and scouring, and we tired out two men with water-carrying. Don't talk to me! The trouble one woman makes! But two! I really do believe a whole community, big as you please, can be kept more than busy by two women with their nightly, daily, lifelong, and eternal need of being bedecked, bathed, dried, and prinked. The golden mean, in short, means not a thing to women. Our bathing and rubbing—we don't know enough to end it, ever!<sup>2</sup>

*Ant.* (*complacently adding final touches to her toilet*) Really, sister, I'm surprised at such nonsense from a shrewd, sensible, clever girl like you. Why, for all our care to be well gotten up, even so, it's hard enough to find any loverlings.

*Ad.* That's so. But just the same, do consider this one fact: moderation in all things is the best policy, my dear. "All excess breeds trouble in excess."

*Ant.* (*still prinking*) Now, now, sister, just you consider this: we girls are judged like pickled fish that's pronounced too salty:<sup>3</sup> without lots and lots of water and long soaking, they're so rank and salt that you don't want to touch them. That's the way

<sup>1</sup> V. 218: Ever since daybreak we have never ceased.

<sup>2</sup> V. 232: Why, if a woman isn't smartly dressed, too, being immaculate is no better than being dirty, that's what I think.

<sup>3</sup> V. 242: Quite without attraction and without sweetness.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

item nos sumus<sup>1</sup>

insulsaē admodum atque invenustae  
sine munditia et sumptu.

*Mil.* Coqua est haec quidem, Agorastocles, ut ego  
opinor:  
scit muriatica ut maceret.

*Ag.* Quid molestus's?

*Ad.* Soror, parce, amabo: sat est istuc alios  
dicere nobis, ne nosmet in nostra etiam vitia  
loquamur.

*Ant.* Quiesco.

*Ad.* Ergo amo te. sed hoc nunc responde  
mihi: sunt hic omnia  
quae ad deum pacem oportet adesse?

*Ant.* Omnia accuravi.

*Ag.* Diem pulchrum et celebrem et venustatis plenum,  
dignum Venere pol, quoi sunt Aphrodisia hodie.

*Mil.* Ecquid gratiae, quom huc foras te evocavi?  
iam num me decet donari  
cado vini veteris? dic dare. nil respondes?  
lingua huic excidit, ut ego opinor.

quid hic, malum, astans opstipuisti?

*Ag.* Sine amem, ne opturba ac tace.

*Mil.* Taceo.

*Ag.* Si tacuisses, iam istuc taceo non gnatum foret.

*Ant.* Eamus, mea soror.

*Ad.* Eho amabo, quid illo nunc properas?

*Ant.* Rogas?

quia erus nos apud aedem Veneris mantat.

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following v., 245<sup>a</sup>:

*cūs seminis mulieres sunt.*

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<sup>1</sup> V. 245<sup>a</sup>: Women are of the same stock.

# POENULUS

with us :<sup>1</sup> we're quite unappetizing and unattractive unless we take good and expensive care of ourselves.

*Mil.* (*aside to Agorastocles*) This girl's a cook, Agorastocles, a cook, I do believe : knows all about soaking pickled fish.

*Ag.* (*intent on Adelphasium*) Why bother me?

*Ad.* Now, now, sister, that's enough. It's sufficient to have other people tell us such things without our talking against ourselves too.

*Ant.* (*still prinking*) I'll stop.

*Ad.* That's nice of you, dear. But answer me this now : is everything here (*pointing to the offerings*) that we need in order to gain the favour of the gods?

*Ant.* I've seen to everything.

*Ag.* (*aside, beatified*) Oh beautiful day, festal and lovely, ah, day worthy of that Queen of Love whose Aphrodisia it is!

*Mil.* (*aside to Agorastocles*) Don't I get a little something for calling you out here? A cask of old wine would be a proper present now, eh? Say so. (*Agorastocles gazes, unhearing*) No answer? He has lost his tongue, I do believe. (*hissing in Agorastocles' ear*) What the devil makes you stand here stupefied?

*Ag.* (*still rapt*) Leave me to my love and don't distract me! Hush!

*Mil.* (*drawling*) Hushed.

*Ag.* (*dreamily*) If you had hushed, that very "hushed" would have been unborn.

*Ant.* Come, sister mine, let's be going. (*moves on*)

*Ad.* (*stopping her*) But, my dear girl! Why hurry there now?

*Ant.* You ask me that? Because master's awaiting us at the temple of Venus.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Ad.* Maneat pol. mane.  
 turba est nunc apud aram. an te ibi vis inter istas  
 versarier  
 prosedas, pistorum amicas, reliquias alicarias,  
 miseris schoeno delibutas servolicolas sordidas,  
 quae tibi olant stabulum statumque, sellam et sessi-  
 bulum merum,  
 quas adeo hau quisquam umquam liber tetigit neque  
 duxit domum,  
 servolorum sordidulorum scorta diobolaria? 270
- Mil.* I in malam crucem. tun audes etiam servos spernere,  
 propudium? quasi bella sit, quasi eampse reges  
 ductitent,  
 monstrum mulieris, tantilla tanta verba funditat,  
 quouis ego nebulai cyatho septem noctes non eman.
- Ag.* Di immortales omnipotentes, quid est apud vos  
 pulchrius?  
 quid habetis qui mage immortales vos credam esse  
 quam ego siem,  
 qui haec tanta oculis bona concipio? nam Venus non  
 est Venus:  
 hanc equidem Venerem venerabor, me ut amet  
 posthac propitia.  
 Milphio, heus, ubi es?
- Mil.* Assum apud te, eccum.
- Ag.* At ego elixus sis volo.
- Mil.* Enim vero, ere, facis delicias.
- Ag.* De tequidem haec didici omnia. 280
- Mil.* Etiamne ut ames eam quam numquam tetigeris?
- Ag.* Nihil id quidemst:  
 deos quoque edepol et amo et metuo, quibus tamen  
 abstineo manus.
- Ant.* Eu ecastor, quom ornatum aspicio nostrum ambarum  
 paenitet  
 exornatae ut simus.

## POENULUS

- Ad.* Well, let him wait. (*as Anterastilis rebels*) Wait! The altar's crowded now. You surely don't want to mingle there with those common prostitutes, mistresses of millers, spelt-mill leavings, wretched, slatternly, slaveling courtiers, plastered with poor perfumery, that smell of pothouse and profession, things of stool and chair, creatures that no free man ever touched or took home, tuppenny sluts of scummy slavelings?
- Mil.* (*aside, ireful*) You go to hell! You dare to scorn slaves, you, you outrage? You'd think she was a beauty, you'd think she had kings taking her out, to hear her pour forth that big talk, the little scarecrow! I wouldn't give a cupful of fog for seven nights with her!
- Ag.* (*aside*) Oh, ye immortal gods omnipotent! What have ye more beauteous than she? What have ye that should make me deem you more immortal than myself whose eyes enjoy these wondrous blessings? Ah, 'tis not Venus who is Venus! This, this, is the Venus I shall venerate, that she may then look on me with love and favour! Milphio! Ho! Where are you?
- Mil.* (*sour*) Here I am, by <sup>1</sup> you.
- Ag.* (*fatuous*) Buy you? But I'd rather sell<sup>1</sup> you.
- Mil.* Well, well, here you are, sir, cracking jokes!
- Ag.* It's from you I learned it all.
- Mil.* So? Learned to love this girl you've never touched?
- Ag.* What of that? I love and revere the gods, too, by Jove, and still keep hands off them.
- Ant.* Heigh-ho! Dear me, when I look at the things we two have got on, our get-up makes me sick.

<sup>1</sup> *Assum* (roasted) and *elixus* (boiled).

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Ad.* Immo vero sane commode;  
nam pro erili et nostro quaestu satis bene ornatae  
sumus.  
non enim potis est quaestus fieri, ni sumptus  
sequitur, scio,  
et tamen quaestus non consistet, si eum sumptus  
superat, soror.  
eo illud satiust, satis quod habitu, haud satis est  
quod plus quam sat est.
- Ag.* Ita me di ament, ut illa me amet malim quam di,  
Milphio.  
nam illa mulier lapidem silicem subigere, ut se  
amet, potest. 2!
- Mil.* Pol id quidem hau mentire, nam tu es lapide silice  
stultior,  
qui hanc ames.
- Ag.* At vide sis, cum illac numquam  
limavi caput.
- Mil.* Curram igitur aliquo ad piscinam aut ad lacum,  
limum petam.
- Ag.* Quid eo opust?
- Mil.* Ego dicam: ut illi et tibi limem caput.
- Ag.* I in malam rem.
- Mil.* Ibi sum equidem.
- Ag.* Perdis.
- Mil.* Taceo.
- Ag.* At perpetuo volo.
- Mil.* Enim vero, ere, meo me lacesis ludo et delicias  
facis.
- Ant.* Satis nunc lepide ornatam credo, soror, te tibi  
viderier;  
sed ubi exempla conferentur meretricum aliarum, ibi  
tibi  
erit cordolium, si quam ornatam melius forte  
aspexeris.



## POENULUS

*Ad.* It shouldn't, it's quite all right. Why, we're got up well enough for master's income and our own. Of course I know no income's possible without attendant outlay, but there'll be no income showing, sister, if outlay outstrips income. So having enough is enough and to spare; more than enough is less than enough.

*Ag.* (*aside to Milphio*) Lord love me, Milphio, I'd rather have her love than that of the Lord himself! Why, that girl can force love out of flint.

*Mil.* Gad! And that's no lie, for no flint's as foolish as you, that love her.

*Ag.* (*too engrossed to notice the remark*) But just bear this in mind—never yet have I bemired her loveliness.

*Mil.* Then I'll be off to a fish pond or pool somewhere and look for mire.

*Ag.* (*again intent on Adelphasium*) What for?

*Mil.* For this—to bemire the pair of you.

*Ag.* Oh, go to hell!

*Mil.* (*coming closer*) That's where I am, sir.

*Ag.* Pest!

*Mil.* I'm dumb.

*Ag.* Eternally, I hope.

*Mil.* Well, well, here you are, sir, challenging me at my own game and cracking jokes.

*Ant.* Your things seem nice enough to you now, sister, I daresay; but when you make comparisons with the other girls, then you'll feel bad, if you happen to notice anyone with better.

- Ad.* Invidia in me numquam innatast neque malitia, mea  
soror.  
bono me esse ingenio ornatam quam auro multo  
mavolo:  
aurum, id fortuna invenitur, natura ingenium  
bonum.<sup>1</sup>  
meretricem pudorem gerere magis decet quam  
purpuram:<sup>2</sup>  
pulchrum ornatum turpes mores peius caeno con-  
linunt,  
lepidi mores turpem ornatum facile factis com-  
probant.
- Ag.* Eho tu, vin tu facinus facere lepidum et festivum?  
*Mil.* Volo.
- Ag.* Potesne mi auscultare?  
*Mil.* Possum.
- Ag.* Abi domum ac suspende te.  
*Mil.* Quam ob rem?
- Ag.* Quia iam numquam audibis verba tot tam suavia. 310  
quid tibi opust vixisse? auscultam mihi modo ac  
suspende te.
- Mil.* Siquidem tu es mecum futurus pro uva passa pensilis.  
*Ag.* At ego amo hanc.
- Mil.* At ego esse et bibere.
- Ad.* Eho tu, quid ais?  
*Ant.* Quid rogas?
- Ad.* Viden tu? pleni oculi sorderum qui erant, iam  
splendent mihi?
- Ant.* Immo etiam in medio oculo paullum sordest.
- Ad.* Cedo sis dexteram.
- Ag.* Vt quidem tu huius oculos inlutis manibus tractes aut  
teras?

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following v., 303 :

*bonam ego quam beatam me esse nimio dici mavolo.*

<sup>2</sup> Leo brackets following v., 305 :

*magisque meretricem pudorem quam aurum gerere condecet.*

## POENULUS

- Ad.* (*quietly*) Envy was never one of my innate infirmities, sister dear, or ill-will. I had much rather be adorned by beauty of character than by jewels. Jewels are the gift of fortune, character comes from within.<sup>1</sup> Modesty's more becoming to a courtesan than purple<sup>2</sup>: ugly ways so ila pretty frock worse than mud,\* while nice ways easily embellish an ugly frock.
- Ag.* (*aside to Milphio, ravished*) Ah-h, Milphio! Would'st do something sweet and sportive?
- Mil.* I would.
- Ag.* Canst heed my counsel?
- Mil.* I can.
- Ag.* Go home and hang thyself.
- Mil.* Eh? Why so?
- Ag.* Because never again wilt thou hear so many words so charming. What hast thou now to live for? Ah, heed thou me and hang thyself.
- Mil.* All right, if you'll hang beside me and be a bunch of raisins, too.
- Ag.* Ah, but I—I love this girl!
- Mil.* Ah, but I—I love to eat and drink!
- Ad.* Oh, I say, dear!
- Ant.* What is it?
- Ad.* Look, will you? My eyes were full of specks. Are they clear now?
- Ant.* (*inspecting*) No, there's still a little speck in the middle of this eye.
- Ad.* (*to the maid*) Lend me a hand, please.
- Ag.* (*aside, as the maid obeys*) You? You feel or finger eyes of hers with those dirty hands?

<sup>1</sup> V. 303: I much prefer to be known for my goodness than for my good luck.

<sup>2</sup> V. 305: Modesty befits a courtesan better than jewels.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Ant.* Nimia nos socordia hodie tenuit.
- Ad.* Qua de re, obsecro?
- Ant.* Quia non iam dudum ante lucem ad aedem Veneris  
venimus,  
primae ut inferremus ignem in aram.
- Ad.* Aha, non factost opus:  
quae habent nocturna ora, noctu sacrificatum ire  
occupant.  
prius quam Venus expergiscatur, prius deproperant  
sedulo  
sacrificare; nam vigilante Venere si veniant eae,  
ita sunt turpes, credo ecastor Vencrem ipsam e fano  
fugent.
- Ag.* Milphio.
- Mil.* Edepol Milphionem miserum.  
quid nunc vis tibi?
- Ag.* Opsecro hercle, ut mulsa loquitur.
- Mil.* Nil nisi laterculos,  
sesumam papaveremque, triticum et frictas nuces.
- Ag.* Ecquid amare videor?
- Mil.* Damnum, quod Mercurius minime amat.
- Ag.* Namque edepol lucrum amare nullum amatorem  
addecet.
- Ant.* Eamus, mea germana.
- Ad.* Age sis, ut lubet.
- Ant.* Sequere hac.
- Ad.* Sequor.
- Mil.* Eunt hae.
- Ag.* Quid si adeamus?
- Mil.* Adeas.
- Ag.* Primum prima salva sis, 33  
et secunda tu secundo salve in pretio; tertia  
salve extra pretium.
- Anc.* Tum pol ego et oleum et operam perdidi.

# POENULUS

- Ant.* We've been terribly lazy to-day.
- Id.* How so, pray?
- Ant.* In not going long ago before dawn to Venus' temple so as to bring the first fire to her altar.
- Id.* Oh dear, no, that's not necessary. It's girls with nightmare faces that go by night to be the first to sacrifice. Off they scurry, eager to make their offerings, long before Venus wakes up. Why, if she were awake when they arrived, they're so ugly that I vow I do believe they'd drive our very Venus from her shrine.
- Ag.* (*aside*) Milphio!
- Mil.* (*drearily*) Oh, Lord! Miserable Milphio! What d'ye want now?
- Ag.* Oh, man, man, what honeyed words!
- Mil.* Yes, yes, regular flapjacks—sesame and poppy seeds, wheaten flour and roasted nuts!
- Ag.* How looks my love to you now?
- Mil.* Like a financial loss—which Mercury doesn't love in the least.
- Ag.* Well, heavens, man! Love of gain befits no lover.
- Ant.* Let's go, sister mine.
- Ad.* Very well then, as you please.
- Ant.* Come along.
- Ad.* I am coming. (*follows with the maid*)
- Mil.* (*aside to Agorastocles*) They're going.
- Ag.* What if we go up to them?
- Mil.* (*yawning*) Go up. (*Agorastocles approaches them, Milphio following at his leisure*)
- Ag.* (*with attempted sprightliness*) First (*to Adelphasium*) to you first greetings, and (*to Anterastilis*) to you, second, greetings, of second value; (*to maid*) third, greetings, of no value.
- Maid* Goodness! Then I've thrown away my time and trouble.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

*Ag.* Quo te agis?

*Ad.* Egone? in aedem Veneris.

*Ag.* Quid eo?

*Ad.* Vt Venerem propitiem.

*Ag.* Eho, an irata est? propitia hercle est. vel ego pro illa spondeo.

quid tu ais?

*Ad.* Quid mihi molestus, opsecro?

*Ag.* Aha, tam saeviter.

*Ad.* Mitte, amabo.

*Ag.* Quid festinas? turba nunc illi est.

*Ad.* Scio.

sunt illi aliae quas spectare ego, et me spectari volo.

*Ag.* Qui lubet spectare turpes, pulchram spectandam dare?

*Ad.* Quia apud aedem Veneris hodie est mercatus meretricius:

eo conveniunt mercatores, ibi ego me ostendi volo. 340

*Ag.* Invendibili merci oportet ultro emptorem adducere: proba mers facile emptorem reperit, tam etsi in abstruso sitast.

quid ais tu? quando illi apud me mecum caput et corpus copulas?<sup>1</sup>

*Ad.* Quo die Orcus Acherunte mortuos amiserit.

*Ag.* Sunt mihi intus nescio quot nummi aurei lymphatici.

*Ad.* Deferto ad me, faxo actutum constiterit lymphaticum.

*Mil.* Bellula hercle.

*Ag.* I dierecte in maxumam malam crucem.

<sup>1</sup> Corrupt (Leo): *palpus et lallas* A.

## POENULUS

(*to Adelphasium*) Whither away?

I? To the temple of Venus.

Why there?

To propitiate Venus.

Oho! Can she be angry? Good heavens, she is propitious! Why, I'll vouch for her myself.

(*holding her as she seems about to go*) But I say!

(*hesitates*)

(*trying half-heartedly to pull away*) Pray what makes you annoy me?

Dear, dear! What a crosspatch!

Do let go, there's a nice boy!

(*releasing her*) But why hurry? The place is crowded now.

I know it. There are other girls there I want to look at, and I want to be looked at too. (*lingers*)

How is it that you like to look at frights and give them a beauty to look at?

Because there's a courtesan sale at Venus' shrine to-day: merchants are meeting there, (*sadly*) and I want to show myself. (*still lingers*)

Stuff that's unsellable you must go out and bring a buyer for: choice stuff finds a ready buyer, even if it's kept concealed. But I say! When are you coming to my house there to let me love you?

(*disappointed*) Oh, the day that Pluto lets the dead leave Acheron.

(*tentatively*) I have any number of gold pieces at home that are quite beyond control.

Bring them to me; I'll soon put them in their place. (*pauses expectantly*)

(*sardonically*) Sweet little thing! My word!

(*to Milphio, changing the subject*) You be everlastingly damned!

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Mil.* Quam magis aspecto, tam magis est nimbata et  
nugae merae.
- Ad.* Segrega sermonem. taedet.
- Ag.* Age, sustolle hoc amiculum.
- Ad.* Pura sum, comperce amabo me attrectare,  
Agorastocles. 350
- Ag.* Quid agam nunc?
- Ad.* Si sapias, curam hanc facere compendi potes.
- Ag.* Quid? ego non te curem? quid ais, Milphio?
- Mil.* Ecce odium meum.  
quid me vis?
- Ag.* Cur mi haec irata est?
- Mil.* Cur haec irata est tibi?  
cur ego id curem? namque istaec magis meast  
curatio? <sup>1</sup>
- Ag.* Iam hercle tu periisti, nisi illam mihi tam tranquillam  
facis  
quam mare olimst, quom ibi alcedo pullos educit suos.
- Mil.* Quid faciam?
- Ag.* Exora, blandire, expalpa.
- Mil.* Faciam sedulo.  
sed vide sis, ne tu oratorem hunc pugnis pectas  
postea.
- Ag.* Non faciam.
- Ad.* Non aequos in me es, sed morare et male facis.  
bene promittis multa ex multis: omnia in cassum 360  
cadunt.  
liberare iuravisti me haud semel, sed centiens:  
dum te exspecto, neque ego usquam aliam mihi  
paravi copiam  
neque istuc usquam apparet; ita nunc servio nihilo  
minus.  
i, soror. apscede tu a me.

<sup>1</sup> Corrupt (Leo): *nam qui* Ritschl.



# POENULUS

- Mil.* (*muttering as he surveys her*) The more I inspect her, the more bebandoned a bit of trash she seems.
- Ad.* (*to Agorastocles*) Let's close the conversation. It bores me.
- Ag.* Come, do lift up this mantle. (*helping*)
- Ad.* I am purified! Please keep your hands off me, Agorastocles, please! (*pulls away*)
- Ag.* (*hopelessly*) What shall I do now?
- Ad.* (*significantly*) With any sense, you can end this trouble in no time.
- Ag.* (*apparently missing the point*) What? I not trouble about you? (*helplessly*) I say, Milphio!
- Mil.* (*aside*) Here he is, at me again! (*aloud*) What d'ye want?
- Ag.* Why is she angry with me?
- Mil.* Why is she angry at you? Why should I trouble about that? Is that my job or yours, to trouble about her?
- Ag.* (*wildly*) Now, by heaven, you're a dead man, unless you make her tranquil for me as the sea, at times when there the halcyon doth hatch her young!
- Mil.* What shall I do?
- Ag.* Entreat, coax, cajole!
- Mil.* I'll do my best. But please see you don't end by exercising your fists on your envoy.
- Ag.* No, no!
- Ad.* (*to Agorastocles*) You aren't fair to me, but delay and do me harm. You pile up fine promises sky-high: down they all drop to nothing. You have sworn, not once, but a hundred times, to set me free: I've waited and waited for you, without making any other provision for myself, and without any action on your part—so here I am, as much a slave as ever. (*turning away*) Go on, sister. (*to Agorastocles*) And you, sir, leave me!

- Ag.* Perii. ecquid agis, Milphio?  
*Mil.* Mea voluptas, mea delicia, mea vita, mea amoenitas,  
 meus ocellus, meum labellum, mea salus, meum  
 savium,  
 meum mel, meum cor, mea colustra, meus molliculus  
 caseus—
- Ag.* Mene ego illaec patiar praesente dici? discredior  
 miser,  
 nisi ego illum iubeo quadrigis cursim ad carnificem  
 rapi.
- Mil.* Noli, amabo, suscensere ero meo, causa mea. 370  
 ego faxo, si non irata es, ninnium pro te dabit  
 atque te faciet ut sis civis Attica atque libera.  
 quin adire sinis? quin tibi qui bene volunt, bene  
 vis item?  
 si ante quid mentitust, nunciam dehinc erit verax  
 tibi.  
 sine te exorem, sine prehendam auriculis, sine dem  
 savium.
- Ad.* Apscede hinc sis, sycophanta par ero.  
*Mil.* At scin quo modo?  
 iam hercle ego faciam ploratillum, nisi te facio  
 propitiam,  
 atque hic ne me verberetillum faciat, nisi te propitio,  
 male formido: novi ego huius mores morosi malos.  
 quam ob rem amabo, mea voluptas, sine te hoc  
 exorarier. 380
- g.* Non ego homo trioboli sum, nisi ego illi mastigiæ  
 exturbo oculos atque dentes. em voluptatem tibi,  
 em mel, em cor, em labellum, em salutem, em  
 savium.
- Mil.* Impias, ere, te: oratorem verberas.

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<sup>1</sup> *Ninnium*, of unknown meaning.

# POENULUS

- Ag.* Oh, I'm lost! Act, Milphio, act!
- Mil.* (*to Adelpasium, with mock fervour*) Ah, my joy, my darling, my life, my delight, apple of my eye, lips of my love, my salvation, my soul kiss, my honey, my heart's desire, my peaches and cream, my soft little cheese——
- Ag.* (*aside, incensed*) Shall I allow such things to be said in my presence? Death and damnation, if I don't have him dragged to the hangman fast as a four-in-hand can travel!
- Mil.* Don't be provoked at my master, don't, for my sake, there's a dear! If you're not angry, I'll see he gives a naggot<sup>1</sup> for you and makes you a free Athenian citizen. Why don't you let him come near you? Why don't you be friendly to your friends? Supposing he did lie a bit before, from now on you'll find him reliable. Let me prevail upon you, let me take you by the ear-laps, let me give you a nice long kiss!
- Ad.* (*angrily*) Get away, will you! Like master, like man—cheats!
- Mil.* But just look here—I must get you pacified or, good Lord! I'll soon be getting him weepified, and if I don't pacify you, I'm scared to death he'll thrashify me. I know how mean moroseness makes him. So do let me prevail upon you, there's a dear! Do, my joy!
- Ag.* (*furious*) I'm not a farthingsworth of a man if I don't expunge that scoundrel's eyes and teeth! (*laying into him*) There's your joy! There's honey! There's heart's desire! There's lips of your love! There's salvation! There's a soul kiss!
- Mil.* (*dodging one*) Oh, sir, it's sacrilege! You're violating an envoy!

- Ag.* Iam istoc magis :<sup>1</sup>  
 sicine ego te orare iussi?
- Mil.* Quo modo ergo orem?
- Ag.* Rogas?  
 sic enim diceres, sceleste: huius voluptas, te  
 opsecro,  
 huius mel, huius cor, huius labellum, huius lingua,  
 huius savium,  
 huius delicia, huius salus amoena, huius festivitas :<sup>2</sup>  
 omnia illa, quae dicebas tua, esse ea memorares mea. 391
- Mil.* Opsecro hercle te, voluptas huius atque odium  
 meum,  
 huius amica mammeata, mea inimica et malevola,  
 oculus huius, lippitudo mea, mel huius, fel meum,  
 ut tu huic iratâ ne sis aut, si id fieri non potest,  
 capias restim ac te suspendas cum ero et vostra  
 familia.  
 nam mihi iam video propter te victitandum sorbilo,  
 itaque iam quasi ostreatum tergum ulceribus gestito  
 propter amorem vestrum.
- Ad.* Amabo, men prohibere postulas  
 ne te verberet magis quam ne mendax me advorsum  
 siet? 400
- Ant.* Aliquid huic responde, amabo, commode, ne  
 incommodus  
 nobis sit. nam delinet nos de nostro negotio.
- Ad.* Verum. etiam tibi hanc amittam noxiam unam,  
 Agorastocles.
- Ag.* Non sum iratâ.  
 Non es?

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following v., 385 :

*etiam ocellum addam et labellum et linguam.*

*Mil.* *Ecquid facies modi?*

<sup>2</sup> Leo brackets following vv., 390-390<sup>a</sup> :

*huius colustra, huius dulciculus caseus, mastigia,  
 huius cor, huius studium, huius savium, mastigia.*

# POENULUS

*Ag.* (*landing one*) The more for that!<sup>1</sup> Was that the way I told you to entreat her?

*Mil.* How should I, then?

*Ag.* You ask? This was the way to say it, villain. (*turning toward Adelphasium*) Oh, I implore you, master's joy, *his* honey, *his* heart's desire, lips of *his* love, *his* tongue, *his* soul kiss, *his* darling, *his* delight and salvation, *his* felicity!<sup>2</sup> All those things you called yours were to be mentioned as mine.

*Mil.* (*to Adelphasium*) Oh, I do, do, implore you, *his* joy—(*aside*) and my abomination—*his* breastful friend—(*aside*) my cantankerous foe—light of *his* eyes—(*aside*) my eyesore—*his* honey—(*aside*) my henbane—I implore you, don't be angry at him, (*aside*) or if that can't be helped, get a rope and hang yourself, you and your master and your whole household! (*aloud*) For I see it's a watery diet I'm in for now on your account, with me already carrying a back like an oyster's with weals all over it on account of your love affair.

*Ad.* Do you expect me, my dear man, to stop his thrashing you more than his tricking me?

*Ant.* (*aside to Adelphasium*) Give him (*nodding towards Agorastocles*) some answer, a pleasant one, there's a dear, so that he'll stop plaguing us. As it is, he's keeping us from our own affairs.

*Ad.* That's so. (*to Agorastocles*) Again I'll let this one fault pass, Agorastocles. I'm not angry.

*Ag.* (*adoringly*) You're not?

<sup>1</sup> V. 385: Yes, and I'll add—apple of your eye! and—lips of your love! and—tongue! *Mil.* Aren't you ever going to end?

<sup>2</sup> Vv. 390-390\*: *His* peaches and cream, *his* delectable little cheese, you reprobate, *his* heart's desire, his passion, *his* soul kiss, you reprobate!

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

*Ad.* Non sum.  
*Ag.* Da ergo, ut credam, savium.  
*Ad.* Mox dabo, quom ab re divina rediero.  
*Ag.* I ergo strenue.  
*Ad.* Sequere me, soror.  
*Ag.* Atque audin etiam? Veneri dicito  
 multam meis verbis salutem.  
*Ad.* Dicam.  
*Ag.* Atque hoc audi.  
*Ad.* Quid est?  
*Ag.* Paucis verbis rem divinam facito. atque audin?  
 respice.  
 respexit. idem edepol Venerem credo facturam tibi.

## I. 3

*Mil.* quid nunc mi es auctor, Milphio? Vt me verberes  
 atque auctionem facias: nam impunissime  
 tibi quidem hercle vendere hasce aedis licet.  
*Ag.* Quid iam?  
*Mil.* Maiorem partem in ore habitas meo.  
*Ag.* Supersede istis verbis.  
*Mil.* Quid nunc vis tibi?  
*Ag.* Trecentos Philippos Collybisco vilico  
 dedi dudum, prius quam me evocavisti foras.  
 nunc opsecro te, Milphio, hanc per dexteram  
 perque hanc sororem laevam perque oculos tuos<sup>1</sup>  
 perque tuam libertatem—  
*Mil.* Em nunc nihil opsecras.

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following v., 419:  
*perque meos amores perque Adelpasium meam.*

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<sup>1</sup> V. 419: And by my love and by my Adelpasium.

- Ad. I'm not.  
 Ag. Then give me a nice long kiss to prove it.  
 Ad. I will later, when I return from worship.  
 Ag. Go, then, hasten!  
 Ad. (*going*) Come along, sister.  
 Ag. (*maudlin*) And—listening still, are you? Give Venus my very best regards.  
 Ad. (*over her shoulder*) Yes, yes.  
 Ag. And—listen here!  
 Ad. What is it?  
 Ag. Make your offering without wasting words. (*as Adelpheasium is almost out of sight*) And—listen, will you? Do look at me kindly! (*Adelpheasium smiles at him*) She has done it! I verily believe Venus will do the same for you!

[EXEUNT GIRLS AND MAID.]

Scene 3.

- (*to Milphio, helplessly*) What do you recommend now, Milphio?  
 Mil. (*glum*) That you keep punching me and hold an auction. Why, you can sell this house here and not suffer from it, not one tiny bit, yourself.  
 Ag. How so?  
 Mil. (*nursing his contusions*) Because you spend most of your time about my jaws.  
 Ag. (*gradually hysterical again*) Desist from such talk!  
 Mil. What do you want now?  
 Ag. I gave three hundred pounds to bailiff Collybiscus a while ago, before you called me out. Now I beseech you, Milphio, by this right hand (*seizing Milphio's right hand*) and by its sister left (*seizing Milphio's left hand*) and by these eyes of yours<sup>1</sup> and by your freedom——  
 Mil. (*snorting*) There! That means you don't beseech at all.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Ag.* Mi Milphidisce, mea commoditas, mea salus,  
fac quod facturum te esse promisti mihi,  
ut ego hunc lenonem perdam.
- Mil.* Perfacile id quidemst.  
i, adduce testis tecum; ego intus interim  
iam et ornamentis meis et sycophantiis  
tuom exornabo vilicum. propera atque abi.
- Ag.* Fugio.
- Mil.* Meum est istuc magis officium quam tuom.
- Ag.* Egone egone, si istuc lepide ecfexis—
- Mil.* I modo.
- Ag.* Vt non ego te hodie—
- Mil.* Abi modo.
- Ag.* Emittam manu—
- Mil.* I modo.
- Ag.* Non hercle meream—
- Mil.* Oh—
- Ag.* Vah—
- Mil.* Abi modo. 430
- Ag.* Quantum Acheruntest mortuorum—
- Mil.* Etiamne abis?
- Ag.* Neque quantum aquaist in mari—
- Mil.* Abiturun es?
- Ag.* Neque nubes omnes quantumst—
- Mil.* Pergin pergere?
- Ag.* Neque stellae in caelo—
- Mil.* Pergin auris tundere?
- Ag.* Neque hoc neque illud neque—enim vero serio—  
neque—hercle vero—quid opust verbis? quippini?  
quod uno verbo—dicere hic quidvis licet,  
neque—hercle vero serio, scin quomodo?  
ita me di amabunt—vin bona dicam fide?



# POENULUS

- Ag.* Oh, my Milphiolio, my Opportunity, my Salvation, do what you promised me to do and help me crush this pimp!
- Mil.* (*taking an interest*) That's perfectly simple. Go, bring along some witnesses with you. Meantime now I'll be inside equipping your bailiff with my own equipment and stratagems. Hurry up and be off!
- Ag.* (*effervescently*) I fly!
- Mil.* That's more in my line than yours.
- Ag.* (*hugging him*) If you bring it all to a happy end, I . . . I—
- Mil.* (*sceptical and impatient*) Yes, yes, off with you!
- Ag.* I won't fail this day—
- Mil.* Yes, yes, be off!
- Ag.* To set you free—
- Mil.* Yes, yes, off with you!
- Ag.* No, by heaven, not for—
- Mil.* Oh—
- Ag.* Ah—
- Mil.* Yes, yes, be off!
- Ag.* As much as all the dead in Hades—
- Mil.* Do be off, won't you?
- Ag.* Or as much as all the water in the sea—
- Mil.* Won't you be off?
- Ag.* Or all the clouds—
- Mil.* Still at it, still, eh?
- Ag.* Or all the stars in the sky—
- Mil.* Still dinning my ears?
- Ag.* No, neither this nor that nor . . . in sober earnest . . . nor . . . really, by heaven . . . why say more? Why not? In a word . . . you can say what you please here, nor . . . in sober earnest, by heaven, you see how it is? The Lord love me . . . you want me to speak in good

- quod hic inter nos liceat—ita me Iuppiter—  
*Mil.* scin quam videtur? credin quod ego fabuler?  
 Si nequeo facere ut abeas, egomet abiero;  
 nam isti quidem hercle orationi Oedipo  
*Ag.* opust coniectore, qui Sphingi interpret fuit.  
 Illic hinc iratus abiit. nunc mihi cautio est,  
 ne meamet culpa meo amori obnoxim moram.  
 ibo atque arcessam testis, quando Amor iubet  
 me oboedientem esse servo liberum.

440

## ACTVS II

- Lyc.* Di illum infelicit omnes, qui post hunc diem  
 leno ullam Veneri umquam immolarit hostiam  
 quive ullum turis granum sacrificaverit.  
 nam ego hodie infelix dis meis iratissimis  
 sex immolavi agnos, nec potui tamen  
 propitiam Venerem facere uti esset mihi.  
 quoniam litare nequeo, abii illum ilico  
 iratus, votui exta prosicari; <sup>1</sup>  
 eo pacto avarae Veneri pulchre adii manum.  
 quando id quod sat erat satis habere noluit,  
 ego pausam feci. sic ago, sic me decet.  
 ego faxo posthac di deaeque ceteri  
 contentiores mage erunt atque avidi minus,  
 quom scibunt, Veneri ut adierit leno manum.  
 condigne haruspex, non homo trioboli,  
 omnibus in extis aibat portendi mihi  
 malum damnumque et deos esse iratos mihi.

450

460

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following vv., 457<sup>a</sup>—457<sup>b</sup> :

*neque ea poricere volui, quoniam non bona  
 haruspex dixit : deam esse indignam credidi.*

<sup>1</sup> Vv. 457<sup>a</sup>—457<sup>b</sup> : I didn't wish to offer those organs, the priest having pronounced them bad : I felt the goddess did not deserve such treatment.

## POENULUS

faith? Here between us two what can . . . so Jupiter . . . you know how it seems? You believe what I tell you?

*Mil.* (*escaping*) If I can't induce you to be off, I'll be off myself! Ye gods! Why, that oration of yours ought to be submitted to Oedipus, one-time interpreter for the Sphinx. [EXIT.

*Ag.* (*subsiding*) There, he's off, angry. I must take care now not to block the course of my own love and have myself to blame. I'll go and summon witnesses, since Love hath bid me be obedient to a slave, freeman though I am. [EXIT.

### ACT II

ENTER *Lycus*, SAVAGE.

*Lyc.* May all the powers above confound the pimp who after this day ever sacrifices a single victim to Venus or offers her a single grain of incense. Why, here's my confounded self to-day, with my gods in an awful rage—six lambs I sacrificed, six, yet not a sign of a favour could I get from Venus. Seeing I was unable to get good omens, off I went at once, in a rage myself, without letting 'em cut off the sacrificial meat.<sup>1</sup> That's the tidy way I tripped her up, that greedy Venus. Seeing she wouldn't call enough enough, I called a halt. That's the sort I am, that's the style for me. I guarantee that after this the other gods and goddesses will be more readily contented and less grasping when they learn how the pimp tripped up Venus. And that priest, the farthingsworth of a fellow, was worthy of his job in saying all the organs boded ill and loss and heaven's wrath for me. How can you credit such a man in

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

quid ei divini aut humani aequomst credere?  
mina mihi argenti dono postilla datast.  
sed quaeso, ubi nam illic restitit miles modo,  
qui hanc mihi donavit, quem ego vocavi ad prandium?  
sed eccum incedit.

*Anta.* Ita ut, occepi dicere, 470  
lenulle, de illa pugna Pentetronica,  
quom sexaginta milia hominum uno die  
volaticorum manibus occidi meis.

*Lyc.* Volaticorum hominum?

*Anta.* Ita dico quidem.

*Lyc.* An, opseco, usquam sunt homines volatici?

*Anta.* Fuere. verum ego interfeci.

*Lyc.* Quo modo  
potuisti?

*Anta.* Dicam. viscum legioni dedi  
fundasque; eo praesternebant folia farferi.

*Lyc.* Quoi rei?

*Anta.* Ad fundas viscus ne adhaeresceret.

*Lyc.* Perge. optume hercle perieras. quid postea? 480

*Anta.* In fundas visci indebant grandiculos globos,  
eo illos volantis iussi funditarier.  
quid multa verba? quemquem visco offenderant,  
tam crebri ad terram accidebant quam pira.  
ut quisque acciderat, eum necabam ilico  
per cerebrum pinna sua sibi, quasi turturem.

*Lyc.* Si hercle istuc umquam factum est, tum me  
Iuppiter

faciat ut semper sacrificem nec umquam litem.

*Anta.* An mi haec non credis?

*Lyc.* Credo, ut mi aequomst credier. 490  
age eamus intro.

## POENULUS

anything, divine or human? Why, later on I got a present of four pounds. (*looking back*) But I wonder where on earth that warrior's stopped now, who gave me this money and got my invitation to lunch? Ah, there he struts!

ENTER *Antamonæes*, VERY MARTIAL.

*Anta.* (*sonorously*) To continue, pimpling, my account of that Pentetronic affray when on one day I slew with these two hands sixty thousand flying men.

*Lyc.* (*ironically*) Flying men, eh?

*Anta.* Such was my statement, sir.

*Lyc.* You mean to say that anywhere there are flying men?

*Anta.* (*firmly*) There were. But I destroyed them.

*Lyc.* How could you?

*Anta.* Thus. My legions I equipped with birdlime and with slings; within they laid leaves of coltsfoot.

*Lyc.* Why that?

*Anta.* To prevent the birdlime from adhering to the slings.

*Lyc.* Go on. (*half aside*) Gad, you're a grand liar! (*aloud*) What next?

*Anta.* They loaded their slings with good-sized balls of birdlime, and at my command did open fire upon those flyers. Why prolong the tale? Struck by the birdlime, they fell to the ground thick as pears. As each one fell, I straightway ran him through the brain with one of his own feathers and killed him like a turtle-dove.

*Lyc.* Gad! If that ever took place, may Jupiter take me and make me sacrifice eternally with never one good omen.

*Anta.* (*stiffly*) You do not believe me?

*Lyc.* I believe you—just as I should be believed, myself. Come, let's go inside. (*moves towards his house*)

## TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Anta.* Dum exta referuntur, volo  
narrare tibi etiam unam pugnam.
- Lyc.* Nil moror.
- Anta.* Ausculta.
- Lyc.* Non hercle auscultabo.
- Anta.* Quo modo?  
colaphis quidem hercle tuom iam dilidam caput,  
nisi aut auscultas aut is in malam crucem.
- Lyc.* Malam crucem ibo potius.
- Anta.* Certumnest tibi?
- Lyc.* Certum.
- Anta.* Tum tu igitur die bono Aphrodisiis  
addice tuam mihi meretricem minusculam.
- Lyc.* Ita res divina mihi fuit: res serias  
omnis extollo ex hoc die in alium diem.
- Anta.* Profestos festos habeam decretum est mihi.
- Lyc.* Nunc hinc eamus intro. sequere hac me.
- Anta.* Sequor.  
in hunc diem iam tuos sum mercennarius.

## ACTVS III

- Ag.* Ita me di ament, tardo amico nihil est quicquam  
inaequius,  
praesertim homini amanti, qui quidquid agit properat  
omnia.  
sicut ego hos duco advocatos, homines spissigradissi-  
mos,  
tardiores quam corbitae sunt in tranquillo mari.  
atque equidem hercle dedita opera amicos fugitavi  
senes:  
scibam aetate tardiores, metui meo amoris moram.

## POENULUS

- Anta.* (*clutching his arm*) While they bring back the sacrificial meat I wish to tell you of still another battle.
- Lyc.* No more for me!
- Anta.* Listen!
- Lyc.* (*pulling away*) By Jove, I won't listen!
- Anta.* (*incensed*) How is that? By the Lord, I'll debatter your brains to bits this instant, unless you either listen or go and be hanged!
- Lyc.* I prefer to go and be hanged.
- Anta.* (*roaring*) That is your decision?
- Lyc.* (*coolly*) My decision.
- Anta.* (*after glaring without effect*) Well then, on this happy Aphrodisia day make over to me that wench of yours, the littler one.
- Lyc.* The way devotional matters went with me, I am postponing all serious matters till another day.
- Anta.* 'Tis my resolve to treat alike days sacred and profane.
- Lyc.* Let's go inside now. This way, follow me. (*opens his door*)
- Anta.* (*with dignity*) I follow. For the present day I am your mercenary. [EXEUNT.]

## ACT III

ENTER *Agorastocles*, RAPIDLY.

- Ag.* (*looking back, peevish*) Lord love me, there's nothing more annoying than a slow-footed friend, especially to a man in love, who does all he does in a hurry. Take my case—bringing these counsellors, these waddlejoggers, slower than barges on a breathless sea. Yes, and by gad, I took pains to avoid my aged friends: I knew their years slowed them down, and dreaded having my desires delayed.

nequiquam hos procos mi elegi loripedis, tardissimos. 510  
quin si ituri hodie estis, ite, aut ite hinc in malam  
crucem.

sicine oportet ire amicos homini amanti operam  
datum?

nam iste quidem gradus succretust cribro pollinario,  
nisi cum pedicis condidicistis istoc grassari gradu.

*Adv.* Heus tu, quamquam nos videmur tibi plebeii et  
pauperes,

si nec recte dicis nobis, dives de summo loco,  
divitem audacter solemus mactare infortunio.

nec tibi nos obnoxii<sup>1</sup> istuc, quid tu ames aut oderis:  
quom argentum pro capite dedimus, nostrum  
dedimus, non tuom;

liberos nos esse oportet. nos te nihili pendimus, 520

ne tuo nos amoris servos<sup>2</sup> esse addictos censeas.

liberos homines per urbem modico magis par est  
gradu

ire, servile esse duco festinantem currere.

praesertim in re populi placida atque interfectis  
hostibus

non decet tumultuari. sed si properabas magis,  
pridie nos te advocatos huc duxisse oportuit.

ne tu opinere, haud quisquam hodie nostrum curret  
per vias,

neque nos populus pro cerritis insectabit lapidibus.

*Ag.* At si ad prandium me in aedem vos dixissem  
ducere,

vinceretis cervom cursu vel gralatorem gradu; 530

nunc vos quia mihi advocatos dixi et testis ducere,  
podagrosi estis ac vicistis cochleam tarditudine.

*Adv.* An vero non iusta causa est, quor curratur celeriter

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following *sumus*.

<sup>2</sup> Leo brackets following *tuos*.



## POENULUS

But it's no use my having chosen these drag-footed beaus, the slowest ever. (*shouting down the street*) Come, get going, if you intend to get here to-day, or else get to the devil out of here ! Is this the way for friends to go to give aid to a lover ? Why, that gait of yours must have been sifted through a flour sieve—if it's not a shuffle step you learned in a chain gang.

ENTER *Counsellors*, UNHURRIED.

*Couns.* See here, you, we may seem to be only poor plebeians, but if you get abusive, noble plutocrat or not, you'll find us ready and willing to make a plutocrat feel most unfortunate. Your love, or hate, means not a thing to us : when we bought our liberty it was our own money bought it, not yours ; we are free men and ought to be. We don't give a hang for you, so don't mistake us for bond-slaves of your passion. A sober pace in the city streets is the suitable thing for free men ; it has a servile look to bustle about on the run. Especially when peace prevails and enemies are dead, flurry is unseemly. But if you were in such haste, you should have taken us here as counsellors the day before. No one of us—and don't you expect it—will go running through the streets this day and have people thinking us madmen and chasing us with stones.

*Ag.* Yes, but if I had said I was taking you to the temple to lunch, you'd have outstripped a stag or outstridden a stilt-walker. As it is, since I said I was taking you to be my counsellors and witnesses, you have the gout and have out-lagged a snail.

*Couns.* Well, and haven't you good reason to show some speed when you're headed for where you can drink,

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ubi bibas, edas de alieno quantum velis usque ad  
 fatim,  
 quod tu invitus numquam reddas domino, de quoio  
 ederis?  
 sed tamen cum eo cum quiqui, quamquam sumus  
 pauperculi,  
 est domi quod edimus, ne nos tam contemptim  
 conteras.  
 quidquid est pauxillulum illuc, nostrum id omne,  
 non tuomst,  
 neque nos quemquam flagitamus neque nos quisquam  
 flagitat.

tua causa nemo nostrorumst suos rupturus ramites. 540

*Ag.* Nimis iracundi estis: equidem haec vobis dixi per  
 iocum.

*Adv.* Per iocum itidem dictum habeto quae nos tibi  
 respondimus.<sup>1</sup>

*Ag.* Scitis rem, narravi vobis quod vestra opera mi opus  
 siet,

de lenone hoc, qui me amantem ludificatur tam diu,  
 ei paratae ut sint insidiae de auro et de servo meo.

*Adv.* Omnia istaec scimus iam nos, si hi spectatores sciant; 550  
 horunchic nunc causa haec agitur spectatorum fabula:  
 hos te satius est docere, ut, quando agas, quid agas  
 sciant.

nos tu ne curassis: scimus rem omnem, quippe  
 omnes simul

didicimus tecum una, ut respondere possemus tibi.

*Ag.* Ita profecto est. sed agite igitur, ut sciam vos scire  
 rem,

expedite <sup>2</sup> mihi quae vobis dudum dixi dicite.

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following vv., 543-546:

*Ag.* *Obsecro hercle, operam celocem hanc mihi, ne corbitam date;  
 attrepitate saltem, nam vos adproperare haud postulo.*

*Adv.* *Si quid tu placide otioseque agere vis, operam damus;  
 si properas, cursores meliust te advocatos ducere.*

and eat as much as you can want and hold, at another man's expense, and never be obliged to pay back the host that fed you? But in any case, however, even though we are poor folks, we do have food of our own, so you needn't treat us as trash to trample on. The little we have, however little, is all ours, not yours; we dun nobody and nobody duns us. No one of us intends to burst the blood-vessels of his lungs because of you.

*Ag.* (*placatingly*) Oh, you're too touchy: my remarks to you were only made in fun.

*Couns.* (*unappeased*) Consider our reply to you made in fun likewise.<sup>1</sup>

*Ag.* You know the situation; I explained how I need your help with this pimp who has made game of me and my love so long, and how we plan to trap him with the money and my slave.

*Couns.* We know all that already—if only these spectators know. It's for their benefit we're doing this play here now; they're the ones for you to instruct, so that they'll know what you're doing when you do it. Don't bother about us: we know the whole business, seeing we all learned our lines along with you, so as to be able to talk back to you.

*Ag.* Very true. But come then, so that I'll know you know, quick, tell me the things I told you a while ago.

<sup>1</sup> Vv. 543-546:

*Ag.* For the love of heaven, do me the service of a speed-boat, not a barge. Hobbleahoy along, anyhow—I'm not expecting any headlong haste from you.

*Couns.* If you want to do anything in a quiet, leisurely way, we are at your service; if you're in a hurry, you'd better bring runners as counsellors.

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<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following *et*.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

*Adv.* Itane? temptas an sciamus? non meminisse nos  
 ratu's,  
 quo modo trecentos Philippos Collybisco vilico  
 dederis, quos deferret huc ad lenonem inimicum  
 tuom,  
<sup>1</sup> se ut assimilaret peregrinum esse aliunde ex alio  
 oppido?  
 ubi is detulerit, tu eo quaesitum servom advenies  
 tuom  
 cum pecunia. 560

*Ag.* Meministis memoriter, servastis me.

*Adv.* Ille negabit: Milphionem quaeri censebit tuom;  
 id duplicabit omne furtum. leno addicetur tibi.  
 ad eam rem nos esse testis vis tibi.

*Ag.* Tenetis rem.

*Adv.* Vix quidem hercle, ita pauxilla est, digitulis  
 primoribus.<sup>2</sup>

*Ag.* Euge, opportune egrediuntur Milphio una et vilicus  
 basilice exornatus incedit et fabre ad fallaciam.

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets *isque* preceding.

<sup>2</sup> Leo brackets following vv., 567-575:

*Ag.* *Hoc cito et cursim est agendum. propera iam quantum potest.*

*Adv.* *Bene vale igitur. te advocatos meliust celeris ducere;  
 tardi sumus nos.*

*Ag.* *Optime itis, pessime hercle dicitis.  
 quin etiam deciderint vobis femina in talos velim.*

*Adv.* *At edepol nos tibi in lumbos linguam atque oculos in solum.*

*Ag.* *Heia, hau vostrumst iracundos esse, quod dixi ioco.*

*Adv.* *Nec tuom quidem est amicis per iocum iniuste loqui.*

*Ag.* *Mittite istaec. quid velim vos, scitis.*

*Adv.* *Callemus probe:*

*Ag.* *lenonem ut periurum perdas, id studes.*

*Tenetis rem.*

## POENULUS

*Couns.* So? Testing our knowledge, eh? D'ye suppose we don't remember how you gave bailiff Collybiscus three hundred pounds for him to take to your enemy here, the pimp, pretending he's a stranger from some other town somewhere? And when he has taken it, you'll arrive in search of your slave with your money.

*Ag.* Memorable memories! You've saved me.

*Couns.* He'll deny it, think it's your Milphio you're seeking; this will double the whole theft. The pimp will be adjudged to you. You wish us to be your witnesses to all this.

*Ag.* You grasp it.

*Couns.* Gad, barely, with our finger-tips, it's such a small affair!<sup>1</sup>

*Ag.* (*as his door opens*) Splendid! Out come Milphio and bailiff just when they're wanted. (*surveying Collybiscus*) That's a royal get-up he's parading in! Suits our scheme exactly.

<sup>1</sup> Vv. 567-575:

*Ag.* We must work rapidly and push this through. Hurry your fastest now.

*Couns.* A very good day to you, then. You had better bring speedy counsellors; we are slow.

*Ag.* You're excellent walkers, but, oh Lord, such rotten talkers! Ugh! I'd love to see your thighs slip to your ankles!

*Couns.* Yes, and we, by gad, to see your tongue slip to your loins and your eyes to the soles of your feet!

*Ag.* There, there! You ought not to get angry at what I said in joke.

*Couns.* No, nor you to say in joke things that insult your friends.

*Ag.* Enough of this. You know what I want of you.

*Couns.* We're thoroughly grounded—to ruin the perjured pimp, that's your aim.

*Ag.* You grasp it.

## III. 2.

*Mil.* Iam tenes praecepta in corde?

*Coll.* Pulchre.

*Mil.* Vide sis calleas.

*Coll.* Quid opust verbis? callum aprugnum callere acque non sinam.

*Mil.* Fac modo ut condocta tibi sint dicta ad hanc fallaciam.

*Coll.* Quin edepol condoctior sum, quam tragoedi aut comici.

*Mil.* Probus homost.

*Ag.* Adeamus propius.

*Mil.* Adsunt testes?

*Ag.* Tot quidem.

*Mil.* Non potuisti adducere homines magis ad hanc rem idoneos.

nam istorum nullus nefastus; comitiales sunt meri; ibi habitant, ibi eos conspicias quam praectorem saepius.

hodie iuris coctiores non sunt qui lites creant, quam hi sunt, qui si nihil est quicum litigent, lites emunt.

*Adv.* Di te perdant.

*Mil.* Vos quidem hercle—cum eo cum quiqui tamen et bene et benigne facitis, quom ero amanti operam datis.

sed isti iam sciunt, negoti quid sit?

*Ag.* Omne in ordine. 590

*Mil.* Tum vos animum advortite igitur. hunc vos lenonem Lycum novistis?

*Adv.* Facile.

## POENULUS

Scene 2. ENTER *Milphio*, AND *Collybiscus* IN FOREIGN REGIMENTALS.

*Mil.* (to *Collybiscus*, *anxiously*) You have your instructions in mind now?

*Coll.* (with aplomb) Entirely.

*Mil.* Do see that you're well-grounded.

*Coll.* Enough, enough! I'll guarantee I'm better grounded than a ground hog.

*Mil.* Only make certain your part in this scheme is letter perfect.

*Coll.* Yes, Lord, yes! I'm more letter perfect than any actor, tragic or comic.

*Mil.* (half aside) A capital man!

*Ag.* (to *Counsellors*) Let's get nearer. (*approaches*)

*Mil.* (seeing him, and assuming a masterful air) Witnesses here?

*Ag.* (with a wave) Yes, so many.

*Mil.* (looking them over contemptuously) You couldn't have secured more suitable men for this affair. Why, there isn't a legal holiday amongst 'em; they're court room fixtures; there's where they live, you can see 'em there oftener than the judge himself. The very framers of lawsuits are no more learned in matters of law than these chaps. If they have no litigation on hand, they buy some.

*Couns.* You be damned!

*Mil.* (vehemently) Yes, by gad, and you—(pleasantly) are in any case, however, acting kindly and considerately in helping master in his love affair. (to *Agorastocles*) But do those fellows already understand the situation?

*Ag.* From end to end.

*Mil.* (to *Counsellors*, importantly) Well then, accord me your attention. You know this pimp *Lycus*?

*Couns.* Rather.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Coll.* At pol ego eum, qua sit facie, nescio.  
eum mihi volo demonstretis hominem.
- Adv.* Nos curabimus.  
satis praeceptumst.
- Ag.* Hic trecentos nummos numeratos habet.
- Adv.* Ergo nos inspicere oportet istuc aurum, Agorastocles, 595  
ut sciamus quid dicamus mox pro testimonio.
- Coll.* Agite, inspicite.
- Adv.* Aurum est profecto hoc, spectatores, comicum :  
macerato hoc pingues fiunt auro in barbaria boves ;  
verum ad hanc rem agundam Philippum est : ita nos  
adsimulabimus.
- Coll.* Sed ita adsimulatote quasi ego sim peregrinus.
- Adv.* Scilicet, 600  
et quidem quasi tu nobiscum adveniens hodie oraveris,  
liberum ut commostraremus tibi locum et volup-  
tarium,  
ubi ames, potes, pergraecere.
- Coll.* Eu, edepol mortales malos.
- Ag.* Ego enim docui.
- Mil.* Quis te porro ?
- Coll.* Agite intro abite, Agorastocles,  
ne hic vos mecum conspicietur leno neu fallaciae  
praepedimentum obiciatur.
- Adv.* Hic homo sapienter sapit.  
facite quod iubet.
- Ag.* Abeamus. sed vos—
- Adv.* Satis dictumst. abi.
- Ag.* Abeo.
- Adv.* Quaeso, di immortales, quin abis ?
- Ag.* Abeo.
- Adv.* Sapis.
- Coll.* St,  
tace.



# POENULUS

*Coll.* But I don't even know what he looks like. I want you people to point him out to me.

*Couns.* We'll see to it. We've had instruction enough.

*Ag.* This man (*indicating Collybiscus*) has in his possession three hundred pounds in cash.

*Couns.* Then we ought to inspect that money, Agorastocles, so as to give intelligent testimony later on.

*Coll.* (*opening his wallet*) All right, inspect.

*Couns.* (*looking, then to audience*) This is certainly money, spectators, stage money: foreigners soak this money<sup>1</sup> and use it to fatten oxen. But for present purposes it's coin of the realm—so we'll pretend.

*Coll.* But so pretend that I'm a foreigner myself.

*Couns.* Of course, yes, and that on your arrival to-day you begged us to show you a place where you could feel free to enjoy yourself, have a girl and a bottle and a general good time.

*Coll.* Wonderful! My word, such sly ones!

*Ag.* (*complacently*) Well, I tutored them.

*Mil.* (*sourly*) Yes, and who you?

*Coll.* (*nodding to Milphio and giving Agorastocles a shove*) You two get busy and get inside, Agorastocles. We don't want the pimp spying you here with me and have our scheme come a cropper.

*Couns.* This fellow shows sound sense. Do as he orders.

*Ag.* (*to Milphio*) Let's be off. (*to Counsellors*) But you—

*Couns.* Enough said! Be off!

*Ag.* I'm off. (*hesitates*)

*Couns.* (*shoving him*) Then for the love of heaven, why aren't you off?

*Ag.* (*reluctantly*) I am off.

[EXEUNT Agorastocles AND Milphio.]

*Couns.* (*as they disappear*) Sensible of you.

*Coll.* (*listening*) Sh-h! Keep still!

<sup>1</sup> Made of lupines.

*Adv.* Quid est?

*Coll.* Fores hae fecerunt magnum flagitium modo.

*Adv.* Quid id est flagiti?

*Coll.* Crepuerunt clare.

*Adv.* Di te perduint. 610

pone nos recede.

*Coll.* Fiat.

*Adv.* Nos priores ibimus.

*Coll.* Faciunt scurrae quod consuerunt: pone sese  
homines locant.

*Adv.* Illic homo est, qui egreditur, leno.

*Coll.* Bonus est, nam similis malist.  
iam nunc ego illi egredienti sanguinem exsugam  
procul.

### III. 3.

*Lyc.* Iam ego istuc revortar, miles: convivas volo  
reperire nobis commodos, qui una sient;  
interibi attulerint exta, atque eadem mulieres  
iam ab re divina credo apparebunt domi.  
sed quid huc tantum hominum incedunt? ecquidnam  
adferunt?

et ille chlamydatum quisnam est, qui sequitur procul? 620

*Adv.* Aetoli cives te salutamus, Lyce,  
quamquam hanc salutem ferimus inviti tibi.

*Lyc.* Fortunati omnes sitis, quod certo scio  
nec fore nec fortunam id situram fieri.

*Adv.* Istic est thesaurus stultis in lingua situs,  
ut quaestui habeant male loqui melioribus.

# POENULUS

*Couns.* What is it?

*Coll.* This door (*indicating Lycus' house*) just did something perfectly dreadful.

*Couns.* Dreadful? What?

*Coll.* It let out a loud rumble.

*Couns.* You be damned! (*as Lycus' door opens*) Get in the rear!

*Coll.* (*doing so*) All right.

*Couns.* We'll go ahead.

*Coll.* (*to audience*) City rakes at their old game—men in the rear.

*Couns.* (*as Lycus appears in his doorway*) That man stepping out is the pimp.

*Coll.* Must be a good one, with that evil look. Then it's that man stepping out whose blood I'll now proceed to suck without getting near him.

Scene 3. ENTER *Lycus*.

*Lyc.* (*to Antamonides within*) I'll soon be there again, warrior: I want to find some pleasant fellows to join our party. Meanwhile the sacrificial meat should arrive, and the girls too, no doubt, will soon be back from worship and on hand at home. (*sees the group down the street*) But why is that gang marching up here? Bringing something, are they? And who on earth's that chap in the military cloak following away behind?

*Couns.* (*ironically*) We citizens of Aetolia bid you good-morning, Lycus, although the good-morning we give you is not what we wish you.

*Lyc.* (*in the same tone*) And may all of you be fortunate, as I know for sure you will not be, or be allowed by Fortune to be.

*Couns.* A fool's funds being in his tongue, he makes his investments by abusing his betters.

*Lyc.* Viam qui nescit, qua deveniat ad mare,  
eum oportet amnem quaerere comitem sibi  
ego male loquendi vobis nescivi viam :  
nunc vos mihi amnes estis ; vos certum est sequi : 630  
si bene dicetis, vostra ripa vos sequar,  
si male dicetis, vostro gradiar limite.

*Adv.* Malo bene facere tantundemst periculum  
quantum bono male facere.

*Lyc.* Qui vero ?  
*Adv.* Scies.

malo si quid bene facias,<sup>1</sup> beneficium interit ;  
bono si quid male facias, aetatem expetit.

*Lyc.* Facete dictum. sed quid istuc ad me attinet ?  
*Adv.* Quia nos honoris tui causa ad te venimus,  
quamquam bene volumus leniter lenonibus.

*Lyc.* Si quid boni adportatis, habeo gratiam. 640  
*Adv.* Boni de nostro tibi nec ferimus nec damus  
neque pollicemur, neque adeo volumus datum.

*Lyc.* Credo hercle vobis : ita vestra est benignitas.  
sed quid nunc vultis ?

*Adv.* Hunc chlamydatum quem vides,  
ei Mars iratust.

*Coll.* Capiti vestro istuc quidem.

*Adv.* Nunc hunc, Lyce, ad te diripiundum adducimus.

*Coll.* Cum praeda hic hodie incedet venator donum :  
canes compellunt in plagas lepide lupum.

*Lyc.* Quis hic est ?

*Adv.* Nescimus nos quidem istum qui siet ;  
nisi dudum mane ut ad portum processimus, 650

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following *id.*

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<sup>1</sup> *Aetatem expetit* seemingly of double meaning : "lasts for life" and "molests a man."

# POENULUS

- Lyc.* A man who does not know the way to the sea ought to seek a river to accompany him. I did not know the way to abuse of you : now you are rivers for me—I intend to follow you. If you are affable, I shall follow your bank ; if you are abusive, I shall keep to your course.
- Couns.* (*reflectively*) Doing a bad man a good turn is quite as dangerous as doing a good man a bad turn.
- Lyc.* Really ? And how so ?
- Couns.* You shall learn. A good turn done to a bad man is a good turn dead and gone ; a bad turn done to a good man is a bad turn alive and after you.<sup>1</sup>
- Lyc.* (*sarcastically*) Very clever ! But how does that pertain to me ?
- Couns.* Because we came out of interest in you, although we have but lukewarm love for pimps.
- Lyc.* (*warily*) Much obliged, if you bring me something good.
- Couns.* Nothing good of our own do we bring you, or give you, or promise you, or, for that matter, wish you to get.
- Lyc.* By gad, I believe you : such is your benevolence. But what do you want now ?
- Couns.* This chap you see in the military cloak—he's under the curse of Mars.
- Coll.* (*aside to Counsellors*) Just you keep it for yourselves !
- Couns.* (*with a grim smile*) Now we are marching him up for you to be mangled, Lycus.
- Coll.* (*aside, chuckling*) This hunter here will wend his way home to-day with some game : the dogs are driving the wolf nicely into the nets.
- Lyc.* (*to Counsellors*) Who is he ?
- Couns.* We really can't tell you ; all we know is that when we hied us to the harbour earlier this morning we

atque istum e navi exeuntem oneraria  
videmus. adiit ad nos extemplo exiens;  
salutat, respondemus.

*Coll.* Mortalis malos,  
ut ingrediuntur docte in sycophantiam.

*Lyc.* Quid deinde?

*Adv.* Sermonem ibi nobiscum copulat.  
ait se peregrinum esse huius ignarum oppidi;  
locum sibi velle liberum praeberier,  
ubi nequam faciat. nos hominem ad te adduximus.  
tu si te di amant, agere tuam rem occasiost.

*Lyc.* Itane?

*Adv.* Ille est cupiens, aurum habet.

*Lyc.* Praeda haec meast. 660

*Adv.* Potare, amare volt.

*Lyc.* Locum lepidum dabo.

*Adv.* At enim hic clam furtim esse volt, ne quis sciat  
neve arbiter sit. nam hic latro in Sparta fuit,  
ut quidem ipse nobis dixit, apud regem Attalum;  
inde huc aufugit, quoniam capitur oppidum.

*Coll.* Nimis lepide de latrone, de Sparta optume.

*Lyc.* Di deaeque vobis multa bona dent, quom mihi  
et bene praecepitis et bonam praedam datis.

*Adv.* Immo ut ipse nobis dixit, quo accures magis,  
trecentos nummos Philippos portat praesidi. 670

*Lyc.* Rex sum, si ego illum hodie ad me hominem adlexero.

*Adv.* Quin hic quidem tuos est.

*Lyc.* Opsecro hercle hortamini,  
ut devortatur ad me in hospitium optimum.

saw him disembarking from a merchantman. He made for us the moment he disembarked; he greeted us and we him.

*Coll.* (*aside*) Wily ones! The way they enter into this swindle shows training.

*Lyc.* What next?

*Couns.* Then he engaged in conversation with us. Said he was a foreigner, unacquainted with this town; wanted to be furnished a place where he could feel free to disport himself. We marched him off to you. And you—if the gods are with you, here is your chance to do yourself good.

*Lyc.* (*still a bit doubtful*) So?

*Couns.* He's eager for it, has money.

*Lyc.* (*aside, warming up*) Here's a sucker for me!

*Couns.* Wants to drink and wench.

*Lyc.* (*eagerly*) I have a perfect place for him.

*Couns.* But he wants privacy, to lie low here without anyone knowing or spying. You see he was a mercenary in Sparta—so he himself told us—serving with king Attalus; the town being captured, he fled and came here.

*Coll.* (*aside*) Mercenary! Pretty point, that! And Sparta—that's choice!

*Lyc.* (*joyful*) Heaven give you everything that's fine, for giving me this fine suggestion and this fine sucker!

*Couns.* Sucker? Why, as he himself told us—this to make you the more solicitous—he's succoured himself by three hundred pounds he carries.

*Lyc.* I'm a king, if I can only lure the chap into my house to-day.

*Couns.* Oh, he is yours all right.

*Lyc.* For heaven's sake, do persuade him to put up with me and enjoy my excellent hospitality.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Adv.* Neque nos hortari neque dehortari decet  
hominem peregrinum : tuam rem tu ages, si sapis.  
nos tibi palumbem ad aream usque adduximus :  
nunc te illum meliust capere, si captum esse vis.
- Coll.* Iamne itis? quid quod vobis mandavi, hospites?
- Adv.* Cum illoc te meliust tuam rem, adulescens, loqui :  
illic est ad istas res probus, quas quaeritas. 680
- Coll.* Videre equidem vos vellem, quom huic aurum darem.
- Adv.* Illinc procul nos istuc inspectabimus.
- Coll.* Bonam dedistis mihi operam.
- Lyc.* It ad me lucrum.
- Coll.* Illud quidem quorsum asinus caedit calcibus.
- Lyc.* Blande hominem compellabo. hospes hospitem  
salutat. salvom te advenire gaudeo.
- Coll.* Multa tibi di dent bona, quom me salvom esse vis.
- Lyc.* Hospitium te aiunt quaeritare.
- Coll.* Quaerito.
- Lyc.* Ita illi dixerunt, qui hinc a me abierunt modo.  
te quaeritare a muscis.
- Coll.* Minime gentium. 690
- Lyc.* Quid ita?
- Coll.* Quia a muscis si mi hospitium quaererem,  
adveniens irem in carcerem recta via.  
ego id quaero hospitium, ubi ego curer mollius,  
quam regi Antiocho oculi curari solent.



## POENULUS

*Couns.* It does not become us to persuade or dissuade a stranger: you will see to your own welfare, if you are wise. We have drawn the dove to the very fowling-floor for you: now you had better take care of his catching yourself, if a catch is what you want. (*they move away*)

*Coll.* (*calling to them*) Going so soon? How about that affair of mine, friends?

*Couns.* (*pointing to Lycus*) Better talk over your case with him, sir: he is an excellent man, for the things you are after.

*Coll.* (*aside to Counsellors*) I say, you should be here to see when I give him the money.

*Couns.* (*aside to Collybiscus*) We'll be watching it all from away over there.

*Coll.* (*aloud to Counsellors as he approaches Lycus*) You have been most kind.

*Lyc.* (*in a low tone*) My loot's coming to me!

*Coll.* (*aside*) Yes, coming the same way as the kick of an ass.

*Lyc.* (*aside*) Now for a smooth salutation! (*aloud, cordially*) Welcome from host to guest, sir! I am glad to see you arriving well!

*Coll.* (*condescendingly*) And may the gods be very good to you, sir, since you wish me well.

*Lyc.* They say you are looking for lodgings.

*Coll.* I am.

*Lyc.* And lodgings, so said those gentlemen who just now left me, free from (*winking*) flies.

*Coll.* (*with an austere smile*) Not in the least.

*Lyc.* (*surprised*) How so?

*Coll.* Because if I were looking for lodgings free from flies, I should go straight to the gaol on my arrival. (*Lycus is much amused*) The lodgings I look for are the sort where I'll be treated more tenderly than the very eyes of King Antiochus.

*Lyc.* Edepol ne tibi illud possum festivom dare,  
siquidem potes esse te pati in lepido loco,  
in lecto lepide strato lepidam mulierem  
complexum contrectare.

*Coll.* Is, leno, viam.

*Lyc.* Vbi tu Leucadio, Lesbio, Thasio, Chio,  
vetustate vino edentulo aetatem inriges;  
ibi ego te replebo usque unguentum geumatis,  
quid multa verba? faciam, ubi tu laveris,  
ibi ut balneator faciat unguentariam.  
sed haec latrocinantur, quae ego dixi, omnia.

*Coll.* Quid ita?

*Lyc.* Quia aurum poscunt praesentarium.

*Coll.* Quin hercle accipere tu non mavis quam ego dare.

*Adv.* Quid si evocemus huc foras Agorastoclem,  
ut ipse testis sit sibi certissimus?  
heus tu, qui furem captas, egredere ocius,  
ut tute inspectes aurum lenoni dari.

III. 4.

*Ag.* Quid est? quid vultis, testes?

*Adv.* Specta ad dexteram.  
tuos servos aurum ipsi lenoni dabit.

*Coll.* Age, accipe hoc sis: hic sunt numerati aurei  
trecenti nummi, qui vocantur Philippei.  
hinc me procura; propere hosce apsumi volo.

*Lyc.* Edepol fecisti prodigum promum tibi.  
age, eamus intro.

*Coll.* Te sequor.

## POENULUS

*Lyc.* Gad, sir, and it's just that jolly sort of lodgings I can give you, that is, if you can endure being in a nice nook on a nicely cushioned couch with a nice little lady to love.

*Coll.* You are on the right road, pimp.

*Lyc.* Where you can bedew your soul with wine—Leucadian, Lesbian, Thasian, Chian—toothless with time. And perfumes—I'll simply shower you with them! In short, I'll have the bathman making a perfumery shop of your bathroom. But all these words of mine are (*smirking*) in the army.

*Coll.* How is that?

*Lyc.* Because they clamour for the pay-roll.

*Coll.* (*reaching for his wallet*) Oh, as for that, you are no readier to receive than I to give.

*Couns.* (*aside*) How about calling Agorastocles out, so that he can be his own star witness? (*going to his door*) Hey, you thief-catcher, quick, out with you, so as to watch the pimp get the money yourself!

Scene 4. ENTER *Agorastocles* INTO HIS DOORWAY, ANXIOUSLY.

*Ag.* (*aside to Counsellors*) What is it? What do you want, witnesses?

*Couns.* Cast your eyes to the right. Your slave will be giving the money to the pimp in person.

*Coll.* Come, kindly take this. (*hands Lycus the wallet*) Here are three hundred pounds in cash—*Philippe's* d'or, they are called. Look after me out of this; I want it spent speedily.

*Lyc.* (*delightedly*) Man, man, you've got yourself a bountiful butler! Come, let's go in. (*steps towards his house*)

*Coll.* (*lingering and glancing at the others*) I am following you.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Lyc.* Age, age, ambula,  
ibi, quae reliqua, alia fabulabimur.
- Coll.* Eadem narrabo tibi res Spartiaticas.
- Lyc.* Quin sequere me ergo.
- Coll.* Abduc intro. addictum tenes. 720
- Ag.* Quid nunc mi auctores estis?
- Adv.* Vt frugi sies.
- Ag.* Quid si animus esse non sinit?
- Adv.* Esto ut sinit.
- Ag.* Vidistis, leno quom aurum accepit?
- Adv.* Vidimus.
- Ag.* Eum vos meum esse servom scitis?
- Adv.* Scivimus.
- Ag.* Rem adversus populi saepe leges?
- Adv.* Scivimus.
- Ag.* Em istaec volo ergo vos commemnisisse omnia,  
mox quom ad praetorem usus veniet.
- Adv.* Meminimus.
- Ag.* Quid si recenti re aedis pultem?
- Adv.* Censeo.
- Ag.* Si pultem, non recludet?
- Adv.* Panem frangito.
- Ag.* Si exierit leno, quid tum? hominem interrogem, 730  
meus servos ad eum veneritne?
- Adv.* Quippini? <sup>1</sup>
- <sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following vv., 732-735:  
*Cum auri ducentis nummis Philippis?*
- Ibi extemplo leno errabit.* Quippini?
- Qua de re?*
- Rogas?*
- quia centum nummis minus dicitur.*
- Bene putas.*
- Alium censebit quaeritari.*
- Scilicet.*

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<sup>1</sup> *Pullem* (knock), *pullem* (pottage).

<sup>2</sup> Vv. 732-735:

*Ag.* With two hundred pounds?

## POENULUS

- Lyc.* (*seizing his arm*) Come, come, sir, step along!  
We'll talk over remaining details in there.
- Coll.* I shall inform you of Spartan affairs, as well.
- Lyc.* Yes, yes, follow me, then!
- Coll.* Lead me in. (*good-humouredly, with a covert wink at the others*) In me you have a slave.

[EXEUNT.]

- Ag.* (*to Counsellors*) What do you recommend now?
- Couns.* (*coldly*) That you act properly.
- Ag.* What if my inward state does not permit?
- Couns.* Act as it does permit.
- Ag.* (*assuming a court-room tone*) You saw the pimp taking the money?
- Couns.* We did.
- Ag.* You knowing the man to be my slave?
- Couns.* Yes.
- Ag.* And that it was against laws repeatedly framed by the people?
- Couns.* Yes.
- Ag.* There! Now then, I want you to remember all that when it's needed later before the judge.
- Couns.* Remembered.
- Ag.* What if I batter the door (*glancing at Lycus' house*) while the offence is fresh?
- Couns.* I approve.
- Ag.* And if he pays no attention to the batter?<sup>1</sup>
- Couns.* (*much bored*) Then his cake is dough.<sup>1</sup>
- Ag.* If the pimp appears, what then? Should I inquire of the fellow if my slave came to his house?
- Couns.* Why not?<sup>2</sup>
- Couns.* Why not?
- Ag.* Then the pimp will be thrown off the track at once.
- Couns.* Why?
- Ag.* Why? Because that sum will be a hundred pounds less.
- Couns.* A happy thought.
- Ag.* He'll suppose another man is in question.
- Couns.* To be sure.

- Ag.* Extemplo denegabit.  
*Adv.* Iuratus quidem.  
*Ag.* Homo furti sese adstringet.  
*Adv.* Hanc dubium id quidemst.  
*Ag.* Quantum quantum ad eum erit delatum.  
*Adv.* Quippini?  
*Ag.* Diespiter vos perduit.  
*Adv.* Te quippini?  
*Ag.* Ibo et pultabo ianuam iam.  
*Adv.* Quippini?  
*Ag.* Tacendi tempus est, nam crepuerunt fores.  
 foras egredi video lenonem Lycum.  
 adeste quaeso.  
*Adv.* Quippini? <sup>1</sup> si voles  
 operire capita, ne nos leno noverit,  
 qui illi malae rei tantae fuimus inlices.

III. 5.

- Lyc.* Suspendant omnes nunciam se haruspices,  
 quam ego illis posthac quod loquantur credulam,  
 qui in re divina dudum dicebant mihi  
 malum damnumque maximum portendier:  
 is explicavi meam rem postilla lucro.  
*Ag.* Salvos sis, leno.  
*Lyc.* Di te ament, Agorastocles.  
*Ag.* Magis me benigne nunc salutas quam antidhac.  
*Lyc.* Tranquillitas evenit, quasi navi in mari:  
 utquomque est ventus, exim velum vortitur.  
*Ag.* Valeant apud te quos volo; atque haud te volo.  
*Lyc.* Valent ut postulatumst, verum non tibi.

<sup>1</sup> Corrupt (Leo): *sine si* Geppert.

## POENULUS

- Ag.* He'll deny it forthwith.  
*Couns.* Yes, on oath.  
*Ag.* He'll involve himself in theft.  
*Couns.* Yes, no doubt.  
*Ag.* Theft of all that was brought him.  
*Couns.* Why not?  
*Ag.* (*angered at their contemptuousness*) Be damned to you!  
*Couns.* To you—why not?  
*Ag.* I'll go and batter his door directly.  
*Couns.* Why not?  
*Ag.* (*listening and looking at Lycus' house*) Time to keep still! His door creaked! I see pimp Lycus coming out. Now do stand by me!  
*Couns.* Why not? You may wish to cover our heads, so that the pimp won't know us for the men who lured him into such a mess.

Scene 5. ENTER *Lycus* WITH THE WALLET, NOT SEEING THEM.

- Lyc.* (*jubilantly*) The priests can all go hang this instant for any credence I give their statements from now on—with their telling me the sacrifice a while ago showed I was in for some terrible trouble and loss. And the next thing I go and make no end of money.  
*Ag.* (*stepping up*) Good-day, pimp.  
*Lyc.* (*genially*) God bless you, Agorastocles.  
*Ag.* That's a kindlier greeting than you've given me heretofore.  
*Lyc.* There's a calm now, just as for a ship at sea; sails are shifted to suit the wind.  
*Ag.* (*politely*) I hope your household enjoys good health—those I wish it for; as I do not for you.  
*Lyc.* (*in the same tone*) They do enjoy good health, thanks, but not for you.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

*Ag.* Mitte ad me, si audes, hodie Adelphasium tuam,  
die festo celebri nobilique Aphrodisiis.

*Lyc.* Calidum prandisti prandium hodie? dic mihi.

*Ag.* Quid iam?

*Lyc.* Quia os nunc frigefactas, quom rogas.

*Ag.* Hoc age sis, leno. servom esse audiavi meum  
apud te.

*Lyc.* Apud me? numquam factum reperies.

*Ag.* Mentire. nam ad te venit aurumque attulit.  
ita mihi renuntiatumst, quibus credo satis.

*Lyc.* Malus es, captatum me advenis cum testibus.  
tuorum apud me nemost nec quicquam tui.

*Ag.* Mementote illud, advocati.

*Adv.* Meminimus.

*Lyc.* Hahahae, iam teneo quid sit, perspexi modo.  
hi qui illum dudum conciliaverunt mihi  
peregrinum Spartanum, id nunc his cerebrum uritur,  
me esse hos trecentos Philippos facturum lucri.  
nunc hunc inimicum quia esse sciverunt mihi,  
eum adlegarunt, suom qui servom diceret  
cum auro esse apud me; compositast fallacia,  
ut eo me privent atque inter se dividant.  
lupo agnum eripere postulant. nugas agunt.

*Ag.* Negasne apud te esse aurum, nec servom meum?



## POENULUS

- Ag.* Be so good as to send me your Adelphasium to-day, this being the festal day, worshipful and glorious, of the Aphrodisia.
- Lyc.* (*with an air of concern*) Was your luncheon at lunch to-day hot? Tell me.
- Ag.* Why do you ask?
- Lyc.* Because by this request you appear to be cooling your chops.
- Ag.* (*sternly*) Pimp, your attention, please. I have heard that my slave is at your house.
- Lyc.* (*indignantly*) At my house? You'll never find that's so.
- Ag.* You lie. For he came to you and brought you money. I have this information from men I fully trust. (*nodding toward the Counsellors*)
- Lyc.* (*not recognizing them in his anger*) You villain! Coming here to catch me with witnesses! There's not a slave of yours or anything of yours at my house.
- Ag.* (*significantly to Counsellors, who come closer*) Remember that, Counsellors.
- Couns.* Remembered.
- Lyc.* (*looking at them, then aside*) Ha! ha! ha! Now I've got it, I've just seen through it! These are the fellows who recommended me to that foreigner from Sparta a while ago, and now it makes them hot to think I'm going to clean up this three hundred pounds. Now knowing this chap's (*glancing at Agorastocles*) an enemy of mine, they've instigated him to say his slave's at my house with money. It's a plot hatched up to do me out of this and divide it amongst themselves. (*chuckling*) They expect to tear a lamb from a wolf! Rubbish!
- Ag.* You deny having my money at your house, and my slave?

- Lyc.* Nego : et negando, si quid refert, ravio.  
*Adv.* Periisti, leno. nam istest huius vilicus  
 quem tibi nos esse Spartiatam diximus,  
 qui ad te trecentos Philippeos modo detulit.  
 idque in istoc adeo aurum inest marsuppio.  
*Lyc.* Vae vestrae aetati.  
*Adv.* Id quidem in mundo est tuac.  
*Ag.* Age omitte actutum, furcifer, marsuppiū :  
 manifesto fur es mihi. quaeso hercle, operam date,  
 dum me videatis servom ab hoc abducere.  
*Lyc.* Nunc pol ego perii certo, haud arbitrario.  
 consulto hoc factum est, mihi ut insidiae fierent.  
 sed quid ego dubito fugere hinc in malam crucem,  
 prius quam hinc optorto collo ad practorem trahor ?  
 eheu, quom ego habui hariolos haruspices ;  
 qui si quid bene promittunt, perspisso evenit,  
 id quod mali promittunt, praesentarium est.  
 nunc ibo, amicos consulam, quo me modo  
 suspendere aequom censeant potissimum.

III. 6.

- Ag.* Age tu progredere, ut<sup>1</sup> videant te ire istinc foras.  
 estne hic meus servos ?  
*Coll.* Sum hercle vero, Agorastocles.  
*Ag.* Quid nunc, sceleste leno ?  
*Adv.* Quicum litigas  
 apscessit.  
*Ag.* Vtinam hinc abierit malam crucem.

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following *testes*.

## POENULUS

*Lyc.* I do deny it, deny it till I'm hoarsified, if that helps.

*Couns.* (*closing in on him*) Pimp, you are done for. That fellow we told you was a Spartan, that brought you three hundred pounds just now, happens to be this gentleman's bailiff. And there is the very money (*pointing*) in that wallet.

*Lyc.* (*aghast*) Oh-h, damnation to you!

*Couns.* Precisely what is in readiness for you.

*Ag.* (*seizing Lycus*) Come, you criminal, drop that wallet this instant! (*takes it*) You're a thief, caught in the act! (*to Counsellors*) Now, sirs, give me your attention, I beg you, and witness my taking my slave away from him. [EXIT INTO HOUSE

OF *Lycus*.

*Lyc.* (*aside*) Oh, Lord! Now I am done for, no doubting it, no mistaking it! This was all prearranged to trap me! But why don't I hurry up and escape from here and go—(*wryly*) hang, before I'm dragged from here to the judge with my neck in a noose? Oh dear! When I had soothsayers, seers! Why, if they promise you something good, it comes at a sub-crawl, but anything bad they promise, you get that on the spot. Well, I'll go and consult my friends as to the most approved method of strangling myself. [EXIT, THE *Counsellors* WORRYING HIM.

Scene 6. RE-ENTER *Agorastocles*, PUSHING *Collybiscus*.

*Ag.* (*to Collybiscus, busily eating*) Come, you, step along, so that they can see you walking out of there. (*to Counsellors*) Is not this my slave?

*Coll.* (*between mouthfuls*) Gad, I certainly am, *Agorastocles*.

*Ag.* What now, you rascally pimp?

*Couns.* (*still brusque*) Your opponent has departed.

*Ag.* With the gallows his destination, I hope!

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Adv.* Ita nos velle aequom est.  
*Ag.* Cras subscribam homini dicam. 800  
*Coll.* Numquid me?  
*Ag.* Abscedas, sumas ornatum tuom.  
*Coll.* Non sum nequiquam miles factus; paululum  
 praedae intus feci: dum lenonis familia  
 dormitat, extis sum satur factus probe.  
 abscedam hinc intro.  
*Ag.* Factum a vobis comiter.  
 bonam dedistis, advocati, operam mihi.  
 cras mane, quaeso, in comitio estote obviam.  
 tu sequere me intro. vos valete.  
*Adv.* Et tu vale.  
 iniuriam illic insignite postulat:  
 nostro servire nos sibi censet cibo. 810  
 verum ita sunt<sup>1</sup> isti nostri divites:  
 si quid bene facias, levior pluma est gratia,  
 si quid peccatumst, plumbeas iras gerunt.  
 domos abeamus nostras, sultis, nunciam,  
 quando id, quoi rei operam dedimus, impetravimus,  
 ut perderemus corruptorem civium.

## ACTVS IV

- Mil.* Exspecto quo pacto meae techinae processurae sient.  
 studeo hunc lenonem perdere, qui meum erum  
 miserum macerat,  
 is me autem porro verberat, incursat pugnīs, calcibus:  
 servire amanti miseria est, praesertim qui quod amat  
 caret. 820

<sup>1</sup> Leo notes lacuna here: *morati* Palmer.

## POENULUS

- Couns.* We should have the same wish.  
*Ag.* To-morrow I shall bring action against the fellow.  
*Coll.* Anything more of me?  
*Ag.* (*curtly*) Be off, get into your own outfit.  
*Coll.* (*aside*) It wasn't for nothing they made me a soldier; I got my bit of booty in there. While the pimp's household napped, I filled up finely on the sacrificial meat. Well, I'll be off inside.

[EXIT INTO *Agorastocles'* HOUSE.]

- Ag.* (*to Counsellors, after thoughtfully surveying the wallet*) You have been most courteous. That was good service you did me, Counsellors. (*pauses, again surveying the wallet, the Counsellors expectant*) Now kindly meet me at the Comitium to-morrow morning. (*forgetting Collybiscus has gone*) Follow me inside, you. (*to Counsellors*) Good-day to you.

[EXIT.]

- Couns.* (*sourly*) And to you, good-day! It's infamous the injustice he wants to do us—counts on our serving him at our own expense! But that's the way with those plutocrats of ours: do well by 'em, and their thanks weigh less than a feather; do poorly, and their wrath is a load of lead. Come on now, let's go home, seeing we have achieved our end and sent to smash this corrupter of the citizens.

[EXEUNT.]

## ACT IV

ENTER *Milphio*.

- Mil.* I'm waiting to hear how my plot progresses. I just yearn to smash this pimp that's mauling my wretched master, who then proceeds to lay into me with whips and fists and feet. It's awful slaving it for a man in love, especially if he hasn't got his

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

attat, e fano recipere video se Syncerastum,  
lenonis servom; quid habeat sermonis auscultabo.

Satis spectatum est, deos atque homines eius  
neglegere gratiam,  
quoi homini erus est consimilis velut ego habeo  
hunc huius modi.

neque periurior neque peior alter usquam est  
gentium,  
quam erus meus est, neque tam luteus neque  
tam caeno conlitus.

ita me di ament, vel in lautumiis vel in pistrino  
mavelim

agere aetatem praepeditus latere forti ferreo,  
quam apud lenonem hunc servitutem colere. quid  
illuc est genus,

quae illic hominum corruptelae fiunt. di vostram  
fidem,

quodvis genus ibi hominum videas, quasi Acheruntem  
veneris,

equitem peditem, libertinum, furem an fugitivom  
velis,

verberatum, vinctum, addictum: qui habet quod det,  
ut ut homo est,

omnia genera recipiuntur; itaque in totis aedibus  
tenebrae latebrae, bibitur estur quasi in popina, hau  
secus.

ibi tu videas litteratas fictiles epistulas,  
pice signatas, nomina insunt cubitum longis litteris:  
ita vinariorum habemus nostrae dilectum domi.

Omnia edepol mira sunt, nisi erus huncheredem facit,  
nam id quidem, illi, uti meditatur, verba faciet mortuo. 840  
et adire lubet hominem et autem nimis eum ausculto  
lubens.

## POENULUS

girl. (*looking down the street*) Aha! I see the pimp's slave, Syncerastus, hying him home from the shrine. (*steps back*) I'll overhear what he has to say.

cene 2. ENTER *Syncerastus*, LADEN WITH SACRIFICIAL  
UTENSILS.

(*gloomily laying down his load*) It's evident enough that gods and men have no regard for a chap with a master that's the sort of man my master is. A worse liar or worse rascal than that master of mine can't be found on earth, or one so foul and caked with filth. So help me heaven, I'd prefer to pass my days in a stone quarry or mill, fastened to a big iron brick, than keep on slaving it at this pimp's. What a breed they are! How men are debauched in those resorts! Lord preserve us! Any kind of person can be seen there the same as if you went to Hades! Citizens of every class, freedmen, slaves, slaves of all kinds—robbers or runaways, beaten, bound, or debtor slaves! Anyone that has the price, no matter who, all sorts are welcome. Dark little nooks, then, all over the place, eating, drinking, the same as a pothouse, no different! There you can see epistles, epistles inscribed on earthenware, sealed with pitch, names on 'em in eighteen-inch letters: why, it's a wine merchant's muster-roll we have at our house.

(*aside*) Gad! All very strange, unless he's made his master's heir, for really this speech he's practising sounds like the pimp's funeral oration. I'd like to hail him, and yet I very much like to listen to him, too.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Syn.* Haec quom hic video fieri, crucior: pretiis emptos  
maxumis  
apud nos expeculiatos servos fieri suis eris.  
sed ad postremum nihil apparet: male partum male  
disperit.
- Mil.* Proinde habet orationem, quasi ipse sit frugi bonae,  
qui ipsus hercle ignaviorem potis est facere Ignaviam.
- Syn.* Nunc domum haec ab aede Veneris refero vasa, ubi  
hostiis  
erus nequivit propitiare Venerem suo festo die.
- Mil.* Lepidam Venerem.
- Syn.* Nam meretrices nostrae primis hostiis  
Venerem placavere extemplo.
- Mil.* O lepidam Venerem denuo. 850
- Syn.* Nunc domum ibo.
- Mil.* Heus, Synceraste.
- Syn.* Syncerastum qui vocat?
- Mil.* Tuos amicus.
- Syn.* Haud amice facis, qui cum onere offers moram.
- Mil.* At ob hanc moram tibi reddam operam ubi voles, ubi  
iusseris.  
habe rem pactam.
- Syn.* Si futurumst, do tibi operam hanc.
- Mil.* Quo modo?
- Syn.* Vt enim ubi mihi vapulandum sit, tu corium sufferas.  
apage, nescio quid viri sis.
- Mil.* Malus sum.
- Syn.* Tibi sis.
- Mil.* Te volo.
- Syn.* At onus urget.
- Mil.* At tu appone et respice ad me.
- Syn.* Fecero  
quamquam haud otiumst.



## POENULUS

*Syn.* It tortures me to see what goes on here—high-priced slaves going back to their masters, all denestegged at our house! But there's nothing to show for it in the end: ill gotten, ill spent.

*Mil.* (*aside, amused*) Holding forth as if he was good for something himself—my Lord! when he's a man that can teach torpor to Torpidity!

*Syn.* Here I am bringing back these utensils from Venus temple, where master, for all his victims, couldn't propitiate Venus on her own festal day.

*Mil.* (*aside*) Charming Venus!

*Syn.* Why, our courtesans won her favour at once, with their very first victims.

*Mil.* (*aside*) Again I say, oh, charming Venus!

*Syn.* Now for home. (*picks up his load*)

*Mil.* (*calling*) Hey, Syncerastus!

*Syn.* (*not looking*) Who calls Syncerastus?

*Mil.* A friend of yours.

*Syn.* (*not looking*) It's no friendly act delaying a man that's loaded down.

*Mil.* But in return for delaying you I'll do you a service when you wish, when you command. Call it a bargain.

*Syn.* (*not looking*) In that case, you can have this service.

*Mil.* How do you mean?

*Syn.* (*not looking*) I mean when I have a thrashing in store you can supply the hide. Get out! I don't know what sort of man you are.

*Mil.* A bad one.

*Syn.* (*not looking*) Be so for yourself.

*Mil.* I want you.

*Syn.* (*not looking*) But this load's heavy.

*Mil.* But put it down and give me a look.

*Syn.* (*unloading*) All right, though I haven't time.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Mil.* Salvos sis, Synceraste.  
*Syn.* O Milphio,  
 di omnes deaeque ament—  
*Mil.* Quemnam hominem?  
*Syn.* Nec te nec me, Milphio :  
 neque erum meum adeo.  
*Mil.* Quem ament igitur?  
*Syn.* Aliquem, dignus qui siet. 860  
 nam nostrorum nemo dignust.  
*Mil.* Lepide loquere.  
*Syn.* Me decet.  
*Mil.* Quid agis?  
*Syn.* Facio quod manifesti moechi hau ferme solent.  
*Mil.* Quid id est?  
*Syn.* Refero vasa salva.  
*Mil.* Di te et tuom erum perduint.  
*Syn.* Me non perdent; illum ut perdant facere possum, si  
 velim,  
 meum erum ut perdant, ni mihi metuam, Milphio.  
*Mil.* Quid id est? cedo.  
*Syn.* Malus es?  
*Mil.* Malus sum.  
*Syn.* Male mihi est.  
*Mil.* Memora, num esse aliter decet?  
 quid est, quod male sit tibi, quoi domi sit quod edis  
 quod ames adfatim,  
 neque triobolum ullum amicae das et ductas gratiis?  
*Syn.* Diespiter me sic amabit,  
*Mil.* Vt quidem edepol dignus es.  
*Syn.* Vt ego hanc familiam interire cupio.  
*Mil.* Adde operam, si cupis. 870  
*Syn.* Sine pennis volare hau facilest : meae alae pennas non  
 habent.

## POENULUS

- Mil.* Greetings, Syncerastus.  
*Syn.* Oh, Milphio! May all the gods and goddesses bless——
- Mil.* (*after waiting a moment*) Well, whom?  
*Syn.* Not you, or me, Milphio—no, nor my master either.  
*Mil.* Whom are they to bless, then?  
*Syn.* Anyone that's deserving. For no one of us is.  
*Mil.* You do say such smart things.  
*Syn.* So I should.  
*Mil.* What are you doing?  
*Syn.* Something seldom accomplished by adulterers, once they're caught.
- Mil.* What is that?  
*Syn.* Taking my utensils home intact.  
*Mil.* May the gods blast you and your master!  
*Syn.* They won't blast me. (*mysteriously*) But I can make 'em blast him, if I liked, yes, blast that master of mine, if it weren't for my fears for myself, Milphio.
- Mil.* (*interested*) What's all that? Let's hear.  
*Syn.* Are you a bad one?  
*Mil.* A bad one I am.  
*Syn.* (*confidentially*) I'm in a bad way.  
*Mil.* (*innocently*) Explain—it wouldn't be suitable otherwise? But how is it you're in a bad way, you, having your fill of eating and loving right in the house and never giving a girl a single sixpence, but getting her gratis?
- Syn.* (*malevolently*) So help me God——  
*Mil.* (*pleasantly*) As you deserve, yes indeed!  
*Syn.* (*continuing*) As I long for the ruination of this household!
- Mil.* Add effort to your longing.  
*Syn.* Flying without feathers is not easy: my wings (*lifting his arms*) have no feathers.

- Mil.* Nolito edepol devellisse : iam his duobus mensibus  
volucres tibi erunt hircinae.
- Syn.* I in malam rem.
- Mil.* I tu atque erus.
- Syn.* Verum. enim qui homo eum norit, norit. cito  
homo pervorti potest.
- Mil.* Quid iam ?
- Syn.* Quasi tu tacitum habere quicquam potis sis.
- Mil.* Rectius  
tacitas tibi res sistam quam quod dictum est mutae  
mulieri.
- Syn.* Animum inducam facile ut tibi istuc credam, ni te  
noverim.
- Mil.* Crede audacter meo periclo.
- Syn.* Male credam, et credam tamen.
- Mil.* Scin tu erum tuom meo ero esse inimicum capitalem ?
- Syn.* Scio.
- Mil.* Propter amorem—
- Syn.* Omnem operam perdis.
- Mil.* Quid iam ?
- Syn.* Quia doctum doces. 880
- Mil.* Quid ergo dubitas quin lubenter tuo ero meus quid  
possiet  
facere faciat male, eius merito ? tum autem si quid  
tu adiuvas,  
eo facilius facere poterit.
- Syn.* At ego hoc metuo, Milphio.
- Mil.* Quid est quod metuas ?
- Syn.* Dum ero insidias paritem, ne me perduim.  
si erus me esse elocutum quoquam mortali sciat,  
continuo is me ex Syncerasto Crurifragium fecerit.
- Mil.* Numquam edepol mortalis quisquam fiet me certior,  
nisi ero meo uni indicasso, atque ei quoque ut ne  
enuntiet

# POENULUS

- Mil.* Gad! Stop plucking 'em, (*pointing to Syncerastus' armpits*) and in the next two months you can fly; your wings will be strong as a goat.
- Syn.* Oh, go hang!
- Mil.* You go, and your master.
- Syn.* (*again mysteriously*) Just so. Ah, a man that knows him knows. He can be sent to smash in no time.
- Mil.* How's that?
- Syn.* As if you could keep anything silent!
- Mil.* I'll bury your secret in safer silence than what's told to a tongueless woman.
- Syn.* I could easily make up my mind to trust it to you, if I didn't know you.
- Mil.* Be trustful, never fear, you'll run no risk.
- Syn.* It's bad trusting, but trusting I'll be. (*hesitates*)
- Mil.* (*casually*) You know your master's my master's deadly enemy?
- Syn.* (*debating*) Yes, yes.
- Mil.* On account of his love——
- Syn.* That's all labour lost.
- Mil.* How so?
- Syn.* You're informing the informed.
- Mil.* Then why doubt my master's hankering to do yours any harm he could, and serve him right? So you see if you help out, he can do it all the easier.
- Syn.* But this is what scares me, Milphio. (*pauses*)
- Mil.* What is it you're scared of?
- Syn.* Of setting traps for master and having it settle me. Why, if master knows I've blabbed to any living soul, the next second he'd change me from Syncerastus to Splintershanks.
- Mil.* Never, by gad, will any living soul be the wiser for me, with the one exception of my master, yes, and I'll inform him, too, only on condition that

id esse facinus ex ted ortum.

*Syn.* Male credam, et credam tamen.  
sed hoc tu tecum tacitum habeto.

*Mil.* Fide non melius creditur.  
loquere—locus occasioque est—libere: hic soli sumus.

*Syn.* Erus si tuos volt facere frugem, meum erum perdet.

*Mil.* Qui id potest?

*Syn.* Facile.

*Mil.* Fac ergo id facile noscam ego, ut ille possit noscere.

*Syn.* Quia Adelphasium, quam erus deamat tuos, ingenuast.

*Mil.* Quo modo?

*Syn.* Eodem quo soror illius altera Anterastilis.

*Mil.* Cedo qui id credam.

*Syn.* Quia illas emit in Anactorio parvolas de praedone Siculo.

*Mil.* Quanti?

*Syn.* Duodeviginti minis,  
duas illas et Giddenenem nutricem earum tertiam.  
et ille qui eas vendebat dixit se furtivas vendere:  
ingenuas Carthagine aibat esse.

*Mil.* Di vostram fidem,  
nimium lepidum memoras facinus. nam erus meus

Agorastocles  
ibidem gnatust, inde surptus fere sexennis, postibi  
qui eum surrupuit huc devexit meoque ero eum  
hic vendidit.

is in divitias homo adoptavit hunc, quom diem  
obiit suum.

*Syn.* Omnia memoras quo id facilius fiat: manu eas  
adserat  
suas popularis liberali causa.

he doesn't let out that it's something you're responsible for.

*Syn.* (*weakening*) It's bad trusting, but trusting I'll be. Only do keep this a secret all to yourself.

*Mil.* You can't trust Faith herself more safely. Speak freely—this is the place and the time—we're all alone here.

*Syn.* If your master wants to show the right stuff, he'll be the ruin of my master.

*Mil.* How can he?

*Syn.* Easily.

*Mil.* Then explain this "easily" to me, so that I can explain it to him.

*Syn.* (*looking about warily, then portentously*) Well, that Adelphasium your master's crazy about is a free-born girl.

*Mil.* (*amazed*) Eh, how's that?

*Syn.* The same way as the other one is, her sister Anterastilis.

*Mil.* (*excitedly*) Produce some proof of that!

*Syn.* Well, master bought 'em as tiny things in Anactorium from a Sicilian pirate.

*Mil.* How much?

*Syn.* Seventy-two pounds, the pair of 'em, and their nurse Giddenis for a third. And the man that sold them admitted he was selling stolen children: said they were freeborn, from Carthage.

*Mil.* God be praised! What perfectly gorgeous news! Why, my master Agorastocles was born there too, and kidnapped when he was about six, and afterwards the man that kidnapped him brought him here and sold him to my master. He adopted him and left him all his money when his time came.

*Syn.* All this makes it so much the easier: let him claim them as freeborn girls, his own fellow-citizens.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Mil.* Tacitus tace modo.
- Syn.* Profecto ad incitas lenonem rediget, si eas abduxerit.
- Mil.* Quin prius disperibit faxo, quam unam calcem civerit.  
ita paratumst.
- Syn.* Ita di faxint, ne apud lenonem hunc serviam.
- Mil.* Hercle qui meus conlibertus faxo eris, si di volent.
- Syn.* Ita di faxint. numquid aliud me morare, Milphio?
- Mil.* Valeas beneque ut tibi sit.
- Syn.* Pol istuc tibi et tuost ero in manu.  
vale et haec cura clanculum ut sint dicta.
- Mil.* Non dictumst. vale.
- Syn.* At enim nihil est, nisi dum calet hoc agitur.
- Mil.* Lepidu's, quom mones.  
et ita hoc fiet.
- Syn.* Proba materies data est, si probum adhibes fabrum.
- Mil.* Potin ut taceas?
- Syn.* Taceo atque abeo.
- Mil.* Mihi commoditatem creas.  
illic hinc abiit. di immortales meum erum servatum volunt  
et hunc disperditum lenonem: tantum eum instat exiti.  
satine prius quam unumst iniectum telum, iam instat alterum?  
ibo intro, haec ut meo ero memorem. nam huc si ante aedes evocem,  
quae audivistis modo, nunc si eadem hic iterum iterem, inscitiast.



## POENULUS

*Mil.* (*thinking*) Not a word, not a word!

*Syn.* (*after a pause*) He'll surely checkmate the pimp if he captures those girls.

*Mil.* (*exultantly*) Just you watch! I'll be ending his game before he makes a single move. It's all arranged.

*Syn.* Heaven keep us, and get me out of slaving it for this pimp!

*Mil.* By Jove, it's my fellow-freedman I'll be making you, heaven willing!

*Syn.* (*still nervous*) Heaven help us! (*picking up his load*) You've nothing more to keep me for, Milphio?

*Mil.* Only to wish you farewell and good luck.

*Syn.* Oh Lord! That rests with you and your master. Good-bye, and do, do keep it dark, what I said.

*Mil.* (*reassuringly*) You said nothing. Good-bye!

*Syn.* But there is nothing in it, you know, unless you strike while the iron is hot.

*Mil.* (*ironically*) You're marvellous as an adviser. And that's how we shall strike.

*Syn.* You've been given fine material if you only get a fine workman.

*Mil.* (*impatiently*) Can't you stop talking?

*Syn.* I am stopping, and going.

[EXIT.]

*Mil.* (*calling after him*) You're a treasure of timeliness! Well, he's gone. (*gleefully*) The immortal gods do want my master rescued and this pimp destroyed! What a massacre he has awaiting him! To think of another shot awaiting him before the first one's fired. (*to audience*) I'll go inside to report this to my master. It would be silly, you see, to summon him out front here, and here repeat all over again the things you have just now heard.

<sup>1</sup>uni potius intus ero odio, quam hic sim vobis omnibus.<sup>2</sup>

ACTVS V

*Han.* <sup>3</sup>Yth alonim ualonuth sicorathi symacom syth  
chy mlachthi in ythnum ysthyalm ych-ibarcu mysehi  
li pho caneth yth bynuthi uad edin byn ui  
bymarob syllohom alonim ubymysyrthohom  
byth limmoth ynnchoho thuulech-antidamas chon  
ys sidobrim chi fel yth chyl is chon chen liful  
yth binim ys dybur ch-innocho-tnu agorastocles  
yth emanethi hy chirs aelichot sithi nasot  
bynu yid ch-illuch ily gubulim lasibithim  
bodi aly thera ynnynu yslym min cho-th iusim

*Ythalonimualoniuthsicorathiisthymhimihymacomsyth  
combaepumamitalmetlotiambeat  
iulecantheconaaalonimbalumbar dechor  
bats . . . hunesobinesubicsillimbalim  
esseantidamossonalemuedubertefet  
donobun.hunecclithumucommucroluful*

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets preceding *ero*.

<sup>2</sup> Leo brackets following vv., 923–929 :

*di immortales, quanta turba, quanta adventat calamitas  
hodie ad hunc lenonem. sed ego nunc est cum me commoror.  
ita negotium institutumst, non datur cessatio;  
nam et hoc docte consulendum, quod modo concreditumst,  
et illud autem inserviendumst consilium vernaculum.  
remora si sit, qui malam rem mihi det merito fecerit.  
nunc intro ibo : dum erus adveniat a foro, opperiar domi.*

<sup>3</sup> For these Punic passages see Lindsay (*Classical Review*, 12. 361–364), Gray (*American Journal of Semitic Languages*, 39. 73–78), and Gottheil (Lodge's *Lexicon Plautinum*, 915–917).

## POENULUS

Better to bore one man inside than stay here and  
bore all of you.<sup>1</sup> [EXIT.

### ACT V

ENTER *Hanno*, FOLLOWED AT A DISTANCE BY CARTHAGINIAN  
SLAVES CARRYING HIS BAGGAGE.

*Han.* *Yth* <sup>2</sup> *alonim ualonuth sicatorathi symacom syth*  
*chy mlachthi in ythmum ysthyalm ych-ibarcu mysehi*  
*li pho caneth yth bynuthi uad edin byn ui*  
*bymarob syllohom alonim ubymysyrthohom*  
*byth limmoth ynnchocho thuulech-antidamas chon*  
*ys sidobrim chi fel yth chyl is chon chen liful*  
*yth binim ys dybur ch-innocho-tnu agorastocles*  
*yth emanethi hy chirs aelichot sithi nasot*  
*bynu yid ch-illuch ily gubulim lasibithim*  
*bodi aly thera ynnynu yslym min cho-th iusim*

*Ythalonimualoniuthsicatorathiisthymhimihymacomsyth*  
*combaepumamitalmetlotiambeat*  
*iulecantheconaalonimbalumbar dechor*  
*bats . . . . hunesobinesubicsillimbalim*  
*esseantidamossonalemuedubertefet*  
*donobun.huneccilthumucommucroluful*

<sup>1</sup> Vv. 923-929: Ye immortal gods! What a row, what a catastrophe, this pimp has coming to him to-day! But here I am, delaying myself. No time for dawdling, with the business we've got afoot. For we've got to deal discreetly with this new disclosure, and yet do our best with that home-born scheme as well. If I delay, the man that gives me a thrashing would only give me my deserts. I'll go in now: I'll wait at home till master comes from the forum.

<sup>2</sup> It has seemed best to leave the Punic passages, the full meaning of which is in dispute, as they stand in the text rather than attempt to render them in some such language as Hebrew.

## TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

*altanimausduberithemkuarcharistolem*  
*sittesedanecnasotersahelicot*  
*alemusdubertimurmucopsuistili*  
*aoccaaneclictorbodesiussilimlimmicolus*

deos deasque veneror, qui hanc urbem colunt,  
ut quod de mea re huc veni rite venerim,  
measque hic ut gnatas et mei fratris filium  
reperire me siritis, di vostram fidem.<sup>1</sup>  
sed hic mihi antehac hospes Antidamas fuit;  
eum fecisse aiunt, sibi quod faciundum fuit.  
eius filium esse hic praedicant Agorastoclem:  
ad eum hospitalem hanc tesseram mecum fero;  
is in hisce habitare monstratust regionibus.  
hos percontabor qui hinc egrediuntur foras.

V 2.

*Ag.* Ain tu tibi dixi Syncerastum, Milphio,  
eas esse ingenuas ambas surrupticias  
Carthaginiensis?

*Mil.* Aio, et, si frugi esse vis,  
eas liberali iam adseres causa manu.

nam tuom flagitiumst tuas te popularis pati  
servire ante oculos, domi quae fuerint liberae.

*Han.* Pro di immortales, opsecro vostram fidem,  
quam orationem hanc aures dulcem devorant.

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following v., 954:  
*quae mihi surruptae sunt et frutris filium.*

# POENULUS

*altanimauosduberithemhuarcharistolem  
sittesedanecnasotersahelicot  
alemusdubertimurmucopsuistiti  
aoccaaneclictorbodesiussilimlimmicolus*

(*devoutly*) Ye gods and goddesses who cherish this city, I reverently entreat you that, having come here, the object of my coming may be happily attained, and may ye permit me, I implore you, here to find my daughters and my brother's son.<sup>1</sup> (*after a pause*) Well, this is where Antidamas was a family friend of mine in former days. And now they tell me he has paid his debt to nature. I'm informed that his son, Agorastocles, is here, however: and it's to him this token of our family friendship goes. (*glancing at a tessera he carries*) According to directions his home must be hereabouts. (*as Agorastocles' door opens*) I'll inquire of these people just coming out.

ENTER *Agorastocles* AND *Milphio*, NOT SEEING HIM.

Scene 2.

*Ag.* (*to Milphio*) You say Syncerastus told you they were both freeborn girls, Milphio, stolen from Carthage?

*Mil.* I do, and if you want to show some spirit, you'll lose no time in claiming them as freeborn. Why, it's a shame to stand by and see your own fellow-countrywomen kept as slaves when at home they were free.

*Han.* (*aside, excitedly*) Ye immortal gods, be with us! How my ears do devour those blessed words! Their

<sup>1</sup> V. 954: Daughters who were stolen from me, and my brother's son.

creta est profecto horum hominum oratio,  
ut mi apsternerunt omnem sorditudinem. 970

*Ag.* Si ad eam rem testis habeam, faciam quod iubes.

*Mil.* Quid tu mihi testis? quin tu insistis fortiter?  
aliqua Fortuna fuerit adiutrix tibi.

*Ag.* Incipere multost quam impetrare facilius.

*Mil.* Sed quae illaec avis est, quae huc cum tunicis  
advenit?

numnam in balineis circumductust pallio?

*Ag.* Facies quidem edepol Puncaist.

*Mil.* Guggast homo.

servos quidem edepol veteres antiquosque habet.

*Ag.* Qui scis?

*Mil.* Viden homines sarcinatos consequi?

<sup>1</sup> atque ut opinor digitos in manibus non habent. 980

*Ag.* Quid iam?

*Mil.* Quia incedunt cum anulatis auribus.

*Han.* Adibo hosce atque appellabo Punice.

si respondebunt, Punice pergam loqui;

si non, tum ad horum mores linguam vertero.

*Mil.* Quid ais tu? ecquid commeministi Punice?

*Ag.* Nihil edepol. nam qui scire potui, dic mihi,  
qui illum sexennis perierim Carthagine?

*Han.* Pro di immortales, plurumi ad illum modum  
periere pueri liberi Carthagine.

*Mil.* Quid ais tu?

*Ag.* Quid vis?

*Mil.* Vin appellem hunc Punice? 990

<sup>1</sup> Corrupt (Leo): *atque ut ego opino in manibus digitos non habent* Weise.

<sup>1</sup> *Guggu*: of unknown meaning.

## POENULUS

words are made of chalk, of chalk, the way they've whitened all this blackitude of care for me!

*Ag.* (*dubious*) If I had witnesses for it, I'd do as you tell me.

*Mil.* Witnesses? What the deuce! Why don't you up and at him like a man? Fortune'll favour you somehow.

*Ag.* It's much easier making a good start than a good finish.

*Mil.* (*seeing Hanno and his escort*) But what bird is that arriving here in the tunics? Was his cloak nabbed at the baths, I wonder?

*Ag.* (*surprised*) Upon my soul, a Carthaginian, from his looks!

*Mil.* A gug<sup>1</sup> is what he is! Gad, and such time-worn old fellows he has for slaves!

*Ag.* How do you know?

*Mil.* (*pointing to Hanno's escort, bent beneath their load*) See those chaps behind him, under the luggage? Yes, and I take it they have no fingers on their hands.

*Ag.* How's that?

*Mil.* Well, here they are with ring-arrayed ears.

*Han.* (*aside*) I'll step up, and speak to them in Punic. If they answer, I'll continue talking Punic; if not, then I'll change to the language that suits them.

*Mil.* (*to Agorastocles*) I say, you. Remember any Punic, do you?

*Ag.* Lord, no, not a word! Why, how could I, will you tell me, being only six when I disappeared from Carthage?

*Han.* (*aside*) Ye immortal gods! Ah, many, many a free-born boy has disappeared like that from Carthage!

*Mil.* (*to Agorastocles*) I say, you.

*Ag.* What do you want?

*Mil.* Want me to speak to him in Punic?

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Ag.* An scis ?
- Mil.* Nullus me est hodie Poenus Poenior.
- Ag.* Adi atque appella, quid velit, quid venerit, qui sit, quoiatis, unde sit : ne parseris.
- Mil.* *Avo.* quoiates estis aut quo ex oppido ?
- Han.* *Anno byn mytthymballe udradait annech.*
- Ag.* Quid ait ?
- Mil.* Hannonem se esse ait Carthagine. Carthaginiensis Mytthumbalis filium.
- Han.* *Avo.*
- Mil.* Salutat.
- Han.* *Donni.*
- Mil.* Doni volt tibi dare hic nescio quid. audin pollicitarier ?
- Ag.* Saluta hunc rursus Punice verbis meis.
- Mil.* *Avo donni* inquit hic tibi verbis suis.
- Han.* *Me har bocca.*
- Mil.* Istuc tibi sit potius quam mihi.
- Ag.* Quid ait ?
- Mil.* Miseram esse praedicat buccam sibi. fortasse medicos nos esse arbitrarier.
- Ag.* Si ita est, nega esse ; nolo ego errare hospitem.
- Mil.* Audin tu ?
- Han.* *Rufeyn nyccho issam.*
- Ag.* Sic volo profecto vera cuncta huic expedirier. roga numquid opus sit.
- Mil.* Tu qui zonam non habes, quid in hanc venistis urbem aut quid quaeritis ?



## POENULUS

- Ag.* You know it?  
*Mil.* I? There's not a Punicker Punic living.  
*Ag.* Step up and speak to him, find out what he wants, what he's come for, who he is, his origin, his city spare no questions.  
*Mil.* (*approaching Hanno*) *Avo!* (*losing courage*) Where are you people from, what town?  
*Han.* *Anno byn mytthymballe udradait annech.*  
*Ag.* (*to Milphio*) What does he say?  
*Mil.* (*summoning his powers*) Hanno, he says he is, of Carthage, son of a Carthaginian named Mytthum-balis.  
*Han.* (*to Agorastocles*) *Avo!*  
*Mil.* (*sure of that one word, to Agorastocles*) Good-day, he says.  
*Han.* *Donni.*  
*Mil.* (*to Agorastocles*) A donation—he wants to give you something or other. Hear him promise?  
*Ag.* Return him his good-day in Punic for me.  
*Mil.* (*to Hanno*) *Avo donni*—says he (*indicating Agorastocles*) to you for himself.  
*Han.* *Me har bocca.*  
*Mil.* Better you than me.  
*Ag.* What does he say?  
*Mil.* Declares his back jaw hurts. Takes us for doctors, maybe.  
*Ag.* In that case, say we are not; I mustn't let a stranger be misled.  
*Mil.* (*at a loss, to Hanno*) Listening, are you?  
*Han.* *Rufeyn nyccho issam.*  
*Ag.* (*to Milphio*) Yes, I insist on his getting everything right. Ask if he has need of anything.  
*Mil.* (*to Hanno, in an undertone*) Hey, you without a belt! What have you folks come to this city for, or what are you after?

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Han.* *Muphursa.*  
*Ag.* Quid ait?  
*Han.* *Miwulec hianna.*  
*Ag.* Quid venit? 1010  
*Mil.* Non audis? mures Africanos praedicat  
in pompam ludis dare se velle aedilibus.  
*Han.* *Lech lachanna nilimniichto.*  
*Ag.* Quid nunc ait?  
*Mil.* Ligulas, canalis ait se advexisse et nuces:  
nunc orat, operam ut des sibi, ut ea veneant.  
*Ag.* Mercator credo est.  
*Han.* *Assam.*  
*Mil.* Arvinam quidem.  
*Han.* *Palu mirga detha.*  
*Ag.* Milphio, quid nunc ait?  
*Mil.* Palas vendundas sibi ait et mergas datas,  
ad messim credo, nisi quid tu aliud sapis.<sup>1</sup>  
*Ag.* Quid istuc ad me?  
*Mil.* Certiorem te esse volt, 1021  
ne quid clam furtim se accepisse censeas.  
*Han.* *Mufonnim siccoratim.*  
*Mil.* Hem, cave sis feceris  
quod hic te orat.  
*Ag.* Quid ait aut quid orat? expedi.  
*Mil.* Sub cratim ut iubeas se supponi atque eo  
lapides imponi multos, ut sese neces.  
*Han.* *Gunebbal samem lyryla.*  
*Ag.* Narra, quid est?  
quid ait?  
*Mil.* Non hercle nunc quidem quicquam scio.  
*Han.* At ut scias, nunc dehinc latine iam loquar.  
servom hercle te esse oportet et nequam et malum, 1030  
hominem peregrinum atque advenam qui inrideas.

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following v., 1020 :  
*ut hortum fodiāt atque ut frumentum metat.*

# POENULUS

Han. *Muphursa.*

Ag. What does he say?

Han. *Miuulec hianna.*

Ag. Why has he come?

Mil. (*valiantly*) Don't you hear? Mice from Africa—states he wants to give 'em to the aediles for the circus parade.

Han. *Lech lachanna nilimniichto.*

Ag. What does he say now?

Mil. Latchets, channels and nuts—that's what he says he has brought: now he asks your aid in selling them.

Ag. A merchant, apparently.

Han. *Assam.*

Mil. Yes, fat.

Han. *Palu mirga detha.*

Ag. What's he saying now, Milphio?

Mil. Paraphernalia for digging, given him for sale, he says—probably for harvesting, unless you have something else in mind.<sup>1</sup>

Ag. What is that to me?

Mil. He wants you informed, so that you won't fancy he has filched anything on the sly.

Han. (*angrily*) *Mufonnim siccoratim!*

Mil. (*to Agorastocles*) Oho! Just you mind you don't do what he's seeking.

Ag. What does he say, or what is he seeking? Explain.

Mil. For you to crate him, stone him and kill him.

Han. *Gunebbal samem lyryla!*

Ag. Translate, what's that? What does he say?

Mil. Gad! I really don't understand it at all now.

Han. Well, so that you may understand it, I shall now speak Latin for the future. A good-for-nothing rascal of a slave you must be, by gad, to make fun of a gentleman and a stranger here.

<sup>1</sup> V. 1020: So as to dig a garden and gather in grain.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Mil.* At hercle te hominem et sycophantam et subdolum,  
qui huc advenisti nos captatum, migdilix,  
bisulci lingua quasi proserpens bestia.
- Ag.* Maledicta hinc aufer, linguam compescas face.  
maledicere huic tu temperabis, si sapis.  
meis consanguineis nolo te iniuste loqui.  
Carthagini ego sum gnatus, ut tu sis sciens.
- Han.* O mi popularis, salve.
- Ag.* Et tu edepol, quisquis es.  
et si quid opus est, quaeso, dic atque impera 1040  
popularitatis causa.
- Han.* Habeo gratiam.<sup>1</sup>  
sed ecquem adulescentem tu hic novisti Agorastoclem?
- Ag.* Siquidem Antidamai quaeris adoptaticium,  
ego sum ipse quem tu quaeris.
- Han.* Hem, quid ego audio?
- Ag.* Antidamae gnatum me esse.
- Han.* Si itast, tesseram  
conferre si vis hospitem, eam attuli.
- Ag.* Agedum huc ostende. est par probe, quam habeo  
domi.
- Han.* O mi hospes, salve multum. nam mihi tuos pater 1050  
patritus<sup>2</sup> ergo hospes Antidamas fuit.  
haec mi hospitalis tessera cum illo fuit.
- Ag.* Ergo hic apud me hospitium tibi praebebitur.  
nam haud repudio hospitium neque Carthaginem,  
unde sum oriundus.

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following vv., 1042-1043 :  
*verum ego hic hospitium habeo : Antidamae filium  
quaero—commostra si novisti—Agorastoclem.*

<sup>2</sup> Corrupt (Leo) : *patritus hospes fuit, Demarchi filius* Leo.

<sup>1</sup> *Migdilix* : of unknown meaning.

<sup>2</sup> Vv. 1042-1043 : But I have a place to put up here :  
104

## POENULUS

- Mil.* (*recovering*) Well, by gad, and a swindling sharper of a gentleman you must be, to come here to trap us, you migsture<sup>1</sup>, with a two forked tongue like a snake's.
- Ag.* (*to Milphio, sternly*) None of your insults! Control that tongue of yours! You'll refrain from insulting this gentleman if you are wise. I won't hear you abusing men of my own blood. (*approaching Hanno*) I am a native of Carthage myself, sir, I may inform you.
- Han.* (*taking his outstretched hand*) Well, well, compatriot! Greetings!
- Ag.* Gad, sir, and to you, whoever you are! And if you have need of anything, I beg you speak, command me, in the name of our common country.
- Han.* I thank you, sir.<sup>2</sup> But do you know a young man here named Agorastocles?
- Ag.* Why, sir, if it's the adopted son of Antidama you look for, I am your man myself.
- Han.* Eh? What's that you say?
- Ag.* That I am the son of Antidama.
- Han.* In that case, if you wish to compare the tokens of our family friendship, look, here is mine. (*produces it*)
- Ag.* (*eagerly*) Come, sir, come, show it to me. (*examining it*) Yes, it exactly matches the one I have at home. (*seizes Hanno's hand*)
- Han.* Well, well, my friend! Hearty greetings! Why, your father Antidamas, you know, was an old family friend of mine. I shared this token of that friendship with him.
- Ag.* Then as my friend you're to be my guest here. The entertainment of a friend and the Carthage that gave me birth are things I don't disclaim.

I am looking for the son of Antidama—direct me, if you know him—Agorastocles.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Han.* Di dent tibi omnes quae velis.  
quid ais? qui potuit fieri, ut Carthagini  
gnatus sis? hic autem habuisti Aetolum patrem.
- Ag.* Surreptus sum illinc. hic me Antidama hospes  
tuos  
emit, et is me sibi adoptavit filium.
- Han.* Demarcho item ipse fuit adoptaticius. 1060  
sed mitto de illoc, ad te redeo. dic mihi,  
ecquid meministi tuom parentum nomina,  
patris atque matris?
- Ag.* Memini.
- Han.* Memoradum mihi,  
si novi forte aut si sunt cognati mihi.
- Ag.* Ampsigura mater mihi fuit, Iahon pater.
- Han.* Patrem atque matrem viverent vellem tibi.
- Ag.* An mortui sunt?
- Han.* Factum, quod aegre tuli.<sup>1</sup>  
nam mihi sobrina Ampsigura tua mater fuit;  
pater tuos, is erat frater patruelis meus,  
et is me heredem fecit, quom suom obiit diem, 1070  
quo me privatum aegre patior mortuo.  
sed si ita est, ut tu sis Iahonis filius,  
signum esse oportet in manu laeva tibi,  
ludenti puero quod memordit simia.  
ostende, inspiciam.
- Ag.* Em ostendo.
- Han.* Aperi. audi atque ades:<sup>2</sup>
- Ag.* Mi patruae, salve.
- Han.* Et tu salve, Agorastocles.  
iterum mihi gnatus videor, quom te repperi.
- Mil.* Pol istam rem vobis bene evenisse gaudeo.

<sup>1</sup> Corrupt (Leo): *quod ego Lambinus.*

<sup>2</sup> Leo notes lacuna here: "*desunt verba agnitionis.*"

## POENULUS

*Han.* God grant your every wish! But I say! How could you have been born in Carthage? And you with an Aetolian father.

*Ag.* I was kidnapped from there. Your friend Antidama brought me here, and then made me his son by adoption.

*Han.* (*half to himself*) He was an adopted child, too, of Demarchus. (*earnestly scanning Agorastocles*) But no more of him—to return to yourself. Tell me, do you remember your parents' names, your father's and mother's?

*Ag.* Yes, indeed.

*Han.* Then tell me them. Maybe I know them, or it may be they're related to me.

*Ag.* Ampsigura was my mother, my father was Iahon.

*Han.* (*much stirred*) A father and mother I only wish were alive for you this day!

*Ag.* Are they dead?

*Han.* Yes, and a hard blow it was to me. Your mother Ampsigura was my cousin; and your father, he was the son of my father's brother, and passing away as he did, leaving me his heir, his death has been a blow I suffered from. (*pausing*) But if it's true that you are Iahon's son, there should be a mark on your left hand where a monkey bit you when you were playing with it as a boy. Hold it out, let me look!

*Ag.* (*extending his arm*) Here you are.

*Han.* Open it up! (*examining the hand, excitedly*) Listen, and listen closely!

*Ag.* (*embracing him tempestuously*) My dear uncle! God bless you!

*Han.* And you, Agorastocles! I feel as if I were born again, now I've found you.

*Mil.* By Jove, I'm glad you two have had such good

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

sed te moneri num nevis?

*Han.* Sane volo.

*Mil.* Paterna oportet filio reddi bona.  
aequomst habere hunc bona quae possedit pater.

*Han.* Haud postulo aliter: restituentur omnia;  
suam sibi rem salvam sistam, si illo advenerit.

*Mil.* Facito sis reddas, etsi hic habitabit, tamen.

*Han.* Quin mea quoque iste habebit, si quid me fuat.

*Mil.* Festivom facinus venit mi in mentem modo.

*Han.* Quid id est?

*Mil.* Tua opus est opera.

*Han.* Dic mihi quid lubet:  
profecto uteris, ut voles, operam meam.  
quid est negoti?

*Mil.* Potin tu fieri subdolus?

*Han.* Inimico possum, amico insipientia est.

*Mil.* Inimicus hercle est huius.

*Han.* Male faxim lubens.

*Mil.* Amat ab lenone hic.

*Han.* Facere sapienter puto.

*Mil.* Leno hic habitat vicinus.

*Han.* Male faxim lubens.

*Mil.* Ei duae puellae sunt meretrices servolae  
sorores: earum hic alteram efflictim perit,  
neque eam incestavit umquam.

*Han.* Acerba amatiost.

*Mil.* Hunc leno ludificatur.

*Han.* Suom quaestum colit.

*Mil.* Hic illi malam rem dare volt.

*Han.* Frugist, si id facit.



# POENULUS

luck. (*to Hanno*) But you don't mind my making a suggestion, sir?

*Han.* On the contrary.

*Mil.* The son ought to have back the paternal estate, sir. It's only fair for master to get the property his father owned.

*Han.* I have no other views. It shall all be restored to him. I'll put him in possession of his patrimony complete, once he arrives there.

*Mil.* But let him have it, please, even though he lives here, sir.

*Han.* Yes, and he shall have mine too, if anything happens to me.

*Mil.* (*with a start*) A happy thought just came into my head.

*Han.* What is it?

*Mil.* Your help's needed, sir.

*Han.* Tell me what you'd like. You certainly can have any help you want from me. What's the idea?

*Mil.* Can you be wily, sir?

*Han.* With an enemy, yes; with a friend it's foolish.

*Mil.* He's an enemy of master's all right.

*Han.* I should enjoy damaging him.

*Mil.* Master's in love with a pimp's girl.

*Han.* Sensible of him, I judge.

*Mil.* The pimp lives next door here. (*pointing*)

*Han.* I should enjoy damaging him.

*Mil.* He has two little slave girls, sisters, as courtesans. Master's clean gone on one of 'em, but has never got near her.

*Han.* Lacerating for a lover!

*Mil.* The pimp's playing him along.

*Han.* All in his business.

*Mil.* And master wants to get him into trouble.

*Han.* A good deed if he does.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Mil.* Nunc hoc consilium capio et hanc fabricam apparo,  
ut te allegemus, filias dicas tuas 1100  
surruptasque esse parvolas Carthagine,<sup>1</sup>  
manu liberali causa ambas adseras,  
quasi filiae tuae sint. iamne intellegis?
- Han.* Intellego hercle. nam mihi item gnatae duae  
cum nutrice una sunt surruptae parvolae.
- Mil.* Lepide hercle adsimulas. iam in principio id mihi  
placet.
- Han.* Pol magis quam vellem.
- Mil.* Eu hercle mortalem catum,  
<sup>2</sup> malum crudumque, estolidum et subdolum.  
ut adflet, quo illud gestu faciat facilius.  
me quoque dolis iam superat architectonem. 1110
- Han.* Sed earum nutrix qua sit facie, mi expedi.
- Mil.* Statura hau magna, corpore aequilost.
- Han.* Ipsa east.
- Mil.* Specie venusta, ore atque oculis pernigris.
- Han.* Formam quidem hercle verbis depinxti probe.
- Mil.* Vin eam videre?
- Han.* Filias malo meas.  
sed i atque evoca illam; si eae meae sunt filiae,  
si illarum est nutrix, me continuo noverit.
- Mil.* Heus, ecquis hic est? nuntiate ut prodeat  
foras Giddeneni. est qui illam conventam esse volt.
- V.3.
- Gidd.* Quis pultat?
- Mil.* Qui te proximust.
- Gidd.* Quid vis?
- Mil.* Eho, 1120

<sup>1</sup> Leo notes lacuna here: "*intercidit nutricis mentio.*"

<sup>2</sup> Leo notes lacuna here: "*senem malum* Leo.

## POENULUS

*Mil.* Now here's what I have in mind, here's the game I want to work—deputing you to state that they're your daughters, and stolen in childhood from Carthage, and claim 'em both as freeborn, as being your own daughters. Understand now, sir?

*Han.* (*with feeling*) Indeed I do understand. For my very own two girls, along with their nurse, were stolen like that in childhood.

*Mil.* (*highly pleased*) Gad, sir, it's lovely the way you pretend. You pick up the part to perfection.

*Han.* (*breaking down*) Ah, more so than I could wish!

*Mil.* (*to Agorastocles*) Grand! My word, he's a sly one! Such a hardened rascal, so unstolid and subtle! Look at him weeping, so as to take his rôle more realistically! Here he is, better at flimflam than myself even, the chief architect.

*Han.* But the girl's nurse—describe her appearance!

*Mil.* She's not very tall, swarthy.

*Han.* It's the very one!

*Mil.* An attractive person, a real black-eyed brunette.

*Han.* By Jove, you've pictured her to the life!

*Mil.* Want to see her?

*Han.* My daughters, rather! But go and call her out. If those girls are my daughters, if she is their nurse, she'll know me instantly.

*Mil.* (*knocking at Lycus' door*) Hey! Anyone here? Tell Giddenis to come out! There's someone wants to meet her.

Scene 3.                    ENTER *Giddenis* INTO DOORWAY.

*Gidd.* (*within*) Who's knocking?

*Mil.* A man very close to you.

*Gidd.* What do you want?

*Mil.* Hi, you, know that man in the tunic? (*pointing to Hanno*)

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Gidd.* novistin tu illunc tunicatum hominem qui siet?  
 Nam quem ego aspicio? pro supreme Iuppiter,  
 erus meus hic quidem est, mearum alumnarum  
 pater,  
 Hanno Carthaginiensis.
- Mil.* Ecce autem mala.<sup>1</sup>
- Gidd.* O mi ere, salve, Hanno, insperatissime  
 mihi tuisque filiis, salve atque—eho,  
 mirari noli neque me contemplarier.  
 cognoscin Giddenenem ancillam tuam?
- Han.* Novi. sed ubi sunt meae gnatae? id scire expeto.
- Gidd.* Apud aedem Veneris.
- Han.* Quid ibi faciunt? dic mihi.
- Gidd.* Aphrodisia hodie Veneris est festus dies:  
 oratum ierunt deam, ut sibi esset propitia.
- Mil.* Pol satis scio, impetrarunt, quando hic hic adest.
- Ag.* Eho an huius sunt illae filiae?
- Gidd.* Ita ut praedicas.  
 tua pietas nobis plane auxilio fuit,  
 quom huc advenisti hodie in ipso tempore;  
 namque hodie earum mutarentur nomina  
 facerentque indignum genere quaestum corpore.
- Puer.* *Auamma illi.*
- Gidd.* *Hauon bane silli in mustine.  
 Mepstaetemes tas dum et alanna cestimim.*
- Ag.* Quid illi locuti sunt inter se? dic mihi.
- Han.* Matrem hic salutat suam, haec autem hunc filium.  
 tace atque parce muliebri supellectili.
- Ag.* Quac est supellex?

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following vv., 1125–1126:  
*praestrigiator hic quidem Poenus probust,  
 perduxit omnis ad suam sententiam.*

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<sup>1</sup> Vv. 1125–1126: This Carthaginian is certainly a grand conjurer! He has 'em all under his control.

# POENULUS

- Gidd.* (*gasping*) Why, who's that I see? Great God on high! It is, it's my master, the father of my fosterlings, Hanno, the Carthaginian!
- Mil.* Now if she isn't a sly one!<sup>1</sup>
- Gidd.* Oh, my dear master, Hanno, God bless you! We never dreamed of this, I and your daughters! Oh, God bless you and—(*noticing how dazed he is*) now, now, sir, don't gaze at me so wonderingly! You recognize your own maidservant, Giddenis?
- Han.* Yes, yes! But where are my daughters? That's my first concern!
- Gidd.* At the temple of Venus, sir.
- Han.* Doing what there? Tell me!
- Gidd.* This is the festival day of Venus, sir, the Aphrodisia. They've gone to pray the goddess to be propitious to them.
- Mil.* (*convinced of Hanno's sincerity*) They've been successful, that's sure enough, now he's here!
- Ag.* (*to Giddenis*) I say! Are those girls his daughters?
- Gidd.* Indeed they are! (*to Hanno*) Oh, sir, your affection has been our salvation, clear as can be, arriving as you do to-day in the very nick of time! For this very day those girls were to have their names changed and disgrace their family by prostitution. (*one of Hanno's slaves edges up toward Giddenis*)
- Slave* *Auamma illi!*
- Gidd.* (*regarding him, then clasping him in her arms*) *Hauon bane silli in mustine. Mepstaetemes tas dum et alanna cestimim!*
- Ag.* (*to Hanno*) What are they saying to each other? Tell me.
- Han.* He's greeting his mother, and she her son. (*to Giddenis, with pretended gruffness*) Quiet now, and spare the furniture of your sex.
- Ag.* What furniture is that?

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Han.* Clarus clamor.  
*Ag.* Sine modo.  
*Han.* Tu abduc hosce intro; et una nutricem simul iube hanc abire hinc ad te.  
*Ag.* Fac quod imperat.  
*Mil.* Sed quis illas tibi monstrabit?  
*Ag.* Ego doctissime.  
*Mil.* Abeo igitur.  
*Ag.* Facias modo quam memores mavelim. patruo advenienti cena curetur volo.  
*Mil.* *Lachanna* vos, quos ego iam detrudam ad molas, inde porro ad puteum atque ad robustum codicem. ego faxo hospitum hoc leniter laudabitis.  
*Ag.* Audin tu, patruē? dico, ne dictum neges: tuam mihi maiorem filiam despondeas.  
*Han.* Pactam rem habeto.  
*Ag.* Spondesne igitur?  
*Han.* Spondeo.  
*Ag.* Mi patruē, salve. nam nunc es plane meus. nunc demum ego cum illa fabulabor libere. nunc, patruē, si vis tuas videre filias, me sequere.  
*Han.* Iamdudum equidem cupio, et te sequor.<sup>1</sup>  
*Ag.* Sed eccas video ipsas.

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following vv., 1162–1165:

- Ag.* *Quid si eamus illis obviam?*  
*Han.* *At ne intervias praeterbitamus metuo. mayne Iuppiter, restitue certas mi ex incertis nunc opes.*  
*Ag.* <sup>2</sup> *Ego quidem meos amores mecum confido fore.*  
<sup>2</sup> Corrupt (Leo): *amores meos Pylades.*

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<sup>1</sup> Vv. 1162–1165:

- Ag.* What if we should go meet them?

# POENULUS

Han. Loud lungs.

Ag. (*smiling*) Oh, never mind.

Han. (*to Milphio*) Take these people (*indicating his attendants*) inside, my man; and have the nurse here go over to your house along with them.

Ag. (*as Milphio hesitates*) Do as he orders.

Mil. (*to Hanno*) But who'll show you those girls?

Ag. I, a man with special training.

Mil. Then I'll be gone. (*still lingers*)

Ag. Ah, but I should prefer to have you do so than say so. I want a dinner of welcome seen to for my uncle.

Mil. (*waving Hanno's slaves and Giddenis inside*) Lachanna, you people! (*in an undertone*) I'll soon be hustling you off to the mill, and direct from there to the dungeon and a big, stout block. I'll promise it's mild praise our hospitality gets from you.

[EXEUNT.]

Ag. (*anxiously*) Listen here, uncle! Don't regard what I say as unsaid—promise me your older daughter.

Han. Agreed.

Ag. You promise, then?

Han. I promise.

Ag. (*hugging him joyfully*) Oh, my dear, dear uncle! Ah, now you clearly are mine! Now at last I can chat with her undisturbed! (*turning to go to the temple*) Now, uncle, if you want to see your daughters, follow me. (*hurries away*)

Han. (*close after him*) That's what I've long been yearning for! I'll follow you all right!<sup>1</sup>

Ag. (*stopping*) But look! I see them!

Han. But I fear we might pass by and miss them in the streets. Oh, great God, now make my uncertainty a blessed certainty!

Ag. And I, I'm confident I'll have my sweetheart with me!

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

*Han.* Haecine meae sunt filiae?  
quantae e quantillis iam sunt factae.

*Ag.* Scin quid est?  
tragicae sunt: in calones sustolli solent.<sup>1</sup>

V. 4

*Ad.* Fuit hodie operae pretium cuivis qui amabilitati  
animum adiceret,  
oculis epulas dare, delubrum qui hodie ornatum  
eo visere venit.  
deamavi ecastor illi hodie lepidissima munera  
meretricum,  
digna dea venustissima Venere, neque contempsit  
eius opes hodie.  
tanta ibi copia venustatum aderat, in suo quique  
loco sita munde.

aras tus, murrinus, omnis odor  
complebat. haud sordere visust  
festus dies, Venus, nec tuom fanum:  
tantus ibi clientarum erat numerus,  
quae ad Calydoniam venerant Venerem.

*Ant.* Certo enim, quod quidem ad nos duas  
attinuit, praepotentes pulchre  
pacisque potentes, soror, fuimus,  
neque ab iuventute inibi inridiculo  
habitaе, quod pol,  
soror, ceteris omnibus factumst.

*Ad.* Malim istuc aliis videatur, quam uti tu te, soror,  
conlaudes.

*Ant.* Spero equidem.

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following vv., 1169–1173

*Mil.* *Opino hercle hodie, quod ego dixi per iocum,  
id eventurum esse et severum et serium,  
ut haec inveniantur hodie esse huius filiae.*



## POENULUS

*Han.* (*drawing him aside*) These girls my daughters? So small they were, and now so big!

*Ag.* (*ebullient*) Don't you see? They're tragediennes: natural for them to be set up on buskins.<sup>1</sup>

Scene 4. ENTER *Adelphasium* AND *Anterastilis*.

*Ad.* Well! it was worth the while of anyone with a feeling for beauty to feast his eyes to-day by going to see the decorations at the temple. Gracious, I simply adored those offerings of the courtesans, they were so perfectly charming, worthy of Love's lovely goddess whose power I couldn't underestimate this day. Such quantities of lovely things as were there, and all arranged so fittingly and prettily! And the altars loaded with frankincense, myrrh, and every sweet scent! Oh, Venus, thy festival and fane seemed nothing mean! And such crowds of girls as had come there to worship our Venus of Calydon!

*Ant.* Well, I know one thing, sister—that, for our part, we two gained a glorious victory and gained the goddess's good-will, and the young men there didn't make fun of us either, as they certainly did of all the rest!

*Ad.* I'd rather have others think that than for you to praise yourself so highly, sister.

*Ant.* I certainly hope they do!

<sup>1</sup> Vv. 1169–1173:

*Mil.* By gad, I verily do believe that what I said in joke is going to prove strictly serious, and they'll prove to be his daughters.

*Ag.* Lord, man! Why, that's a certainty now. Milphio, take those people inside. (*to Hanno*) We'll wait for them here.

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*Ag.* *Pol istuc quidem iam certum est. tu istos, Milphio, abduce intro. nos hasce hic praestolabimur.*

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Ad.* Et pol ego, quom, ingeniis quibus  
sumus atque aliae, gnosco;  
eo sumus gnatae genere, ut deceat nos esse a culpa  
castas.
- Han.* Iuppiter, qui genus colis alisque hominum, per  
quem vivimus vitalem aevom,  
quem penes spes vitae sunt hominum omnium, da  
diem hunc sospitem quaeso,  
<sup>1</sup> rebus meis agundis, ut quibus annos multos carui  
quasque e patria  
perdidi parvas<sup>2</sup> redde is libertatem, invictae  
praemium ut esse sciam pietati. 1190
- Ag.* Omnia faciet Iuppiter faxo,  
nam mi est obnoxius et me  
metuit.
- Han.* Tace quaeso.
- Ag.* Ne lacruma, patruē.
- Ant.* Vt volup est homini, mea soror, si quod agit cluet  
victoria;  
sicut nos hodie inter alias praestitimus pulchri-  
tudine.
- Ad.* Stulta, soror, magis es quam volo. an tu eo  
pulchra videre, obsecro,  
si tibi illi non os oblitumst fuligne?
- Ag.* O patruē, o patruē mi.
- Han.* Quid est,  
fratris mei gnate, gnate, quid vis? expedi.
- Ag.* At enim hoc volo agas.
- Han.* At enim ago istuc.
- Ag.* O patruē mi patruissime.
- Han.* Quid est?
- Ag.* Est lepida et lauta. ut sapit.

<sup>1</sup> Corrupt (Leo): *meis rebus agundis* Mueller.

<sup>2</sup> Corrupt (Leo): *perdidi parvas, dederis vere, tandem  
invictae ut praemium esse sciam pietati* Leo.

## POENULUS

- Ad.* Yes, and so do I, realizing what we are, and what those other girls are. Our birth being what it is, we should keep clear of all just criticism.
- Han.* (*in a low tone*) Oh, Jupiter, who dost cherish and nurture the human race, through whom we live and draw the breath of being, in whom rest the hopes and lives of all mankind, I beg thee grant that this day may prosper that which I have in hand, and those lost to me for many years, those daughters taken from their home as tiny girls, restore them to liberty, and show me that unfaltering affection is rewarded.
- Ag.* (*very blithe, to Hanno*) I'll see that Jupiter sees to all that! He's quite under my thumb, you know, and looks on me with awe.
- Han.* (*gazing at the girls, tears in his eyes*) No more of that . . . please!
- Ag.* Don't cry, uncle.
- Ant.* How thrilling it is, sister dear, to do something and have it recognized as a triumph, just as in our case to-day, being the most beautiful girls there.
- Ad.* Sister, sister, I wish you weren't so silly! Do you fancy you're a beauty, just because nobody there smeared your face with soot for a joke?
- Ag.* (*ecstatic, aside to Hanno*) Oh, uncle, oh, uncle dear!
- Han.* (*intent on the girls*) What is it, nephew, nephew mine, what d'ye want? Out with it.
- Ag.* Well, but I want you to attend to this.
- Han.* Well, but I'm attending to that. (*indicating the girls*)
- Ag.* Oh, uncle! Oh, uncliest of uncles!
- Han.* (*smiling*) What is it?
- Ag.* Oh, she's a darling, dainty thing! And such sagacity!

- Han.* Ingenium patris habet quod sapit.  
*Ag.* Quae res? iam diu edepol sapientiam tuam haec  
abusast.  
nunc hinc sapit, hinc sentit, quidquid sapit, ex  
meo amore. 1200
- Ad.* Non eo genere sumus prognatae, tam etsi sumus  
servae, soror,  
ut deceat nos facere quicquam quod homo quis-  
quam inrideat.  
multa mulierum sunt vitia, sed hoc e multis  
maximumst,  
quom sibi nimis placent minusque addunt operam,  
uti placeant viris.
- Ant.* Nimiae voluptatist quod in extis nostris porten-  
tumst, soror,  
quodque haruspex de ambabus dixit.
- Ag.* Velim de me aliquid dixerit.
- Ant.* Nos fore invito domino nostro diebus paucis  
liberas.  
id ego nisi quid di aut parentes faxint, qui sperem  
haud scio.
- Ag.* Mea fiducia hercle haruspex, patruae, his promisit,  
scio,  
libertatem, quia me amare hanc scit.
- Ad.* Soror, sequere hac.
- Ant.* Sequor. 1210
- Han.* Prius quam abitis, vos volo ambas. nisi piget,  
consistite.
- Ad.* Quis revocat?
- Ag.* Qui bene volt vobis facere.
- Ad.* Facere occasiost.  
sed quis homost?
- Ag.* Amicus vobis.
- Ad.* Qui quidem inimicus non siet.
- Ag.* Bonus est hic homo, mea voluptas.

## POENULUS

- Han.* (*falling in with Agorastocles' mood*) A trait from her father, that.
- Ag.* Eh? What? Lord, man, she used up the sagacity she got from you long ago. Her present sagacity, her present sense, she gets from me, every bit of it, from me and my love!
- Ad.* Slaves though we are, sister, we come of no such stock as to make it fitting for us to do anything that anyone can sneer at. Women have many weaknesses, but the worst of them all is when they're too much pleased with themselves and take too little pains to please the men.
- Ant.* Oh, it was just too lovely, sister, the omens from our sacrifice, and what the soothsayer said about us both!
- Ag.* (*aside*) If he only said something about me!
- Ant.* That in a few days, despite our master, we'd be free! Yet I don't know how to hope for it, unless the gods do something, or our own parents.
- Ag.* (*aside to Hanno*) He relied on me, that soothsayer; yes, sir, I know he did, uncle, in promising them their freedom. He knows I love her.
- Ad.* (*moving toward Lycus' house*) Come along, sister——
- Ant.* I'm coming.
- Han.* (*calling to them*) I should like to see you both before you leave. Stop a moment, if you don't mind.
- Ad.* Who's calling us back?
- Ag.* (*approaching them*) A man who wants to help you.
- Ad.* Now is the time for help. But who is he?
- Ag.* A friend to you girls.
- Ad.* If only he doesn't prove unfriendly.
- Ag.* (*to Adelphasium*) He's a good one, sweetheart.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

*Ad.* Pol istum malim quam malum.

*Ag.* Siquidem amicitias habenda, cum hoc habendast.

*Ad.* Hau precor.

*Ag.* Multa bona volt vobis facere.

*Ad.* Bonus bonis bene feceris.<sup>1</sup>

*Ag.* Patruē mi, ita me di amabunt, ut ego, si sim

Iuppiter,

iam hercle ego illam uxorem ducam et Iunonem

extrudam foras.

1220

ut pudice verba fecit, cogitate et commode,

ut modeste orationem praebuit.

*Han.* Certo haec meast.

sed ut astu sum adgressus ad eas.

*Ag.* Lepide hercle atque commode.

*Han.* Pergo etiam temptare?

*Ag.* In pauca confer: sitiunt qui sedent.

*Han.* Quid istic? quod faciundumst cur non agimus?  
in ius vos voco.

*Ag.* Nunc, patruē, tu frugi bonae es. tene. vin ego  
hanc adprendam?

*Ad.* An patruos est, Agorastocles, tuos hic?

*Ag.* Iam faxo scibis.  
nunc pol ego te ulciscar probe, nam faxo—mea  
eris sponsa.

*Han.* Ite in ius, ne moramini. antestare me atque duce.

*Ag.* Ego te antestabor, postea hanc amabo atque  
amplexabor.

1230

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following vv., 1217–1218:

*Han.* Gaudio ero vobis.

*Ad.* At edepol nos voluptati tibi.

*Han.* Libertatique.

*Ad.* Istoc pretio tuas nos facile feceris.

## POENULUS

- Ad.* Gracious! Better that than a bad one.  
*Ag.* If you're to be friends with anyone, you should be with him.  
*Ad.* That's no prayer of mine.  
*Ag.* He wants to do you girls no end of good.  
*Ad.* (to Hanno) Ah, good to the good from the good, sir!<sup>1</sup>  
*Ag.* (aside to Hanno) So help me heaven, uncle dear, if I were Jupiter, I swear I'd take her for my wife at once and send Juno packing! She talks in such a seemly, thoughtful, fitting way; has such modesty of speech!  
*Han.* (aside to Agorastocles) My child, beyond a doubt. Rather adroit, though, the way I approached them.  
*Ag.* Gad, yes, very neat and fitting.  
*Han.* (chuckling) Shall I go on and test them?  
*Ag.* Be brief! (glancing at the spectators) The audience is athirst.  
*Han.* (vehemently) Well now! Why don't we get about our business? (advancing angrily upon the girls) I summon you to court!  
*Ag.* That's the right spirit now, uncle! Hold 'em! Want me to seize this one? (clasps Adelphasium)  
*Ad.* (confused) Is he really your uncle, Agorastocles?  
*Ag.* (sternly) I'll soon let you know. Here's where I wreak vengeance on you, by gad, for I'll make you—(ardently) my wife.  
*Han.* Off to court! No delay! (to Agorastocles) I'll be your witness: take her!  
*Ag.* (sternly again) You'll be my witness, and then she'll be—(hugging her) mine to caress and cuddle!

<sup>1</sup> Vv. 1217-1218:

- Han.* I'll bring you joy.  
*Ad.* Mercy me! But we'll bring you pleasure.  
*Han.* And freedom.  
*Ad.* You'll win us easily on those terms.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

sed illud quidem volui dicere—immo hercle dixi  
quod volebam.

*Han.* Moramini. in ius vos voco, nisi honestiust prehendi.

*Ad.* Quid in ius vocas nos? quid tibi debemus?

*Ag.* Dicet illi.

*Ad.* Etiam me meae latrant canes?

*Ag.* At tu hercle adludiatō:  
dato mihi pro offa savium, pro osse linguam obicito.  
ita hanc canem faciam tibi oleo tranquilliozem.

*Han.* Ite si itis.

*Ad.* Quid nos fecimus tibi?

*Han.* Fures estis ambae.

*Ad.* Nosne tibi?

*Han.* Vos inquam.

*Ag.* Atque ego scio.

*Ad.* Quid id furtist?

*Ag.* Hunc rogato.

*Han.* Quia annos multos filias meas celavistis clam me,  
atque equidem ingenuas liberas summoque genere  
gnatas.

*Ad.* Numquam mecastor reperies tu istuc probrum  
penes nos.

*Ag.* Da pignus, ni nunc perieres, in savium, uter utri det.

*Ad.* Nil tecum ago, apscede opsecro.

*Ag.* Atque hercle mecum agendum est.  
nam hic patruos meus est, pro hoc mihi patronus  
sim necesse est;  
et praedicabo quo modo<sup>1</sup> furta faciatis multa

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following *vos*.



## POENULUS

(*suddenly stopping*) But as a matter of fact I meant to say—(*hugging her again*) no, heavens, no, I said what I meant!

*Han.* (*to girls*) You are delaying. I summon you to court—unless (*with a covert glance at Agorastocles*) seizure's a more proper method.

*Ad.* Why do you summon us to court? What have you against us?

*Ag.* He'll state that there.

*Ad.* (*indignantly*) So even my own dogs bark at me?

*Ag.* Gad, then, just you pet them! Try me with a nice long kiss for a tid-bit, and let's have your tongue for a bone. Do that, and I'll make this dog of yours milder than olive oil.

*Han.* (*to girls*) Go, if you are going!

*Ad.* What have we done to you?

*Han.* You're a pair of robbers!

*Ad.* We—robbed you?

*Han.* You, I say!

*Ag.* Yes, and I know.

*Ad.* (*to Agorastocles*) What robbing is this?

*Ag.* Ask him.

*Han.* For many years you kept my daughters concealed from me, free and freeborn girls though they were, girls of the finest family.

*Ad.* Goodness me, sir, you'll never prove we did such a shocking thing, never!

*Ag.* Bet me you're not lying—the loser to pay a nice long kiss. (*tries to collect*)

*Ad.* (*pulling loose*) I'm not concerned with you! Go away, won't you!

*Ag.* Oho! But you've got to be concerned with me. This gentleman being my uncle, I am bound to interest myself in his behalf. And I'll lay bare the way you constantly commit robbery and the way

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

quoque modo huius filias apud vos habeatis servas,  
quas vos ex patria liberas surruptas esse scitis.

*Ad.* Vbi sunt eae? aut quas, opsecro?

*Ag.* Satis iam sunt maceratae.

*Han.* Quid si eloquamur?

*Ag.* Censeo hercle, patruē.

*Ad.* Misera timeo,  
quid hoc sit negoti, mea soror; ita stupida sine  
animo asto.

*Han.* Advortite animum, mulieres. primum, si id fieri  
possit,

ne indigna indignis di darent, id ego evenire vellem;  
nunc quod boni mihi di danunt, vobis vostraeque  
matri,

eas dis est aequom gratias nos agere sempiternas,  
quom nostram pietatem adprobant decorantque di  
immortales.

vos meae estis ambae filiae et hic est cognatus  
vester,

huiusce fratris filius, Agorastocles.

*Ad.* Amabo,

num hi falso oblectant gaudio nos?

*Ag.* At ita me di servent,  
ut hic pater est vester. date manus.

*Ad.* Salve, insperate nobis  
pater, te complecti nos sine.

*Ant.* Cupite atque exspectate  
pater, salve.

*Ad.* Ambae filiae sumus.

*Ant.* Amplectamur ambae.

*Ag.* Quis me amplectetur postea?

*Han.* Nunc ego sum fortunatus,  
multorum annorum miserias nunc hac voluptate  
sedo.

## POENULUS

you keep his daughters at your house as slaves, knowing them to be freeborn girls stolen from their own country.

*Ad.* Where are they? Who are they, for heaven's sake?

*Ag.* (*aside to Hanno*) They've been badgered enough now.

*Han.* What if we tell them?

*Ag.* Gad, yes, uncle, I approve.

*Ad.* (*aside to Anterastilis*) Oh, sister dear, I'm so worried about all this! I can't think! All I can do is to stand here stupefied!

*Han.* (*magisterially*) Your attention, young ladies! My first wish, were its fruition possible, would have been that the gods bring nothing undeserved upon (*with a sly glance at Agorastocles*) the undeserving. As it is, (*reverently*) for this instance of the gods' goodness to me, to you, and to your mother, we owe those gods eternal gratitude, since by them, the immortal gods, our affection is approved and honoured. (*joyously*) Girls, you are both my daughters, and this lad here is your relative, my brother's boy, Agorastocles.

*Ad.* (*tremulously to Anterastilis*) Oh, they're not holding out such happiness only to deceive us, are they?

*Ag.* (*eagerly*) So help me God, he is your father! Let's have your hands! (*lays their hands in Hanno's*)

*Ad.* (*gazing at him shyly*) Oh-h! Father! Our unhopèd-for father! Mayn't we hug you?

*Ant.* (*throwing herself into his arms*) Father that I've longed for, waited for, oh, father!

*Ad.* (*somewhat hurt*) We are both his daughters.

*Ant.* Then we should both hug him.

*Ag.* (*as Adelphasium also embraces Hanno*) Who's going to hug me later?

*Han.* Oh, a happy man I am now! Joy such as I feel now allays the sorrows of many a year!

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Ad.* Vix hoc videmur credere.
- Han.* Magis qui credatis dicam.  
nam vostra nutrix <sup>1</sup> primum me cognovit.
- Ad.* Vbi ea, amabo, est?
- Han.* Apud hunc est.
- Ag.* Quaeso, qui lubet tam diu tenere collum?  
omitte saltem tu altera. nolo ego istuc.
- Ad.* Enicas me.<sup>2</sup>  
prius quam tibi desponderit.
- Ag.* Mitto.
- Ad.* Sperate, salve.
- Han.* Condamus alter alterum ergo in nervom bracchiale.  
quibus nunc in terra melius est?
- Ag.* Eveniunt digna dignis.
- Han.* Tandem huic cupitum contigit.
- Ag.* O Apella, o Zeuxis pictor,  
cur numero estis mortui, hoc exemplo ut pingeretis?  
nam alios pictores nil moror huius modi tractare  
exempla.
- Han.* Di deaeque omnes, vobis habeo merito magnas  
gratias,  
quom hac me laetitia adfecistis tanta et tantis  
gaudiis,  
ut meae gnatae ad me redirent in potestatem  
meam.<sup>3</sup>
- <sup>1</sup> Corrupt (Leo): *prima* Bentley.
- <sup>2</sup> Leo notes lacuna here: *nolo ego istuc*—  
*Enicas me.*  
*Prius etc.*  
Goetz, Schoell.
- <sup>3</sup> Leo brackets following vv., 1277–1279:  
*Mi pater, tua pietas plane nobis auxilio fuit.*  
*Patruë, facito in memoria habeas, tuam maiorem filiam*  
*mihî te despondisse.*
- Han.* *Memini.*
- Ag.* *Et dotis quid promiseris.*

# POENULUS

- Ad.* It all seems so hard for us to believe!
- Han.* You'll believe it the easier for this—your nurse recognized me at the very first.
- Ad.* Where is she, oh, tell me?
- Han.* At his house. (*nodding toward Agorastocles*)
- Ag.* (*to the girls*) For heaven's sake, what's the fun in clinging to his neck so long? (*to Adelpasium*) You second one, at least, do let go! I've had enough of that! (*pulls her to him*)
- Ad.* You pest! (*sweetly*) Before he has promised me to you!
- Ag.* I'll stop. (*releases her*),
- Ad.* (*suddenly kissing him*) A greeting for the man I did hope for!
- Han.* Then let's all throw each other into the prison (*fondly drawing them all together*) of our arms. Now where on earth are happier people?
- Ag.* (*with a smile at Hanno*) Here's something deserved for the deserving.
- Han.* At last the thing I longed for has come true.
- Ag.* Ah, Apelles! Oh, painter Zeuxis! Why did you die too soon to make this scene your subject? As for other painters—I want none of them handling scenes of this sort.
- Han.* Ye gods and goddesses all, I am grateful, deeply and duly grateful to you, for granting me the wonderful happiness, the wonderful joys, that come of having my daughters safely in my hands once more.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Vv. 1277-1279 :

- Ad.* Father dear, your affection was clearly our salvation.
- Ag.* Uncle, see you remember that you have promised me your older daughter.
- Han.* Yes indeed.
- Ag.* And the dowry you agreed to give.

V. 5.

*Anta.* Si ego minam non ultus fuero probe, quam lenoni dedi, 1280

tum profecto me sibi habento scurrae ludificatui.  
is etiam me ad prandium ad se abduxit ignavissimus,  
ipse abiit foras, me reliquit pro atriensi in aedibus,  
ubi nec leno neque illae redeunt, nec quod edim  
quicquam datur.

pro maiore parte prandi pignus cepi, abii foras;  
sic dederō: aere militari tetigero lenunculum.  
nactus est hominem, mina quem argenti circum-  
duceret.

sed mea amica nunc mihi irato obviam veniat velim:  
iam pol ego illam pugnis totam faciam uti sit  
merulea,

ita replebo atritate, atrior multo ut siet, 1290  
quam Aegyptini, qui cortinam ludis per circum  
ferunt.

*Ant.* Tene sis me arte, mea voluptas; male ego metuo  
miluos,  
mala illa bestia est, ne forte me auferat pullum  
tuom.

*Ad.* Vt nequeo te satis complecti, mi pater.

*Anta.* Ego me moror.  
propemodum hoc opsonare prandium potero mihi.  
sed quid hoc est? quid est? quid hoc est? quid ego  
video? quo modo?

quid hoc est conduplicationis? quae haec est  
congemination?

quis hic homo est cum tunicis longis quasi puer  
cauponius?

satin ego oculis cerno? estne illaec mea amica  
Anterastilis?

et ea est certo. iam pridem ego me sensi nihili  
pendier. 1300

## POENULUS

Scene 5. ENTER *Antamonides* FROM *Lycus'* HOUSE.

*Anta.* (*blustering*) If that four pounds I gave the pimp isn't avenged in fine shape, the city wits have my full permission to use me for joke-fodder! The idea of the infernal sluggard's taking me to his house for lunch, then going out himself, leaving me there like a head butler, with neither pimp nor girls returning and not a scrap given me to eat! I took security (*examining some plunder*) for the larger part of that lunch, and left. That's my way! I'll see our sweet pimp's touched for his army tax! He lighted on the man to swindle out of four pounds! But I only wish that girl of mine would cross my path now, angry as I am! By the Lord, I'll up and baste her with my fists till she's all blackbirdy! I'll dye her dark, dye her a lot darker than Aethiopian bucket carriers at the Circus games!

*Ant.* (*seeing him and clinging closer to Hanno*) Oh, you darling, do please hold me tight! I have a horrible fear of kites—the horrid creature—and of one's carrying off this little chick of yours, maybe.

*Ad.* Oh, father dear, I simply can't hug you enough!

*Anta.* I'm losing time. (*glancing at his plunder*) I can come pretty close to laying in a lunch for myself with this. (*seeing the group in each other's arms*) But what's this? What's up? What's this? What do I see? How's this? What's this twosing? What's this twinsing? Who's the chap with the long tunics like a tavern boy? Eh? Is my eyesight failing? Is that my girl, Anterastilis? It is, it certainly is! I've felt for a long time she was making light of me! Isn't the wench ashamed to be petting a porter in

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

non pudet puellam amplexari baiolum in media via ?  
iam hercle ego illum excruciam totum carnufici  
dabo.

sane genus hoc mulierosumst tunicis demissiciis.  
sed adire certum est hanc amatricem Africam.  
heus tu, tibi dico, mulier, ecquid te pudet ?  
quid tibi negoti est autem cum istac ? dic mihi.

*Han.* Adulescens, salve.

*Anta.* Nolo, nihil ad te attinet.

quid tibi hanc digito tactio est ?

*Han.* Quia mihi lubet.

*Anta.* Lubet ?

*Han.* Ita dico.

*Anta.* Ligula, i in malam crucem.

tune hic amator audes esse, hallex viri,  
aut contrectare quod mares homines amant ?  
deglupta mena, sarrapis, sementium,  
manstruca, halagora, sampsa, tum autem plenior  
ali ulpique quam Romani remiges.

*Ag.* Num tibi, adulescens, malae aut dentes pruriunt,  
qui huic es molestus, an malam rem quaeritas ?

*Anta.* Quin adhibuisti, dum istaec loquere, tympanum ?  
nam te cinaedum esse arbitror magis quam virum.

*Ag.* Scin quam cinaedus sum ? ite istinc, servi, foras,  
ecferite fustis.

*Anta.* Heus tu, si quid per iocum  
dixi, nolito in serium convertere.

*Ant.* Qui tibi lubido est, opsecro, Antamonides,  
loqui inclementer nostro cognato et patri ?

---

<sup>1</sup> *Sarrapis, sementium*, of unknown meaning.



## POENULUS

the middle of the street? By the Lord, I'll give him to the hangman this instant for torture from top to toe! They're nothing but a set of lady-killers, these dangle-tunics. But I'm certainly going to get after this African amorosa. (*striding up and roaring*) Hi, you! I mean you, woman! Have you no shame? (*to Hanno*) And you! What is your business with that wench? Answer me!

*Han.* (*surveying him coolly*) Good-day to you, young man.

*Anta.* None of that, that is no concern of yours! How comes it you touch this girl even with a finger?

*Han.* Because I like to.

*Anta.* Like to?

*Han.* That is what I say.

*Anta.* (*terrific*) Go and be hanged, thou shoe-strap! Dost dare to play the lover here, thou toepiece of a man, or couple thee with them that virile males do love? Thou excoriated sardine and semi-sarrapian,<sup>1</sup> thou pelt, saltsouk and olive pulp, aye and reeking of garlic and leeks worse than a bench of Roman rowers!

*Ag.* (*his arms still around Adelphasium and Hanno*) Sir, do your jaws or teeth itch, affronting this gentleman? Is it trouble you're after?

*Anta.* (*disdainfully*) Why not have a tambourine to accompany such talk? Huh! You look to me more like a fancy dancer than a man.

*Ag.* (*irate*) Fancy dancer? You know what sort? (*goes to his door and calls*) Come on out of there, lads, and bring some clubs!

*Anta.* (*badly scared*) Hey, you! If I said something as a joke, don't take it seriously.

*Ant.* (*as Agorastocles halts the slaves at the doorway*) Antamonides, what pleasure, pray, do you find in speaking rudely to our relative and father? For

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

nam hic noster pater est; hic nos cognovit modo  
et hunc sui fratris filium.

*Anta.* Ita me Iuppiter  
bene amet, bene factum. gaudeo et volup est mihi,  
si quid lenoni optigit magni mali.<sup>1</sup>  
*Ag.* Bonum virum eccum video, se recipit domum; <sup>2</sup>  
rapiamus in ius.

*Han.* Minime.  
*Ag.* Quapropter?  
*Han.* Quia  
iniuriarum <sup>3</sup> multo induci satius est.

V. 6.

*Lyc.* Decipitur nemo, mea quidem sententia,  
qui suis amicis narrat recte res suas;  
nam omnibus amicis meis idem unum convenit,  
ut me suspendam, ne addicar Agorastocli.

*Ag.* Leno, eamus in ius.  
*Lyc.* Opsecro te, Agorastocles,  
suspendere ut me liceat.

*Han.* In ius te voco.  
*Lyc.* Quid tibi mecum autem?  
*Han.* Quia hasce aio liberas

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following vv., 1328–1331 :

*quomque e virtute vobis fortuna optigit.*  
*Credibile ecastor dicit. crede huic, mi pater.*  
*Credo.*

*Ant.*  
*Han.*  
*Ag.* *Et ego credo. sed eccum lenonem Lycum.*

<sup>2</sup> Leo brackets following vv., 1333–1335 :

*Han.* *Quis hic est?*  
*Ag.* *Vtrumvis est, vel leno vel Lycus.*  
*in servitute hic filias habuit tuas*  
*et mi auri fur est.*

*Han.* *Bellum hominem, quem noveris.*  
<sup>3</sup> Corrupt (Leo) : *indici A.*

# POENULUS

this gentleman is our father. He has just now found us to be his daughters, and him (*indicating Agorastocles*) his nephew.

*Anta.* (*with apparent enthusiasm*) Lord love me, now that's lovely! I'm pleased and delighted to see that pimp get hard hit.<sup>1</sup>

*Ag.* (*looking down the street*) Aha! I see our good man, hying him home.<sup>2</sup> Let's drag him to court for justice.

*Han.* By no means.

*Ag.* Why?

*Han.* (*smiling*) Because it's much better to take him there for injustice.

Scene 6. *ENTER Lycus, IN POOR SPIRITS.*

*Lyc.* (*to himself, grimly*) No one is deceived, in my humble opinion, when he frankly confides his situation to his friends. Now all my friends were quite agreed that the one way for me to escape being adjudged to Agorastocles was to hang myself.

*Ag.* (*stepping up*) Pimp, let us be off to court!

*Lyc.* Do be merciful, Agorastocles, and let me hang myself.

*Han.* (*joining them*) I summon you to court!

*Lyc.* You? And what have you got against me?

*Han.* This—I declare these girls to be free and born free

<sup>1</sup> Vv. 1328-1331: And to have you get the good luck you deserve.

*Ant.* That sounds believable, it really does. Do believe him, father dear.

*Han.* I do.

*Ag.* And so do I. Aha! but there's pimp Lycus!

<sup>2</sup> Vv. 1333-1335:

*Han.* Who is he?

*Ag.* Whichever you want—a pimp or a Lycus. He kept your daughters in slavery and he robbed me of my money.

*Han.* A charming acquaintance you have.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ingenuasque esse filias ambas meas ;  
 eae sunt surruptae cum nutrice parvolae.

*Lyc.* Iam pridem equidem istuc scivi et miratus fui,  
 neminem venire qui istas adsereret manu.<sup>1</sup>

*Ag.* Duplum pro furto mi opus est.

*Lyc.* Sume hinc quid lubet.

*Han.* Et mihi suppliciis multis.

*Lyc.* Sume hinc quid lubet :<sup>2</sup>  
 collo rem solvam iam omnibus, quasi baiolus.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following vv., 1349–1350 :  
*meae quidem profecto non sunt.*

*Anta.* *Leno, in ius eas.*

*Lyc.* *De prandio tu dicis. debetur, dabo.*

<sup>2</sup> Leo brackets following v., 1353 :

*Anta.* *Et mihi quidem mina argenti.*

*Lyc.* *Sume hinc quid lubet.*

<sup>3</sup> Leo brackets following vv., 1355–1371 :

*Ag.* *Numquid recusas contra me ?*

*Lyc.* *Haud verbum quidem.*

*Ag.* *Ite igitur intro, mulieres. sed patruae mi,  
 tuam, ut dixisti, mihi desponde filiam.*

*Han.* *Haud aliter ausim.*

*Bene vale.*

*Anta.* *Et tu bene vale.*

*Ag.* *Leno, arrabonem hoc pro mina mecum fero.*

*Lyc.* *Perii hercle.*

*Immo haud multo post, si in ius veneris.*

*Ag.* *Quin egomet tibi me addico. quid praetore opust ?*

*Lyc.* *verum obsecro te, ut liceat simplum solvere,  
 trecentos Philippos ; credo conradi potest :  
 cras auctionem faciam.*

*Ag.* *Tantisper quidem  
 ut sis apud me lignea in custodia.*

*Lyc.* *Fiat.*

*Ag.* *Sequere intro, patruae mi, ut hunc festum diem  
 habeamus hilare, huius malo et nostro bono.  
 multum valete. multa verba fecimus ;*

# POENULUS

and that both are my own daughters. They were stolen away as children with their nurse.

*Lyc.* As a matter of fact, I knew that long ago and wondered why nobody came to claim them.<sup>1</sup>

*Ag.* You must pay me double for that theft.

*Lyc.* Take what you like from (*tapping his neck*) here.

*Han.* And you must be well punished to pay me.

*Lyc.* (*as before*) Take what you like from here.<sup>2</sup> I'll meet all obligations now with my neck, like a porter.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Vv. 1349-1350 : It is quite certain they are not mine.

*Anta.* Pimp, off to court !

*Lyc.* It is lunch you speak of. You're owed one, you'll get one.

<sup>2</sup> V. 1353 :

*Anta.* Yes, and you must pay me four pounds.

*Lyc.* Take what you like from here.

<sup>3</sup> Vv. 1355-1397 :

*Ag.* Do you object to my procedure ?

*Lyc.* Not one word.

*Ag.* Then go inside, girls.

[EXEUNT.]

But uncle dear, promise me your daughter as you said.

*Han.* I couldn't do otherwise.

*Anta.* Good-bye, and good luck !

*Ag.* And the same to you !

*Anta.* Pimp, I take this (*showing his plunder*) with me as part payment of that four pounds. [EXIT.]

*Lyc.* Oh Lord, I am a goner !

*Ag.* You mean you will be a little later, on coming to court.

*Lyc.* Oh, but I myself adjudge myself to you. What need of the praetor ? Do please let me settle for the original sum, though—three hundred pounds. I think that can be raked together. To-morrow I'll hold an auction.

*Ag.* Providing, of course, that you spend your time at my house in the stocks.

*Lyc.* Very well.

*Ag.* Come on in with me, uncle mine, and let's take this festal day for making merry at his woes and our blessings. (*to the spectators*) Long life to you ! We have been long-winded ; but all the woe has finally rained back upon the pimp. Now for what is the final seasoning of a play—if our comedy has pleased you, it asks for your applause.

[EXEUNT OMNES.]

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

V. 7.

Leo thinks vv. 1372-1397, printed below, were written as a substitute for vv. 1315-1354.

Ag. *Quam rem agis, miles? qui lubet patruo meo loqui inclementer? ne mirere, mulieres quod eum secuntur: modo cognovit filias suas esse hasce ambas.*

Lyc. *Hem, quod verbum aures meas tetigit? nunc perii.*

Anta. *Vnde haec perierunt domo?*

Ag. *Carthaginienses sunt.*

Lyc. *At ego sum perditus.*

*illuc ego metui semper, ne cognosceret eas aliquis, quod nunc factumst. vae misero mihi, periire, opinor, duodeviginti minae, qui hasce emi.*

Ag. *Et tute ipse periisti, Lyce.*

Han. *Quis hic est?*

Ag. *Vtrumvis est, vel leno vel Lycus. in servitute hic filias habuit tuas, et mi auri fur est.*

Han. *Bellum hominem, quem noveris.*

Anta. *Leno, rapacem te esse semper credidi, verum etiam furacem qui norunt magis.*

Lyc. *Accedam. per ego tua te genua obsecro et hunc, cognatum quem tuom esse intellego: quando boni estis, ut bonos facere addecet faciatis, vestro subveniatis supplici. iam pridem equidem istas scivi esse liberas et exspectabam, si qui eas assereret manu. nam non meae sunt prosum. tum autem aurum tuom reddam, quod apud me est, et iusiurandum dabo, me malitiose nil fecisse, Agorastocles.*

Ag. *Quid mihi par facere sit, ego tecum consulam. omitte genua.*

Lyc. *Mitto, si ita sententia est.*

Anta. *Heus tu leno.*

Lyc. *Quid lenonem vis inter negotium?*

Anta. *Vt minam mi argenti reddas, prius quam in nervom abducere.*

## POENULUS

### Scene 7.

*Ag.* What are you at, warrior? Why so fond of this rough language to my uncle? You needn't wonder at the women's hanging about him: he has just discovered both these girls to be his daughters.

ENTER *Lycus*.

*Lyc.* (*aside*) Whew! What's that caught my ear? Now I'm lost!

*Anta.* Where were they lost from?

*Ag.* They are Carthaginians.

*Lyc.* (*aside*) But I'm the one that's a dead loss! I was always afraid of that, of someone's recognizing them, and now it's happened! (*aloud*) Oh dear me! The seventy-two pounds I paid for them are lost, I suppose.

*Ag.* And you're lost yourself, Lycus.

*Han.* Who is he?

*Ag.* Whichever you want, a pimp or a Lycus. He kept your daughters in slavery and he robbed me of my money.

*Han.* A charming acquaintance you have.

*Anta.* Pimp, I always took you for a rapacious rascal, but those better informed add predaceous.

*Lyc.* (*aside, eyeing Agorastocles*) I'll up to him. (*falling at his feet*) By your knees, sir, I implore you and this gentleman whom I understand to be your relative—good men as you are, act as good men ought to act and show your suppliant mercy. As a matter of fact, I long ago knew they were free girls and was expecting to have someone claim them. No, they're not mine at all. Then as for the money of yours I have at home, I'll give it back, and I'll take oath, Agorastocles, that I did nothing with evil intent.

*Ag.* I shall consider the proper course for me to take. Let go of my knees.

*Lyc.* (*doing so*) Yes, sir, if that is your mind.

*Anta.* (*belligerently*) Hey you, pimp!

*Lyc.* (*coolly*) What do you want of a pimp who is very busy?

*Anta.* The return of my four pounds before you are marched off to gaol.

- Lyc.* Di meliora faxint.  
*Anta.* Sic est: hodie cenabis foris. 1400  
 aurum argentum collum, leno, tris res nunc debes simul.
- Han.* Quid me in hac re facere deceat, egomet mecum cogito.  
 si volo hunc ulcisci, litis sequar in alieno oppido,  
 quantum audiui ingenium et mores eius quo pacto sient.
- Ad.* Mi pater, ne quid tibi cum istoc rei sit pessumo, obsecro.
- Ant.* Ausculta sorori. abi, diiunge inimicitias cum improbo.
- Han.* Hoc age sis, leno. quanquam ego te meruisse ut pereas scio,  
 non experiar tecum.
- Ag.* Neque ego; si aurum mihi reddes meum, leno, quando ex nervo emissu's—compingere in carcerem.
- Lyc.* Iamne autem ut soles?  
*Anta.* Ego, Poene, tibi me purgatum volo. 1410  
 si quid dixi iratus advorsum animi tui sententiam,  
 id uti ignoscas quaeso; et quom istas invenisti filias,  
 ita me di ament ut mihi volup est.
- Han.* Ignosco et credo tibi.
- Anta.* Leno, tu autem amicam mihi des facito aut<sup>1</sup> mihi reddas minam.
- Lyc.* Vin tibicinam meam habere?  
*Anta.* Nil moror tibicinam;  
 nescias, utrum ei maiores buccaene an mammae sient.
- Lyc.* Dabo quae placeat.  
*Anta.* Cura.  
*Lyc.* Aurum cras ad te referam tuom.



# POENULUS

*Lyc.* God forbid!

*Anta.* I mean it: to-day you dine out. You now owe us three things all at once, pimp—his money, my money, and your neck.

*Han.* (*half to himself*) I wonder what I had better do in this matter. If I want vengeance on him, I'll be going to law in a strange town, with all I've heard about the spirit and customs of the place.

*Ad.* Father dear, don't have any trouble with the vile wretch, I beg you.

*Ant.* Do listen to sister. Go away, drop the quarrel with the wicked creature.

*Han.* Pimp, your attention, please. Although I know that you have earned a hanging, I shall not fight it out with you.

*Ag.* Nor I. If you return my money, pimp, once you're out of (*glancing at Antamonides*) gaol, you have my permission to—be put in prison.

*Lyc.* (*dryly*) So you're acting as usual, eh?

*Anta.* (*to Hanno*) You, sir, from Carthage—I wish to apologise to you. If in my anger I said anything that was not to your liking, pray pardon it. And so help me heaven, I am really delighted that you have found your daughters there.

*Han.* I do pardon you, sir, and believe you.

*Anta.* Pimp, as for you, go on and give me a girl or give me back my four pounds.

*Lyc.* Want my flute-girl?

*Anta.* No flute-girl for me! You can hardly tell which are bigger, her jowls or breasts.

*Lyc.* You shall have one that suits you.

*Anta.* See I do.

*Lyc.* (*to Agorastocles*) I'll give you your money to-morrow.

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<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following *auri*.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

*Ag.* Facito in memoria habeas.

*Lyc.* Miles, sequere me.

*Anla.* Ego vero sequor.

*Ag.* Quid ais, patruē? quando hinc ire cogitas Carthaginem?

nam tecum mi una ire certum est.

*Han.* Vbi primum potero, ilico. 1420

*Ag.* Dum auctionem facio, hic opus est aliquot ut maneat dies.

*Han.* Faciam ita ut vis.

*Ag.* Age sis, eamus, nos curemus. plaudite.

## POENULUS

*Ag.* Mind you remember that.

*Lyc.* (*going toward his house*) Follow me, warrior.

*Anta.* Indeed I will. [EXEUNT.]

*Ag.* Now then, uncle? When do you plan to leave for Carthage? For I've decided to go along with you.

*Han.* (*emphatically, with a glance at Lycus' house*) As soon as I can, at once!

*Ag.* But you must stay here a few days, while I hold an auction.

*Han.* I'll do as you wish.

*Ag.* (*turning towards his house*) Come then, please, let's go in and make ourselves comfortable. (*to audience*) Give us your applause. [EXEUNT OMNES.]

PSEUDOLUS

M. IUNIO. M. FIL. PR. URB.  
AC. M.

PSEUDOLUS

ACTED AT THE MEGALESIAN GAMES  
IN THE CITY-PRAETORSHIP OF MARCUS  
JUNIUS, SON OF MARCUS.

## ARGVMENTVM I

Praeentis numerat quindecim miles minas,  
Simul consignat symbolum, ut Phoenicium  
Ei det leno, qui eum cum relicuo adferat.  
Venientem caculam intervortit symbolo,  
Dicens Syrum se Ballionis, Pseudolus  
Opemque erili ita tulit; nam Simmiae  
Leno mulierem, quem is supposuit, tradidit.  
Venit Harpax verus: res palam cognoscitur,  
Senexque argentum, quod erat pactus, reddidit.

## ARGVMENTVM II

Calidorus iuvenis meretricem Phoenicium  
efflictim deperibat, nummorum indigus;  
eandem miles, qui viginti mulierem  
minis mercatus abiit, solvit quindecim.  
scortum reliquit ad lenonem ac symbolum,  
ut qui attulisset signum simile cetero  
cum pretio, secum aveheret emptam mulierem.  
mox missus utprehendat scortum a milite  
venit calator militaris. hunc dolo  
adgreditur adolescentis servus Pseudolus  
tamquam lenonis atriensis: symbolum  
aufert, minasque quinque acceptas mutuas  
dat subditicio caculae cum symbolo;  
lenonem fallit sycophanta<sup>1</sup> cacula.  
scorto Calidorus potitur, vino Pseudolus.

<sup>1</sup> *sycophanta* Ritschl: *secophantacie* corrupt (Leo).

## ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY (I)

A soldier leaves sixty pounds, paid down in cash, and also his seal as a token, with a pimp who is to give Phoenicium to the person who brings him such a token and the balance of the money. When the soldier's henchman comes, Pseudolus, saying he is Ballio's Syrus, diddles him out of the token, so assisting his young master. For the pimp hands over the girl to Simmia, who is palmed off as the henchman. The real Harpax arrives: everything comes to light, and the old man pays the sum he had agreed to pay.

## ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY (II)

Young Calidorus, desperately infatuated with a courtesan, Phoenicium, lacked the wherewithal. A soldier purchased this girl for eighty pounds, and paying sixty down went away. He left the wench with the pimp, also a token, so that the man who brought a similar seal and the rest of the money might take away the girl he had bought. Soon an army orderly arrives, sent by the soldier to take his wench in tow. This orderly is craftily approached by Pseudolus, the young man's slave, who pretends to be the pimp's major-domo. He makes off with the token, and, borrowing twenty pounds, gives it, together with the token, to a counterfeit henchman of the soldier. The pimp is fooled by the sham henchman. Calidorus obtains his wench, Pseudolus some wine.

## PERSONAE

PSEVDOLVS SERVUS  
CALIDORVS ADULESCENS  
BALLIO LENO  
SIMO SENEX  
CALLIPHO SENEX  
HARPAX SERVUS  
CHARINVS ADULESCENS  
PVER  
COCVS  
SIMIA SERVUS



## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

PSEUDOLUS, *slave of Simo.*

CALIDORUS, *son of Simo.*

BALLIO, *a pimp.*

SIMO, *an old gentleman of Athens.*

CALLIPHO, *his friend.*

HARPAX, *orderly of Polymachaeroplages.*

CHARINUS, *a friend of Calidorus.*

A SLAVE BOY, *belonging to Ballio.*

A COOK.

SIMIA, *slave of Charinus.*

PROLOGVS<sup>1</sup>

Exporgi meliust lumbos atque exsurgier :  
Plautina longa fabula in scaenam venit.

ACTVS I

Si ex te tacente fieri possem certior,  
ere, quae miseriae te tam misere macerent,  
duorum labori ego hominum parsissem lubens,  
mei te rogandi et tis respondendi mihi ;  
nunc quoniam id fieri non potest, necessitas  
me subigit ut te rogem. responde mihi :  
quid est quod tu exanimatus iam hos multos dies  
gestas tabellas tecum, eas lacrumis lavis,  
neque tui participem consili quemquam facis ?  
eloquere, ut quod ego nescio id tecum sciam.  
Misere miser sum, Pseudole.

Id te Iuppiter  
prohibessit.

Nihil hoc Iovis ad iudicium attinet :  
sub Veneris regno vapulo, non sub Iovis.  
Licet me id scire quid sit ? nam tu me antidhac  
supremum habuisti comitem consiliis tuis.  
Idem animus nunc est.

Face me certum quid tibi sit ;  
iuvabo aut re aut opera aut consilio bono.

<sup>1</sup> Fragmentary and post-Plautine.

## PSEUDOLUS

*Scene:—Athens. A street in which stand the houses of Calliphio, Simo, and Ballio: between the houses are narrow lanes.*

### PROLOGUE

You had better stand and stretch your loins: a play by Plautus, a long one, is now to be enacted.

### ACT I

ENTER *Calidorus*, DAZED AND DREARY, FOLLOWED BY *Pseudolus*.

*Ps.* (*ironically solicitous*) If your silence, master mine, were only able to inform me what sort of misery's making you so damned miserable, I should have been glad to save two men trouble—me in asking you and you in answering me. Silence seeming to be inadequate, I am necessarily compelled to ask you. (*more earnestly*) Answer me: why is it you've been going around half alive all these days, carrying those tablets, washing them with tears, and never taking a soul into your confidence? Out with it, sir, and let me know along with yourself what I don't know.

*Cal.* Oh, I'm miserable, *Pseudolus*, so miserable!

*Ps.* Jupiter forbid!

*Cal.* (*with a wan smile*) This case is not within the jurisdiction of Jupiter. 'Twas *Venus* sentenced me to suffer, not Jupiter.

*Ps.* But can't I know about it all, sir? Why, you used to make me your associate-councillor-in-chief.

*Cal.* (*after a pause*) And I intend to now.

*Ps.* Do inform me what's ailing you, sir. I'll help—with (*grinning*) cash, service, or good advice.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Cal.* Cape has tabellas, tute hinc narrato tibi  
quae me miseria et cura contabefacit.
- Ps.* Mos tibi geretur. sed quid hoc, quaeso?
- Cal.* Quid est?
- Ps.* Vt opinor, quaerunt litterae hae sibi liberos :  
alia aliam scandit.
- Cal.* Ludis iam ludo tuo?
- Ps.* Has quidem pol credo nisi Sibulla legerit,  
interpretari alium posse neminem.
- Cal.* Cur inclementer dicis lepidis litteris  
lepidis tabellis lepida conscriptis manu?
- Ps.* An, opsecro hercle, habent quas gallinae manus?  
nam has quidem gallina scripsit.
- Cal.* Odiosus mihi es.  
lege vel tabellas redde.
- Ps.* Immo enim pellegam.  
advortito animum.
- Cal.* Non adest.
- Ps.* At tu cita.
- Cal.* Immo ego tacebo, tu istinc ex cera cita ;  
nam istic meus animus nunc est, non in pectore.
- Ps.* Tuam amicam video, Calidore.
- Cal.* Vbi ea est, opsecro?
- Ps.* Eccam in tabellis porrectam : in cera cubat.
- Cal.* At te di deaeque quamtumst—
- Ps.* Servassint quidem.
- Cal.* Quasi solstitialis herba paulisper fui :  
repente exortus sum, repentino occidi.
- Ps.* Tace, dum tabellas pellego.
- Cal.* Ergo quin legis?

## PSEUDOLUS

- Cal.* (*still hesitant, then tragically*) Take these tablets, (*handing them to him*) and from them tell yourself what misery and solicitude subwhelm me!
- Ps.* Anything to oblige. (*examining the writing*) But what's this, for heaven's sake?
- Cal.* What do you mean?
- Ps.* (*chuckling*) I judge these characters are after children, the way they climb on top of each other.
- Cal.* (*wounded*) Joking now, you jester?
- Ps.* Gad, sir! The Sibyl may be able to read this, but I don't believe anyone else can make it out.
- Cal.* (*rapturously*) Ah, why do you disparage the dainty writing in dainty tablets indited by a dainty hand?
- Ps.* Lord save us! Have hens got any hands? For it surely was a hen wrote this.
- Cal.* You annoy me! Read the letter, or give it back.
- Ps.* No, no. I'll plough through it. (*preparing to read aloud*) Give me your sole attention.
- Cal.* (*sighing heavily*) My soul is not here.
- Ps.* Well, summon it.
- Cal.* No, not a word from me! Summon it yourself from the wax there. (*indicating the tablets*) For it is there my soul is now, and not within me.
- Ps.* (*with a start*) Oh, I see your girl friend, sir!
- Cal.* (*excitedly*) Where? For heaven's sake where?
- Ps.* (*pointing to her name and guffawing*) Look! At full length on the tablets, lying in wax.
- Cal.* (*feebly indignant*) Ugh! May all the powers above——
- Ps.* (*interrupting cheerfully*) Preserve me, of course, sir.
- Cal.* (*tragic again*) Like the summer grass I flourished but for a moment: quickly I sprang up and, ah, quickly did I wither!
- Ps.* Hush, sir, till I read these tablets through.
- Cal.* Then why not read?

- Ps.* 'Phoenicium Calidoro amatori suo  
per ceram et lignum litterasque interpretes  
salutem mittit et salutem abs te expetit,  
lacrumans titubanti animo, corde et pectore.'
- Cal.* Perii, salutem nusquam invenio, Pseudole,  
quam illi remittam.
- Ps.* Quam salutem?
- Cal.* Argenteam.
- Ps.* Pro ligneam salute vis argenteam  
remittere illi? vide sis quam tu rem geras.
- Cal.* Recita modo: ex tabellis iam faxo scies  
quam subito argento mi usus invento siet.
- Ps.* 'Leno me peregre militi Macedonio  
minis viginti vendidit, voluptas mea;  
et prius quam hinc abiit, quindecim miles minas  
dederat; nunc unae quinque remorantur minae.  
ea causa miles hic reliquit symbolum,  
expressam in cera ex anulo suam imaginem,  
ut qui huc adferret eius similem symbolum,  
cum eo simul me mitteret. ei rei dies  
haec praestituta est, proxuma Dionysia.'  
cras ea quidem sunt.
- Cal.* Prope adest exitium mihi,  
nisi quid mihi in te est auxili.
- Ps.* Sine pellegam.
- Cal.* Sino, nam mihi videor cum ea fabularier;  
lege: dulce amarumque una nunc misces mihi.
- Ps.* 'Nunc nostri amores mores consuetudines,<sup>1</sup>  
compressiones artae amantum corporum,

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following v., 65 :  
*iocus ludus sermo suavisaviatio.*

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<sup>1</sup> V. 65: Mirth and merriment, converse and kissing so sweet.

## PSEUDOLUS

- Ps.* (*with due sentimental stress*) "Phoenicium to her lover Calidorus, through this medium of wax and wood and letters, sends her dearest wishes, and longs to have her own dearest wish from you, longs for it with tears in her eyes, with mind and heart and soul all tremulous."
- Cal.* Oh, 'tis dreadful, Pseudolus! Nowhere can I find her dearest wish to send back to her.
- Ps.* (*dryly*) Her dearest wish being what?
- Cal.* (*lugubriously*) Something in silver.
- Ps.* You want to return her dearest wishes in silver, when you get 'em in (*holding up the tablets*) wood? Man, man, try to be business-like.
- Cal.* Ah, but just read on. I warrant you will soon learn from the letter how rapidly I need to have that silver found.
- Ps.* "The pimp has sold me for eighty pounds to a Macedonian soldier, to be taken to some strange land, my sweetheart. And before the soldier went away he paid down sixty pounds; so all that delays things now is twenty pounds. Because of this he left a token with the pimp—his own likeness stamped on wax with his ring—and I was to be sent along with the man who brought him a similar token. The day fixed upon for all this is the next Dionysia." Hm! That's to-morrow.
- Cal.* (*gasping*) My doom is close at hand, unless I find some help in you!
- Ps.* Let me read it through.
- Cal.* Yes, yes, for it makes me feel that I am talking with her. Read! Ah, the mixture of sweet and bitter you serve me now!
- Ps.* "Now all our days and ways of love and dear familiarity,<sup>1</sup> all the cuddling of beloved bodies close,

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

teneris labellis molles morsiunculae,<sup>1</sup>  
 papillarum horridularum oppressiunculae,  
 harum voluptatum mi omnium atque itidem tibi  
 distractio discidium vastities venit,  
 nisi quae mihi in test aut tibist in me salus.  
 haec quae ego scivi ut scires curavi omnia;  
 nunc ego te experiar quid ames, quid simules. vale.'  
*Cal.* Est misere scriptum, Pseudole.

*Ps.* O, miserrime.

*Cal.* Quin fles?

*Ps.* Pumiceos oculos habeo: non queo  
 lacrumam exorare ut expuant unam modo.

*Cal.* Quid ita?

*Ps.* Genus nostrum semper siccoculum fuit.

*Cal.* Nilne adiuvere me audes?

*Ps.* Quid faciam tibi?

*Cal.* Eheu.

*Ps.* Eheu? id quidem hercle ne parsis: dabo.

*Cal.* Miser sum, argentum nusquam invenio mutuom.

*Ps.* Eheu.

*Cal.* Neque intus nummus ullus est.

*Ps.* Eheu.

*Cal.* Ille abducturus est mulierem cras.

*Ps.* Eheu.

*Cal.* Istocine pacto me adiuvas?

*Ps.* Do id quod mihi est;  
 nam is mihi the saurus iugis in nostra est domo.

*Cal.* Actum est de me hodie. sed potes nunc mutuam

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following v., 67<sup>a</sup>:  
*nostrorum orgiorum—iunculae.*



## PSEUDOLUS

all the soft little bites of sweet little lips, all the fond little squeezing and teasing of breasts—all these delights of mine and yours, and yours, will be torn away, torn asunder, ended for eternaldom, unless I find my salvation in you, or you yours in me. I have informed you fully of all this that I have learned. Now I shall test the truth, or falsehood, of your love. Farewell."

*Cal.* (*quite dissolved*) She writes so . . . (*choking*) woefully, Pseudolus!

*Ps.* (*with a disgusted glance at the handwriting*) Oh, so damned woefully!

*Cal.* Why are you not . . . weeping?

*Ps.* My eyes are made of pumice-stone. Can't entice 'em to emit one solitary tear.

*Cal.* How is . . . that?

*Ps.* Our breed always was a lot of dry-eyes, sir.

*Cal.* Are you not willing to . . . help me at all?

*Ps.* What am I to do for you?

*Cal.* Ah me!

*Ps.* "Ah me"? Gad, spare no "Ah me's": I'll supply 'em.

*Cal.* Oh dear, oh dear! Nowhere can I find a friend to . . . borrow of!

*Ps.* (*dolefully*) Ah me!

*Cal.* And not a sixpence have I!

*Ps.* Ah me!

*Cal.* And to-morrow that man will . . . take away my girl!

*Ps.* Ah me!

*Cal.* Is that the way you . . . help me?

*Ps.* I give you what I've got, sir; and I've piled up enough "Ah me's" in our house to last for ever.

*Cal.* (*changing his tone to one of grim desperation*) This is the end of me! But can you lend me just a single

## TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

drachumam dare unam mihi, quam cras reddam  
tibi?

*Ps.* Vix hercle, opinor, si me opponam pignori.  
sed quid ea drachuma facere vis?

*Cal.* Restim volo  
mihi emere.

*Ps.* Quam ob rem?

*Cal.* Qui me faciam pensilem.  
certum est mihi ante tenebras tenebras persequi.

*Ps.* Quis mi igitur drachumam reddet, si dederò tibi?  
an tu te ea causa vis sciens suspendere  
ut me defraudes, drachumam si dederim tibi?

*Cal.* Profecto nullo pacto possum vivere,  
si illa a me abalienatur atque abducitur.

*Ps.* Quid fles, cucule? vives.

*Cal.* Quid ego ni fleam,  
quoi nec paratus nummus argenti siet  
neque libellai spes sit usquam gentium?

*Ps.* Vt litterarum ego harum sermonem audio,  
nisi tu illi lacrumis fleveris argenteis,  
quod tu istis lacrumis te probare postulas,  
non pluris refert quam si imbrem in cribrum geras.  
verum ego te amantem, ne pave, non deseram.  
spero alicunde hodie me bona opera aut hac mea  
tibi inventurum esse auxilium argentarium.  
atque id futurum unde unde dicam nescio,  
nisi quia futurum est: ita supercilium salit.

*Cal.* Vtinam quae dicis dictis facta suppetant.

## PSEUDOLUS

shilling now, which I shall give you back to-morrow?

*Ps.* Gad! I hardly think I could, even if I offered my carcase for security. But what d'ye want to do with the shilling?

*Cal.* I wish to buy myself a rope.

*Ps.* What for?

*Cal.* To make myself a swinging shape! I am resolved ere darkness falls to plunge me into darkness!

*Ps.* (*with assumed indignation*) Then who'll give me back my shilling, if I've given it to you? Is this why you want to be so smart and hang yourself, so as to swindle me, once you get my shilling?

*Cal.* (*turning again to tears*) It is plain that life is . . . perfectly impossible, if she be torn away from me and . . . taken off!

*Ps.* (*with contemptuous reassurance*) Why weep, you cuckoo? You shall live.

*Cal.* And why should I not . . . weep, without a sixpence to my name, or any hope of a . . . penny from anywhere on earth?

*Ps.* To judge from the talk in this letter, the case calls for your weeping out some silver tears. Trying to ingratiate yourself with tears like those does no more good than pouring a shower into a sieve. (*clapping him on the shoulder*) But never fear! I won't desert my loving master. Somewhere to-day, thanks to honest effort, or to this article, (*with a wave of his left hand*) I have hopes of finding means to serve you—in silver. Where in the world it's coming from, however, I can't yet say; I only know it's coming. The twitching of my eyebrow tells me that.

*Cal.* I only wish the things you . . . do would come up to the things you say.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

*Ps.* Scis tu quidem hercle, mea si commovi sacra,  
quo pacto et quantas soleam turbellas dare.

*Cal.* In te nunc omnes spes sunt aetati meae.

*Ps.* Satin est, si hanc hodie mulierem efficio tibi  
tua ut sit, aut si tibi do viginti minas?

*Cal.* Satis, si futurumst.

*Ps.* Roga me viginti minas,  
ut me effecturum tibi quod promisi scias.  
roga, opsecro hercle. gestio promittere.

*Cal.* Dabisne argenti mi hodie viginti minas?

*Ps.* Dabo. molestus nunciam ne sis mihi.  
atque hoc, ne dictum tibi neges, dico prius:  
si neminem alium potero, tuom tangam patrem.

*Cal.* Di te mihi semper servent. verum, si potest,  
pietatis causa—vel etiam matrem quoque.

*Ps.* De istac re in oculum utrumvis conquiescito.

*Cal.* Oculum anne in aurem?

*Ps.* At hoc pervolgatumst minus.  
nunc, ne quis dictum sibi neget, dico omnibus,  
pube praesenti in contione, omni poplo,  
omnibus amicis notisque edico meis,  
in hunc diem a me ut caveant, ne credant mihi.

*Cal.* St, tace opsecro hercle.

# PSEUDOLUS

*Ps.* Gad, you know yourself how things do happen, what fine young rumpuses I raise, once I've waved my sacred wand. (*meditates*)

*Cal.* All hopes for my . . . existence now rest in you.

*Ps.* (*seemingly confident*) Enough, is it, if I get this girl for you to-day, for your very own, or if I give you eighty pounds?

*Cal.* (*still hopeless*) Enough, yes, if it . . . happens.

*Ps.* (*seeming to be supremely confident*) Make formal demand of me for eighty pounds, so as to know I'll fulfil my promise. (*as Calidorus still remains uncheered*) For God's sake, make your demand! I'm aching to promise.

*Cal.* (*formally, now impressed*) Will you give me eighty pounds to-day?

*Ps.* (*formally*) I will. (*masterfully*) Now don't bother me any more. Yes, and so that you mayn't deny being told, I tell you this beforehand—if no other victim's to be found, I'll touch your father for it.

*Cal.* (*quite revived and hugging Pseudolus ecstatically*) God for ever keep you for me! (*suddenly grave*) But filial duty leads me to suggest that if possible you—(*gleefully*) even try my mother too.

*Ps.* As to that, you can rest easy and sleep on either—eye.

*Cal.* Eye, do you mean, or ear?

*Ps.* Ah, but my phrase is less platitudinous. (*gaily imitating a public crier*) Now, that none may say he was not notified, to all men, to adults here present in assembly, to all the populace, I do give notice, and to all my friends and acquaintances I do announce that they this day are to beware of me and trust me not!

*Cal.* (*glancing toward Ballio's house*) Sh-h! Shut up, for heaven's sake!

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

<i>Ps.</i>	Quid negoti est?	
<i>Cal.</i>		Ostium 130
	lenonis crepuit.	
<i>Ps.</i>	Crura mavellem modo.	
<i>Cal.</i>	Atque ipse egreditur intus, periuri caput.	
I. 2.		
<i>Bal.</i>	Exite, agite exite, ignavi, male habiti et male conciliati, quorum numquam quicquam quoiquam venit in mentem ut recte faciant, quibus, nisi ad hoc exemplum experior, non potest usura usurpari. neque ego homines magis asinos numquam vidi, ita plagis costae callent: quos quom ferias, tibi plus noceas; eo enim ingenio hi sunt flagritribae, qui haec habent consilia, ubi data occasiost, rape clepe tene harpaga bibe es fuge : hoc est eorum opus, ut mavelis lupos apud ovis linquere, 140 quam hos domi custodes. at faciem quom aspicias eorum, hau mali videntur : opera fallunt. nunc adeo hanc edictionem nisi animum advortetis omnes, nisi somnum socordiamque ex pectore oculisque exmovetis, ita ego vestra latera loris faciam ut valide varia sint, ut ne peristromata quidem aequae picta sint Campanica neque Alexandrina beluata tonsilia tappetia. atque heri iam edixeram omnibus dederamque eas provincias, verum ita vos estis praediti callenti ingenio improbi, officium vestrum ut vos malo cogatis commonerier. 150	

162

## PSEUDOLUS

What's the matter?

(*pulling him back into the alley*) I heard the pimp's door snap.

I only wish it was his legs.

Yes, and there he is coming out, the fount of perjury!

2. ENTER *Ballio*, CRACKING A WHIP, AND FOLLOWED BY  
A TROOP OF SLAVES.

(*ferociously*) Out with you, come on, out with you, good-for-nothings I'm a fool to keep and was a fool to buy, with never any one of 'em having any notion of doing anything right, with no possibility of getting anything out of 'em, unless I try this treatment! (*beats them laboriously*) Men more like asses I never did see—ribs cudgelled callous! When you beat them, it's yourself you hurt most. Yes, here's the sort these whip-wasters are, this is the word with them—when you get your chance, rob, filch, grab, loot, guzzle, stuff, run. This is the way they work it, and the result is you'd rather leave wolves in charge of sheep than these chaps in charge at home. (*surveying them*) Yet when you look 'em over they don't seem bad. It's the work that fails! (*swishing his whip*) Now then! Unless all you fellows pay attention to this pronunciamiento, unless you dig the sleep and sloth out of your chests and eyes, I'll flog your flanks till they're perfectly polychrome, make 'em more colourful than Campanian draperies or clipped Alexandrian rugs with their embeastified embroidery! Ugh! I had already issued orders and assigned all of you your provinces yesterday, but you rascals are blessed with brains so callous that you positively require a thrashing to remind you of your duties. (*after another exhausting round*) That's

## TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

nempe ita animati estis vos: vincitis duritia hoc  
atque me.

hoc sis vide, ut alias res agunt. hoc agite, hoc  
animum advortite,

huc adhibete auris quae ego loquor, plagigera genera  
hominum.

numquam edepol vestrum durius tergum erit quam  
terginum hoc meum.

quid nunc? doletne? em sic datur, si quis erum  
servos spernit.

adsistite omnes contra me et quae loquar advortite  
animum.

tu qui urnam habes aquamingere, face plenum  
ahenum sit coco.

te cum securi caudicali praeficio provinciae.

*Servus.* At haec retunsast.

*Bal.* Sine siet; itidem vos quoque estis plagis<sup>1</sup>:  
numqui minus ea gratia tamen omnium opera utor?  
tibi hoc praecipio ut niteant aedes. habes quod  
facias: propera, abi intro.

tu esto lectisterniator. tu argentum eluito, idem  
exstruito.

haec, quom ego a foro revortar, facite ut offendam  
parata,

vorsa sparsa, tersa strata, lautaque unctaue omnia  
ut sint.

nam mi hodie natalis dies est, decet eum omnis vos  
concelebrare.

pernam callum glandium sumen facito in aqua  
iaceant. satin audis?

magnifice volo me viros summos accipere, ut mihi  
rem esse reantur.

intro abite atque haec cito celerate, ne mora quae sit,  
cocus cum veniat;

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following *omnes*.



## PSEUDOLUS

the way you're made, it certainly is: you and your toughness are too much for this (*nearly eyeing his whip*) and me. (*savagely, as the slaves compare velis*) Look at that, will you—how they're minding something else! This is what to mind, this is what to attend to, this is where to turn your ears—to what I say, you assortment of crackscarriers! (*getting a fresh grip on his whip*) By the Lord, your hide shan't be tougher than my rawhide here, never! (*laying into one of them*) What now? Does it hurt? There! That for a slave that scorns his master! Now all line up in front of me, (*they do so*) and pay attention to what I tell you. (*to one of them*) You there, with the pail, fetch water and see the cook's boiler's filled. (*to another*) And you with the axe—I appoint you Chief of the Chopster Department.

But this axe is dull, sir.

What if it is? So are you fellows too, with drubbings. But does that make me any less keen to get what good I can out of the gang of you? (*to another*) And you—your instructions are to make the house shine. You have your job: hurry up, go on in!

[EXIT Slave.]

(*to another*) As for you, you be Lord High Couchdraper. (*to another*) You clean the silver and set it out. Now when I return from the forum, let me find all these things ready, swept, sprinkled, polished, draped, everything spick and span. For to-day's my birthday and you all ought to celebrate it. (*to a kitchen slave*) The ham, rind, sweetbreads and sow's udder are to lie in water, mind. D'ye hear? I want to entertain some high-class gentlemen in grand style, and make 'em think I've got money. Go on in and hurry all this right along, so

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ego eo in macellum, ut piscium quidquid ibist pretio  
praestinem.

i, puere, prae; ne quisquam pertundat cruminam  
cautiost.

170

vel opperire, est quod domi dicere paene fui oblitus.  
auditin? vobis, mulieres, hanc habeo edictionem.

vos, quae in munditiis, mollitiis deliciisque aetatulam  
agitis,

viris cum summis, inclutae amicae, nunc ego scibo  
atque hodie experiar,

quae capiti, quae ventri operam det, quae suae rei,  
quae somno studeat;

quam libertam fore mihi credam et quam venalem,  
hodie experiar.

facite hodie ut mihi munera multa huc ab amatoribus  
conveniant.

nam nisi mihi penus annuos hodie <sup>1</sup> convenit, cras  
populo prostituam vos.

natalem scitis mi esse diem hunc: ubi isti sunt quibus  
vos oculi estis,

quibus vitae, quibus deliciae estis, quibus savia,  
mammia, mellillae?

180

maniplatim mihi munerigeruli facite ante aedis iam  
hic adsint.

cur ego vestem, aurum atque ea quibus est vobis  
usus, praehibeo? aut quid mi

domi nisi malum vestra operast hodie? improbae  
vini modo cupidae estis:

eo vos <sup>2</sup> vestros panticesque adeo madefactatis, quom  
ego sim hic siccus.

nunc adeo hoc factust optimum, ut nomine quemque  
appellem suo,

<sup>1</sup> Corrupt (Leo): *poplo* Lindsay.

<sup>2</sup> Corrupt (Leo): *vestrosque adeo panticis* Nonius.

## PSEUDOLUS

that there'll be no delay when the cook comes. I'm going to market myself and see what sort of bargain I can strike on any fish they have. (*turns to go*)

[*EXEUNT Slaves, EXCEPT A BOY CARRYING A WALLET.*]  
Boy, you go before me: we must watch that no cutpurse gets to work. (*halting*) Hold on, though! There's something I almost forgot to say at home. (*goes to his door and yells*) D'ye hear? You women! This is a pronounciamento for you! (*as his courtesans appear in the doorway*) See here, you that bask away your soft young years in elegance, ease, and delights, you celebrated sweeties with your high-class gentlemen friends, now I'll learn, to-day I'll prove, which of you is looking to her freedom and which to her belly; which is interested in her own welfare, and which in sleep. This day I'll prove which I'm to regard as my future freed-woman, and which as a slave for sale. Make sure I see your lovers' gifts come showering in on me this day. For unless a year's provisions come in to-day, I'll put you out as common prostitutes to-morrow. This is my birthday, and you know it. Well then, where are those fond fools whose lights of eye and joys of life and blisses of soul and kisses of rapture and mummykins and honeykins you're supposed to be? Right here in front of the house, and soon, you're to produce me whole platoons of present-bearers. Why do I furnish you with clothes, jewels, and the things you need? Or what have I to show for any work of yours to-day except a loss? The only passion you jades show is for wine: with that you and your paunches are fairly irrigated, while I go dry. Now then, (*glaring at them severally*) the best thing I can do is address

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ne dictum esse actutum sibi quaequam vostrarum  
mihi neget:

advortite animum cunctae.

principio, Hedytium, tecum ago, quae amica es  
frumentariis,

quibus cunctis montes maxumi<sup>1</sup> frumenti sunt domi:  
fac sis sit delatum huc mihi frumentum, hunc annum  
quod satis,

190

mi et familiae omni sit meae, atque adeo ut frumento  
affluam,

ut civitas nomen mihi commutet meque ut praedicet  
lenone ex Ballione regem Iasonem.

*Cal.* Audin, furcifer quae loquitur? satin magnificus tibi  
videtur?

*Ps.* Pol iste, atque etiam malificus.  
sed tace atque hanc rem gere.

*Bal.* Aeschrodora, tu quae amicos tibi habes lenonum  
aemulos

lanios, qui, item ut nos iurando, iure malo male  
quaerunt rem, audi:

nisi carnaria tria grava tegoribus onere uberi hodie  
mihi erunt, cras te quasi Dircam olim, ut memorant,  
duo gnati Iovis

devinxere ad taurum, item ego te dstringam ad  
carnarium;

200

id tibi profecto taurus fiet.

*Cal.* Nimis sermone huius ira incendor.

*Ps.* Huncine hic hominem pati  
colere iuventutem Atticam?

ubi sunt, ubi latent quibus aetas integra est, qui  
amant a lenone?

quin conveniunt? quin una omnes peste hac populum  
hunc liberant?

sed nimium stultus, nimis fui  
indoctus: illine audeant

## PSEUDOLUS

you each by name and so prevent any one of you saying by and by that she wasn't told. Attention, all of you! Hedytium, I'll begin with you, the darling of the grain dealers, who all have great big mountains of grain in store—you kindly see that I get grain brought here, enough for this year, for me and my whole household, grain galore, till I'm so flooded with it that the city'll change my name, and instead of Ballio the Pimp, proclaim me Jason<sup>1</sup> the King.

*Cal.* (*aside to Pseudolus*) Do you hear how the jailbird talks? Hasn't he a magnificent air?

*Ps.* Gad, yes! Also maleficent. Hush, though, and attend to business here! (*nodding toward Ballio*)

*Bal.* Aeschrodora, listen here, you! Your friends are the chophouse keepers that compete with us pimps in the same damned trade of stuffing folks with what's damned hard to swallow. Unless the hooks of three meat-frames are loaded with fine big chines for me to-day, then to-morrow—the same as those two sons of Jove in days of yore are said to have bound Dirce to a bull—I'll stretch you out on a meat-frame. That'll be a bull you can count on.

*Cal.* (*aside to Pseudolus*) Oh, it just makes me boil to hear him!

*Ps.* (*aside to Calidorus, meaningly*) The idea of our young Athenians letting this sort of fellow flourish here! Where are they, where are they hiding, the lusty lads that go to the pimp for their girls? Why don't they get together? Why don't they all combine and rid the public of this pest? (*contemptuously*) But what an ass, what a ninny I am! They

<sup>1</sup> A Thessalian tyrant.

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following *acervi*.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

id facere quibus ut serviant  
suos amor cogit?<sup>1</sup>

*Cal.*

Vah tace.

*Ps.*

Quid est?

*Cal.*

Male morigeru's mihi, quom sermoni huius obsonas.

*Ps.*

Taceo.

*Cal.*

At taceas malo multo quam tacere dicas.

*Bal.*

Tu autem,

Xystilis, fac ut animum advortas, quoius amatores  
olivi

210

δύναμιν domi habent maxumam.

si mihi non iam huc culleis

oleum deportatum erit,

te ipsam culleo ego cras faciam ut deportere—in  
pergulam;

ibi tibi adeo lectus dabitur, ubi tu hau somnum  
capias, sed ubi

usque ad languorem—tenes

quo se haec tendant quae loquor.

ain, excetra tu? quae tibi amicos tot habes tam probe  
oleo onustos,

num quopiam est hodie tua tuorum opera conser-  
vorum

nitidiusculum caput? aut num ipse ego pulmento  
utor magis

220

unctiusculo? sed scio, tu oleum hau magni pendis,  
vino

te devincis. sine modo,

reprehendam hercle ego cuncta una opera, nisi  
quidem hodie tu omnia

facis effecta haec ut loquor.

tu autem, quae pro capite argentum mihi iam iamque  
semper numeras,

ea pacisci modo scis, sed quod pacta es non scis  
solvere,

## PSEUDOLUS

dare do that to the fellows their passions make 'em slaves of?<sup>1</sup>

*Cal.* Ugh! Hush!

*Ps.* What's the matter?

*Cal.* It's small service you show me, a-blatthering in on what he (*indicating Ballio*) says.

*Ps.* Hushed I am.

*Cal.* But I had much rather see you so than hear you say you're so.

*Bal.* Now for you, Xystilis—accord me your attention! Your adorers have lots and lots of oil in store, *beau-coup* oil. If I don't soon have oil delivered here by the leather bagful, to-morrow you'll be put in a leather bag yourself and delivered to the brothel shed. Yes, and there you'll be given a bed, where you'll get no sleep, but where you'll get to the fainting-point—you follow the drift of my remarks. So, you viper? You with all those friends simply overladen with oil—yet, thanks to you, has any one of your fellow-slaves got a head the least bit shinier? Or do I find my own salad any the oleaginouser? But I understand—you don't think much of oil; what wins the day with you is wine. All right, all right! By the Lord, I'll settle all scores at one crack, I will, unless you get all this done to-day just as I tell you! And now for you, Phoenicium, you pet of the élite, that are eternally going to count me out the cash for your freedom, that only know how to make an agreement, with never a notion of how to fulfil it—this is my word to

<sup>1</sup> Vv. 206-7: And also prevents their doing to 'em what they don't want.

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<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following  
*simul prohibet faciant adversum eos quod nolunt.*

## TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

Phoenicium, tibi ego haec loquor, deliciae summatum  
virum :  
nisi hodie mi ex fundis tuorum amicorum omne huc  
penus adfertur,  
cras Phoenicium poeniceo corio invises pergulam.

I. 3.

*Cal.* Pseudole, non audis quae hic loquitur?

*Ps.* Audio, ere, equidem atque animum advorto. 230

*Cal.* Quid mi es auctor, huic ut mittam, ne amicam hic  
meam prostituat?

*Ps.* Nil curassis, liquido es animo : ego pro me et pro te  
curabo.

iam diu ego huic bene et hic mihi volumus, et amicitia  
est antiqua :

mittam hodie huic suo die natali malam rem magnam  
et maturam.

*Cal.* Quid opust?

*Ps.* Potin aliam rem ut cures?

*Cal.* At—

*Ps.* Bat.

*Cal.* Crucior.

*Ps.* Cor dura.

*Cal.* Non possum.

*Ps.* Fac possis.

*Cal.* Quonam pacto possim?

*Ps.* Vince animum.

in rem quod sit praevertaris quam in re advorsa  
animo auscultes.

*Cal.* Nugae istaec sunt : non iucundumst nisi amans facit  
stulte.

*Ps.* Pergin?



## PSEUDOLUS

you: unless your whole keep's brought to me here to-day from your friends' estates, then to-morrow you'll have a hide that's Phoenician purple, Phoenicium, and pay a visit to the brothel shed.  
(dismisses them and stands at the door surveying operations within)

### Scene 3.

Cal. (aside to Pseudolus, in great distress) Oh, Pseudolus, you hear what he says, don't you?

Ps. (meditative) Yes indeed, I hear it, sir, and I'm giving it good attention.

Cal. What do you advise me to send him, so that he won't prostitute my sweetheart?

Ps. Don't bother, sir, keep calm: I'll do the bothering for us both. (grimly) He and I have been exchanging good wishes this long time, and ours is an old-time friendship. So to-day being his birthday, I'll send him some big and full-blown agonies.

Cal. (hopeless again) What's the use?

Ps. (impatient) Bother about something else, can't you?

Cal. But, but——

Ps. Tut, tut!

Cal. I'm suffering so!

Ps. Steel your heart.

Cal. Impossible!

Ps. Make it possible.

Cal. But how is that possible?

Ps. Control your feelings. Concentrate on something helpful instead of letting your feelings conquer you in a crisis.

Cal. (plaintively) That's all nonsense! Why, there's no fun in being a lover if you can't be foolish!

Ps. (disgusted) Still at it, eh?

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Cal.* O Pseudole mi, sine sim nihili,  
mitte me sis.
- Ps.* Sino, modo ego abeam.
- Cal.* Mane, mane, iam ut voles med esse ita ero.
- Ps.* Nunc tu sapis. 240
- Bal.* It dies; ego mihi cesso.  
i prae, puere.
- Cal.* Heus, abit. quin revocas?
- Ps.* Quid properas? placide.
- Cal.* At prius quam abeat.
- Bal.* Quid<sup>1</sup> malum, tam placide is, puere?
- Ps.* Hodie nate, heus, hodie nate, tibi ego dico, heus,  
hodie nate,  
redi et respice ad nos. tametsi occupatu's,  
moramur. mane, em conloqui qui volunt te.
- Bal.* Quid hoc est? quis est qui moram mi occupato  
molestam optulit?
- Ps.* Qui tibi sospitalis  
fuit.
- Bal.* Mortuost qui fuit: qui sit usust.
- Ps.* Nimis superbe.
- Bal.* Nimis molestus.
- Cal.* Reprehende hominem, adsequere.
- Bal.* I puere.
- Ps.* Occedamus hac obviam.
- Bal.* Iuppiter te 250  
perdat, quisquis es.

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following *hoc*

## PSEUDOLUS

- Cal.* Oh, Pseudolus dear, do let me be a good-for-nothing, do please let me go!
- Ps.* (*icily, moving away*) I'll let you, only I must be off myself.
- Cal.* (*seizing him*) Wait, wait, I'll be just what you want me to be at once.
- Ps.* Now you show sense.
- Bal.* (*after a last growl at those within*) Time's flying, and here am I loitering. Go before me, boy. (*they move off*)
- Cal.* (*aside, nudging Pseudolus*) Hey! He's going! Why don't you call him back?
- Ps.* (*aside, to Calidorus*) What's your hurry? Go slow.
- Cal.* But before he goes away!
- Bal.* (*giving the boy a shove*) What the devil makes you such a slow-coach, boy?
- Ps.* (*stepping out and shouting to Ballio*) Birthday baby! hey, birthday baby! (*Ballio clearly recognizes the voice, but goes on*) Hey, it's you I'm talking to, birthday baby! Come back here, look back here like a friend! You may be busy, but we want you. Wait! Hi! Some people want a word with you!
- Bal.* (*stopping, but not looking*) What's all this? Who has dared pester me with this delay when I'm busy?
- Ps.* A past benefactor of yours.
- Bal.* (*not looking*) A past one's a dead one: a present one's needed.
- Ps.* You're mighty arrogant.
- Bal.* (*moving on*) You're mighty pestiferous.
- Cal.* Grab him! Get after him!
- Bal.* On, boy!
- Ps.* Let's go this way and head him off! (*they run out in front of Ballio*)
- Bal.* (*still refusing to look*) Whoever you are, I hope to see you damned!

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Ps.* Te volo.
- Bal.* At vos ego ambos.  
vorte hac te, puere.
- Ps.* Non licet conloqui te?
- Bal.* At mihi non lubet.
- Ps.* Sin tuamst quippiam in rem?
- Bal.* Licetne, opsecro, bitere an non licet?
- Ps.* Vah,  
manta.
- Bal.* Omitte.
- Cal.* Ballio, audi.
- Bal.* Surdus sum <sup>1</sup> profecto inanilogistae.
- Cal.* Dedi dum fuit.
- Bal.* Non peto quod dedisti.
- Cal.* Dabo quando erit.
- Bal.* Ducito quando habebis.
- Cal.* Eheu, quam ego malis perdidisti modis  
quod tibi detuli et quod dedi.
- Bal.* Mortua  
verba re nunc facis; stultus es, rem actam agis. 20
- Ps.* Nosce saltem hunc quis est.
- Bal.* Iam diu scio  
qui fuit: nunc qui sit ipse sciat.  
ambula tu.
- Ps.* Potin ut semel modo,  
Ballio, huc cum lucro respicias?
- Bal.* Respiciam istoc pretio; nam si sacrificem summo  
Iovi  
atque in manibus exta teneam, ut poriciam, interea  
loci  
si lucri quid detur, potius rem divinam deseram.  
non potest pietati opsisti huic, utut res sunt ceterae.

<sup>1</sup> Corrupt (Leo): *inanilogista es Ital.*

## PSEUDOLUS

- Ps.* I want to see (*innocently emphatic*) you.
- Bal.* (*taking offence*) But I want to see you both! (*starting off in the opposite direction*) Turn round, boy, this way!
- Ps.* (*seizing him*) Isn't a word with you allowable?
- Bal.* But not agreeable.
- Ps.* If it's something to your advantage?
- Bal.* (*trying to release himself*) Is it allowable or unallowable to go my way, damn it?
- Ps.* (*clinging hard*) There, there! Don't leave!
- Bal.* Let go!
- Cal.* Ballio, listen!
- Bal.* I'm deaf—that is, to a gabblespender.
- Cal.* (*hurt*) I gave while I could.
- Bal.* I'm not after what you gave.
- Cal.* And I'll give when I can.
- Bal.* Then take (*with a wave toward his house*) when you get.
- Cal.* Dear, dear! The awful way I wasted all I brought you, all I gave you.
- Bal.* (*eyes still averted*) Your assets being dead, you now make speeches. Poor fool, you're whipping a dead horse.
- Ps.* At least look and see who this gentleman is.
- Bal.* I've long known who he has been: who he is now he can know for himself. (*escapes from Pseudolus' grip and joins the boy*) Step along, you!
- Ps.* Can't you give us just one friendly look, Ballio, (*very ingratiatingly*) to your own profit?
- Bal.* (*half aside, stopping*) I can, at that price. Why, if I was sacrificing to Jove supreme, ay, with the organs in my hands to put on the altar, and a chance for profits suddenly appeared, my offering would be all off. Profit's a kind of piety you can't resist, be everything else as it may.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Ps.* Deos quidem, quos maxume aequom est metuere,  
eos minimi facit.
- Bal.* Compellabo. salve multum, serve Athenis pessume. 270
- Ps.* Di te deaeque ament vel huius arbitrato vel meo,  
vel, si dignu's alio pacto, neque ament nec faciant  
bene.
- Bal.* Quid agitur, Calidore?
- Cal.* Amatur atque egetur acriter.
- Bal.* Misereat, si familiam alere possim misericordia.
- Ps.* Heia, scimus nos quidem te qualis sis; ne praedices.  
sed scin quid nos volumus?
- Bal.* Pol ego propemodum: ut male sit mihi.
- Ps.* Et id et hoc quod te revocamus. quaeso animum  
advorte.
- Bal.* Audio.  
atque in pauca, ut occupatus nunc sum, confer quid  
velis.
- Ps.* Hunc pudet, quod tibi promisit quaque id promisit  
die,  
quia tibi minas viginti pro amica etiam non dedit. 280
- Bal.* Nimio id quod pudet facilius fertur quam illud  
quod piget.  
non dedisse istunc pudet: me quia non accepi piget.
- Ps.* At dabit, parabit: aliquot hos dies manta modo.  
nam hic id metuit, ne illam vendas ob simultatem  
suam.
- Bal.* Fuit occasio, si vellet, iam pridem argentum ut daret.
- Cal.* Quid, si non habui?

## PSEUDOLUS

- Ps.* (*aside to Calidorus*) The very gods, whom men should most revere, are mocked by him.
- Bal.* (*aside*) I'll speak to him. (*to Pseudolus*) A very good day to you, you scurviest slave in Athens!
- Ps.* And you be God-blessed to the full extent that he (*indicating Calidorus*) or I desire—or in case you deserve something different, God bless and help you not one bit.
- Bal.* How goes it, Calidorus?
- Cal.* (*with a propitiating smile*) I'm in agony, in love, and insolvent.
- Bal.* (*coldly*) Very pitiful—if I could keep my household running on pity.
- Ps.* There, there! We jolly well know what you are: no announcement's needed. But do you know what we want?
- Bal.* (*indifferently*) Yes indeed, just about—to see me in a mess.
- Ps.* That, and also the thing we called you back for. Now please do pay attention.
- Bal.* I'm listening. State what you want, and make it short, for this is my busy day.
- Ps.* He (*indicating Calidorus*) feels ashamed that he hasn't yet paid you the eighty pounds for his girl that he promised you and on the day he promised it.
- Bal.* (*dryly*) It's a great deal easier to stand feeling ashamed than feeling annoyed. He feels ashamed at not having paid: I feel annoyed at not being paid.
- Ps.* But he will pay, he'll raise it: wait for just these next few days. You see, he's afraid you'll sell her, out of animosity.
- Bal.* He had a chance to give me that money long ago, if he had wanted to.
- Cal.* What if I didn't have it?

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Bal.* Si amabas, invenires mutuom,  
ad danistam devenires, adderes faenusculum,  
surruperes patri.
- Ps.* Surruperet hic patri, audacissime?  
non periculumst ne quid recte monstres.
- Bal.* Non lenoniumst.
- Cal.* Egon patri surruperere possim quicquam, tam cauto  
seni?  
atque adeo, si facere possim, pietas prohibet. 290
- Bal.* Audio.  
pietatem ergo istam amplexator noctu pro Phoenicio.  
sed cum pietatem te amoris video tuo praevortere,  
omnes homines tibi patres sunt? nullus est tibi  
quem roges  
mutuom argentum?
- Cal.* Quin nomen quoque iam interiit mutuom.
- Ps.* Heus tu, postquam hercle isti a mensa surgunt satis  
poti viri,  
qui suum repetunt, alienum reddunt nato nemini,  
postilla omnes cautiores sunt, ne credant alteri.
- Cal.* Nimis miser sum, nummum nusquam reperire argenti  
queo;  
ita miser et amore pereor et inopia argentaria. 300
- Bal.* Eme die caeca hercle olivom, id vendito oculata die:  
iam hercle vel ducentae fieri possunt praesentes  
minae.
- Cal.* Perii, annorum lex me perdit quinavicenaria.  
metuont credere omnes.
- Bal.* Eadem est mihi lex: metuo credere.
- Ps.* Credere autem? eho an paenitet te, quanto hic  
fuerit usui?

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<sup>1</sup> Morris' interpretation of the puzzling *caeca . . . oculata die*.

<sup>2</sup> The *lex quinavicenaria* is the *lex Plaetoria* which protected *minores*, those under twenty-five years of age.



## PSEUDOLUS

- Bal.* (*scornfully*) Really in love, you'd have found a friendly loan, made off to a moneylender, added the itemette of interest, rooked your father.
- Ps.* (*much shocked*) He rook his father, you wicked, wicked man? No danger of your giving any good counsel!
- Bal.* No pimp does.
- Cal.* Could I rook my father of anything, when he's such a canny old soul? And besides, even if I could, filial affection forbids.
- Bal.* I understand. Then at night just hug that filial affection, instead of Phoenicium. But seeing as I do that your love comes second to your filial affection, may I inquire if everyone is your father? Is there no one you can ask for a friendly loan?
- Cal.* Why, nowadays the very phrase "friendly loan" is obsolete.
- Ps.* (*to Ballio*) Lord, man! After those banker chaps got all full up and left their places—the ones that called in their own money and let no living soul have his—after that, by gad, everyone's more cautious about trusting anyone.
- Cal.* Oh, it's terrible, terrible! Not a penny can I turn up anywhere. Such a terrible state, to be dying of two things—love and lack of funds!
- Bal.* Well, buy oil on credit and sell it for cash.<sup>1</sup> Why, you can clear up a cool eight hundred pounds in no time, ready money.
- Cal.* But, oh dear me, I'm done for by that law regarding minors!<sup>2</sup> Everyone's afraid of giving credit.
- Bal.* The same law binds me: I am afraid of giving credit.
- Ps.* Credit? Indeed? My word, aren't you satisfied with all the use you've made of him?

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

*Bal.* Non est usu quisquam amator nisi qui perpetuat  
data;

det, det usque: quando nil sit, simul amare desinat.

*Cal.* Nilne te miseret?

*Bal.* Inanis cedis, dicta non sonant.  
atque ego te vivom salvomque vellem.

*Ps.* Eho an iam mortuost?

*Bal.* Vtut est, mihi quidem profecto cum istis dictis mor-  
tuost:

310

ilico vixit amator, ubi lenoni supplicat.

semper tu ad me cum argentata accedito querimonia;  
nam istuc quod nunc lamentare, non esse argentum  
tibi,

apud novercam querere.

*Ps.* Eho an umquam tu huius nupsisti patri?

*Bal.* Di melius faciant.

*Ps.* Face hoc quod te rogamus, Ballio,  
mea fide, si isti formidas credere. ego in hoc triduo  
aut terra aut mari alicunde evolvam id argentum tibi.

*Bal.* Tibi ego credam?

*Ps.* Quor non?

*Bal.* Quia pol qua opera credam tibi,  
una opera alligem fugitivam canem agninis lactibus.

*Cal.* Sicine mi abs te bene merenti male refertur gratia? 320

*Bal.* Quid nunc vis?

*Cal.* Vt opperiare hos sex dies aliquos modo,  
ne illam vendas neu me perdas hominem amantem.

*Bal.* Animo bono es.

vel sex menses opperibor.

*Cal.* Euge, homo lepidissime.

## PSEUDOLUS

- Bal.* No lover's useful, except the kind that's a perpetual endowment. He should give, and keep on giving: when everything's gone, he should give up loving.
- Cal.* Have you no mercy?
- Bal.* There's nothing in you; words don't chink. And yet I wish you were alive and well.
- Ps.* I say! He isn't dead already?
- Bal.* Whatever he is, I certainly pronounce him dead, talking like that: life's over for a lover, once he comes to a pimp with appeals. (*to Calidorus with a frosty smile*) Always trot up to me with any complaint that's silver-plated. As for your present wail that you have no money, you're complaining to a stepmother.
- Ps.* I say! Were you ever his father's wife?
- Bal.* God forbid!
- Ps.* (*urgently*) Do what we ask you, Ballio. If you're timorous about trusting him, rely on me. Within the next three days, from land or sea or somewhere, I'll educe this money for you.
- Bal.* I trust you?
- Ps.* Why not?
- Bal.* Lord! Because I'd as soon trust you as tie up a runaway dog with a string of lambs' intestines.
- Cal.* (*very woeiful*) You mean to return me evil for good this way?
- Bal.* (*reflecting, then genially*) What do you want now?
- Cal.* (*eagerly*) For you to wait just the next six days or so, and not sell her and be the death of me that love her.
- Bal.* (*patting his shoulder*) Cheer up! I'll wait six months, even. (*Pseudolus is momentarily surprised*)
- Cal.* (*ecstatically hugging Ballio*) Oh, glorious! You dear, delightful man!

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

*Bal.* Immo vin etiam te faciam ex laeto laetantem magis?

*Cal.* Quid iam?

*Bal.* Quia enim non venalem iam habeo Phoenicium.

*Cal.* Non habes?

*Bal.* Non hercle vero.

*Cal.* Pseudole, ei accerse hostias, victumas, lanios, ut ego huic sacrificem summo Iovi; nam hic mihi nunc est multo potior Iuppiter quam Iuppiter.

*Bal.* Nolo victumas: agninis me extis placari volo.

*Cal.* Propera, quid stas? ei accerse agnos. audin quid ait Iuppiter? 330

*Ps.* Iam hic ero; verum extra portam mi etiam currendumst prius.

*Cal.* Quid eo?

*Ps.* Lanios inde accersam duo cum tintinnabulis, eadem duo greges virgarum inde ulmearum adegero, ut hodie ad litationem huic suppetat satias Iovi.

*Bal.* I in malam crucem.

*Ps.* Istuc ibit Iuppiter lenonius.<sup>1</sup>

*Bal.* Ex tua re non est, ut ego emoriar.

*Ps.* Quidum?

*Bal.* Sic, quia si ego emortuos sim, Athenis te sit nemo nequior.

*Cal.* Dic mihi, obsecro hercle, verum serio hoc quod te rogo. 340  
non habes venalem amicam tu meam Phoenicium?

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following vv., 336-337:

*Bal.* *Ex tua re est, ut ego emoriar.*

*Ps.* *Quidum?*

*Bal.* *Ego dicam tibi: quia edepol, dum ego vivos vivam, numquam eris frugi bonae.*

<sup>1</sup> Executioners lived outside the Esquiline Gate.

<sup>2</sup> Vv. 336-337:

*Bal.* It'll do you good to have me dead.

## PSEUDOLUS

*Bal.* (*warming up surprisingly*) That's nothing. Want me to make your joy more joyous still?

*Cal.* (*all agog*) How can that be?

*Bal.* Well, because I haven't got Phoenicium for sale now. (*Pseudolus glowers*)

*Cal.* You haven't?

*Bal.* I haven't, by gad, really.

*Cal.* (*wild with joy*) Go, Pseudolus! Fetch offerings, victims, and them that slay them, that I may do sacrifice to this Jove Supreme! Ah, yes, a much mightier Jove to me is he now than Jove himself!

*Bal.* (*modestly*) No victims, pray. Some lambs' inwards will suffice for propitiating me.

*Cal.* (*to Pseudolus*) Speed! Why stand you still? Go, fetch lambs! Hear you not the words of Jove?

*Ps.* I'll be back soon; but I've got to go out beyond the city gate on the run, first.

*Cal.* Why there?

*Ps.* (*glaring at Ballio*) It's from there I'll fetch "them that slay,"<sup>1</sup> two of 'em, clanking along, and at the same time I'll drive up two flocks of elm rods, so that there'll be plenty coming to this Jove to-day to make his sacrifice successful.

*Bal.* You be hanged!

*Ps.* Precisely the fate of your pimpship Jove<sup>2</sup>!

*Bal.* It'll do you harm to have me dead.

*Ps.* Pray how?

*Bal.* This is how—once I was dead, there'd be no one in Athens more utterly useless than you.

*Cal.* (*bewildered*) For God's sake, answer me this question—but in sober earnest! You haven't got my girl Phoenicium for sale?

*Ps.* Pray how?

*Bal.* I'll tell you: because so long as I'm alive and live, by gad, you'll never amount to anything.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

*Bal.* Non edepol habeo profecto, nam iam pridem vendidi.

*Cal.* Quo modo?

*Bal.* Sine ornamentis, cum intestinis omnibus.

*Cal.* Meam tu amicam vendidisti?

*Bal.* Valde, viginti minis.

*Cal.* Viginti minis?

*Bal.* Vtrum vis, vel quater quinis minis,  
militi Macedonio, et iam quindecim habeo minas.

*Cal.* Quid ego ex te audio?

*Bal.* Amicam tuam esse factam argenteam.

*Cal.* Cur id ausu's facere?

*Bal.* Libuit, mea fuit.

*Cal.* Eho, Pseudole,  
ei, gladium adfer.

*Ps.* Quid opus gladio?

*Cal.* Qui hunc occidam atque me.

*Ps.* Quin tu ted occidis potius? nam hunc fames iam  
occiderit. 350

*Cal.* Quid ais, quantum terram<sup>1</sup> tetigit hominum periuris-  
sume?

iuravistin te illam nulli venditurum nisi mihi?

*Bal.* Fateor.

*Cal.* Nempe conceptis verbis?

*Bal.* Etiam consutis quoque.

*Cal.* Periuravisti, sceleste.

*Bal.* At argentum intro condidi.  
ego scelestus nunc argentum promere possum domo :  
tu qui pius, istoc es genere gnatus, nummum non  
habes.

*Cal.* Pseudole, adsiste altrim secus atque onera hunc  
maledictis.

*Ps.* Licet.

numquam ad praetorem aequae cursim curram, ut  
emittar manu.

<sup>1</sup> *terram tetigit* Geppert : *terra tegit* corrupt (Leo).

## PSEUDOLUS

(*with his old disdain*) Lord, no! I certainly have not, inasmuch as I sold her long ago.

(*dazed*) Eh? How?

Without a wardrobe, but intestinally complete.

(*exchanging glances with Pseudolus, then tragically*)

You have sold my girl?

Exactly. For eighty pounds.

For eighty pounds?

Or for four times twenty pounds—take your pick—to a Macedonian soldier, and sixty pounds are already paid me.

What do I hear you say?

That your girl has been turned into silver.

What made you dare do that?

My fancy. She was mine.

(*wildly*) Ha! Go, Pseudolus! Bring a sword!

A sword? Why that?

That I may end his days, and mine!

Why not just end your own? For his will soon be ended by starvation.

(*to Ballio*) Answer me, most perjured soul that e'er set foot on earth! Did you not swear to sell her to none but me?

(*carelessly*) Admitted.

Aye, and in formal fitting terms?

Yes, and ones that showed trim tailoring.

You have perjured yourself, scoundrel!

But I have stored up cash at home. I, the scoundrel pimp, can now draw cash from my own coffers: you, the filial paragon, for all your family, haven't got a penny.

Pseudolus, stand on the other side of him and load him up with ugly names.

(*closing in on Ballio with alacrity*) Right you are. I'd never hurry so, hurrying to the praetor to be set free.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

<i>Cal.</i>	Ingere mala multa.		
<i>Ps.</i>		Iam ego te differam dictis meis.	
	impudice.		
<i>Bal.</i>		Itast.	
<i>Cal.</i>		Sceleste.	
<i>Bal.</i>		Dicis vera.	
<i>Ps.</i>			Verbero. 360
<i>Bal.</i>	Quirvini?		
<i>Cal.</i>		Bustirape.	
<i>Bal.</i>		Certo.	
<i>Ps.</i>		Furcifer.	
<i>Bal.</i>			Factum optume.
<i>Cal.</i>	Sociofraude.		
<i>Bal.</i>		Sunt mea istaec.	
<i>Ps.</i>		Parricida.	
<i>Bal.</i>			Perge tu.
<i>Cal.</i>	Sacrilege.		
<i>Bal.</i>		Fateor.	
<i>Ps.</i>		Periure.	
<i>Bal.</i>			Vetera vacinamini.
<i>Cal.</i>	Legirupa.		
<i>Bal.</i>		Valide.	
<i>Ps.</i>		Permities adolescentum.	
<i>Bal.</i>			Acerrume.
<i>Cal.</i>	Fur.		
<i>Bal.</i>		Babae.	
<i>Ps.</i>		Fugitive.	
<i>Bal.</i>		Bombax.	
<i>Cal.</i>		Fraus populi.	
<i>Bal.</i>			Planissume.
<i>Ps.</i>	Fraudulente.		
<i>Cal.</i>		Impure.	
<i>Ps.</i>		Leno.	
<i>Cal.</i>		Caenum.	
<i>Bal.</i>			Cantores probos.



## PSEUDOLUS

Let him have a lot of bad ones.

(*to Ballio*) Here's where you get talked to tatters!

You shameless thing!

(*unperturbed*) Just so.

Scoundrel!

Quite true.

Whipping-post!

Of course.

Tomb-robber!

To be sure.

Gallows-bird!

Very good.

Friend-swindler!

It all fits.

Parricide!

(*to Calidorus*) Do proceed, you.

Sacrilegious knave!

Admitted.

Perjurer!

The same old songs.

Law-breaker!

Powerfully put.

Blight of the youth!

Very biting.

Thief!

La! La!

Runaway!

La-de-da!

Public imposition!

Plain as can be.

Impostor!

Filth!

Pimp!

Slime!

Sweet choristers.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Cal.* Verberavisti patrem atque matrem.  
*Bal.* Atque occidi quoque,  
 potius quam cibum praeberem: num peccavi  
 quippiam?
- Ps.* In pertusum ingerimus dicta dolium, operam ludimus.  
*Bal.* Numquid aliud etiam vultis dicere?
- Cal.* Ecquid te pudet? 370  
*Bal.* Ten, amatorem esse inventum inanem quasi cassam  
 nucem?  
 verum quamquam multa malaque dicta dixistis mihi,  
 nisi mihi hodie attulerit miles quinque quas debet  
 minas,  
 sicut haec est praestituta summa ei argento dies,  
 si id non adfert, posse opinor facere me officium  
 meum.
- Cal.* Quid id est?  
*Bal.* Si tu argentum attuleris, cum illo perdidero fidem:  
 hoc meum est officium. ego, operae si sit, plus  
 tecum loquar;  
 sed sine argento frustra es qui me tui misereri  
 postulas.  
 haec meast sententia, ut tu hinc porro quid agas  
 consulas.
- Cal.* Iamne abis?  
*Bal.* Negoti nunc sum plenus.  
*Ps.* Paulo post magis. 380  
 illic homo meus est, nisi omnes di me atque homines  
 deserunt.  
 exossabo ego illum simulter itidem ut murenam  
 coquos.  
 nunc, Calidone, te mihi operam dare volo.
- Cal.* Ecquid imperas?  
*Ps.* Hoc ego oppidum admoenire, ut hodie capiatur, volo;  
 ad eam rem usust homine astuto, docto, cauto et  
 callido,

## PSEUDOLUS

*Cal.* You beat your father and mother!

*Bal.* Yes, killed 'em too, rather than keep feeding 'em.  
You don't feel I was at fault?

*Ps.* (*to Calidorus, disgustedly*) We're pouring words  
into a broken pot: our effort's wasted.

*Bal.* (*politely*) No additional remarks you two wish to  
make?

*Cal.* Are you ashamed of nothing?

*Bal.* Or you of being shown up as a gallant that has got  
nothing, an empty nut? But even though you two  
have treated me to all this abuse, unless the soldier  
brings me the twenty pounds he owes to-day—this  
day being the time limit set for payment—if he  
doesn't bring it, I fancy I am able to do my  
duty.

*Cal.* What is that?

*Bal.* Bring me the money yourself, and I shall break my  
agreement with him: this is my duty. (*turning to  
go*) If I had time, I should prolong this interview.  
But without money you are absurd to be looking to  
me for pity. These are my sentiments, so you can  
proceed to shape your course accordingly.

*Cal.* You're going already?

*Bal.* I have much on my hands at present.

[*EXEUNT Ballio AND BOY.*]

*Ps.* (*viciously, as they disappear*) And more a little later!  
(*to Calidorus, with apparent confidence*) I've got  
that chap, unless all gods and men desert me.  
I'll bone him, bone him the samewise as a cook  
does a lamprey. (*assuming complete authority*) Now,  
Calidorus, I want your assistance.

*Cal.* (*with mock deference*) And your orders, sir?

*Ps.* I want to laysiege this town (*nodding in the direc-  
tion Ballio went*) and capture it to-day. For this  
operation I need a man, a clever, knowing man,

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- qui imperata ecfecta reddat, non qui vigilans dormiat.  
*Cal.* Cedo mihi, quid es facturus?  
*Ps.* Temperi ego faxo scies.  
 nolo bis iterari, sat sic longae fiunt fabulae.  
*Cal.* Optimum atque aequissimum oras.  
*Ps.* Propera, adduc hominem cito.  
*Cal.* Pauci ex multis sunt amici, homini qui certi sient. 390  
*Ps.* Ego scio istuc. ergo utrumque, tibi nunc dilectum  
 para  
 ex multis atque exquire illinc unum qui certus siet.  
*Cal.* Iam hic faxo aderit.  
*Ps.* Potin ut abeas? tibi moram dictis creas.

## I. 4.

postquam illic hinc abiit, tu astas solus, Pseudole.  
 quid nunc acturu's, postquam erili filio  
 largitu's dictis dapsilis? ubi sunt ea?  
 quoi neque paratast gutta certi consili,<sup>1</sup>  
 neque exordiri primum unde occipias habes,  
 neque ad detexundam telam certos terminos. 400  
 sed quasi poeta, tabulas cum cepit sibi,  
 quaerit quod nusquamst gentium, reperit tamen,  
 facit illud veri simile, quod mendacium est,  
 nunc ego poeta fiam: viginti minas,  
 quae nusquam nunc sunt gentium, inveniam tamen.<sup>2</sup>  
 sed comprimundast vox mihi atque oratio:  
 erum eccum video huc Simonem una simul 410  
 cum suo vicino Calliphone incedere.

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following v., 398:  
*neque adeo argenti—neque nunc quid faciam scio.*

<sup>2</sup> Leo brackets following vv., 406–408:  
*atque ego me iam pridem huic daturum dixeram  
 et volui inicere tragulam in nostrum senem;  
 verum is nescio quo pacto praesensit prius.*

## PSEUDOLUS

sharp and sly, that carries orders through to completion and doesn't go to sleep on duty.

*Cal.* Tell me, what are you going to do?

*Ps.* I shall let you know in due season. I object to repetitions; plays are long enough as it is.

*Cal.* A perfectly sound and proper observation.

*Ps.* Hurry, get your man here quickly.

*Cal.* (*hesitating*) Few friends out of many can really be counted on.

*Ps.* I know that. So you have a double job—make a selected list from the many, and then pick out one man that can be counted on.

*Cal.* (*going, slowly*) I'll have him here soon.

*Ps.* Can't you be gone? Your talk only delays you.  
[EXIT *Calidorus*.]

### Scene 4.

Well, he's gone, so here you stand alone, Pseudolus. Now what'll you do, after having regaled the young master so royally with your talk? Where is that regalement? Here you are without a drop of definite counsel,<sup>1</sup> or any notion where first to begin setting up your web, or exactly where to end your weaving. But the same as a poet, once his tablets are in hand, hunts for what is nowhere on this earth, yet finds it, and makes a lie look like the truth, I'll turn poet myself now. That eighty pounds is nowhere on this earth now, yet I'll discover it.<sup>2</sup> (*looking down the street*) But I must get my voice and oratory under control! There's my master Simo ambling up here along with his neighbour, Callipho. He's

<sup>1</sup> V. 398: No cash, of course—and no idea what to do now.

<sup>2</sup> Vv. 406–408: Yes, and I had said I'd give it to him long ago and wanted to open fire on our old man. But somehow or other he smelled it out beforehand.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ex hoc sepulcro vetere viginti minas  
effodiam ego hodie, quas dem erili filio.  
nunc huc concedam, unde horum sermonem legam.

I. 5.

*Si.* Si de damnosis aut si de amatoribus  
dictator fiat nunc Athenis Atticis,  
nemo anteveniat filio, credo, meo :  
ita nunc per urbem solus sermoni omnibust,  
eum velle amicam liberare et quaerere  
argentum ad eam rem. hoc alii mihi renuntiant ;  
atque id iam pridem sensi et subolebat mihi,  
sed dissimulabam.

*Ps.* Iam illi fetet filius.  
occisa est haec res, haeret hoc negotium.  
quo in commeatum volui argentarium  
proficisci, ibi nunc oppido opsaeptast via.  
praesensit : nihil est praedae praedatoribus.

*Call.* Homines qui gestant quique auscultant crimina,  
si meo arbitrato liceat, omnes pendeant,  
gestores linguis, auditores auribus.  
nam istaec quae tibi renuntiantur, filium  
te velle amantem argento circumducere,  
fors fuat an istaec dicta sint mendacia ;  
sed si sint ea vera, ut nunc mos est, maxume,  
quid mirum fecit ? quid novom, adulescens homo  
si amat, si amicam liberat ?

*Ps.* Lepidum senem.

*Si.* Vetus nolo faciat.

*Call.* At enim nequiquam nevis ;  
vel tu ne faceres tale in adulescentia.

## PSEUDOLUS

the old tomb I'll dig eighty pounds out of to-day to give the young master. I'll just drop back here now and pick up their conversation. (*withdraws into the alley*)

Scene 5.

ENTER *Simo* AND *Callipho*.

*Si.* (*choleric*) If they combed the ranks of the spend-thrifts and the rakes for a dictator now in Attic Athens, I do believe no candidate would come before my son! Why, it's the one thing the whole city's talking about—how he wants to set his mistress free and is trying to find the money for it. I got this report from others; and yet it's something I long ago surmised myself and got scent of, without letting on, though.

*Ps.* (*aside*) H'm! Son smells rank to him already. That's a death-blow to this plan, this scheme's stuck. Here I wanted to go foraging for cash, and now find the road to the place cut off completely. With his premonitions, there's nothing for pillagers to pillage.

*Call.* (*vigorously*) If I could have my way, tale-bearers and their hearers would all be strung up, the bearers by their tongues, the hearers by their ears. Now those reports you get, about your son having an affair and wanting to waylay you for money—very likely they're a pack of lies. But suppose they're true, has he done anything surprising, especially when moral standards are what they are to-day? If a lad's in love and sets his lady free, is that a new thing?

*Ps.* (*aside*) Delightful old gentleman!

*Si.* (*doggedly*) I object to his doing an old thing.

*Call.* Ah, but your objections don't count; or else you shouldn't have done the same thing in your own

## TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

probum patrem esse oportet qui gnatum suum  
esse probiorem quam ipse fuerit postulet.  
nam tu quod damni et quod fecisti flagiti  
populo virum potuit dispertiri.  
idne tu mirare, si patris filius?

*Ps.*     ὦ Ζεῦ, quam pauci estis homines commodes.   em,  
illic est pater patrem esse ut aequum est filio.

*Si.*     Quis hic loquitur? meus est hic quidem servus  
Pseudolus.

hic mihi corrumpit filium, scelerum caput;  
hic dux, hic illi est paedagogus, hunc ego  
cupio excruciar.

*Call.*                               Iam istaec insipientiast,  
iram in promptu gerere.   quanto satius est  
adire blandis verbis atque exquirere,  
sintne illa necne sint quae tibi renuntiant.  
bonus animus in mala re dimidiumst mali.

*Si.*     Tibi auscultabo.

*Ps.*                               Itur ad te, Pseudole.  
orationem tibi para adversum senem.  
erum saluto primum, ut aequumst; postea,  
si quid superfit, vicinos impertio.

*Si.*     Salve.   quid agitur?

*Ps.*                               Statur hic ad hunc modum.

*Si.*     Statum vide hominis, Callipho, quam basilicum.

*Call.*   Bene confidenterque adstitisse intellego.



## PSEUDOLUS

youth. It behooves a father to be blameless, if he expects his son to be more blameless than he was himself. As for you, your extravagances and enormities were numerous enough to go round the city, one apiece. And you're surprised if he's his father's son?

*Ps.* (*in an undertone*) *Mon dieu!* How few ye be, ye men with the proper spirit! There! That's the sort of father a father should be to a son. (*steps out*)

*Si.* (*looking about*) Who's that speaking? (*aside to Callipho*) Oh, yes, it's that slave Pseudolus of mine! He's the one that corrupts my son for me, the sink of iniquity! He's the leader, he's the lad's tutor in it, he's the one I long to rack!

*Call.* (*aside to Simo, soothingly*) That's nonsensical now, to make a display of anger. How much better to approach him pleasantly and inquire into the truth or falsehood of those reports. "Ill well met is half-ill only."

*Si.* I'll take your advice.

*Ps.* (*aside, as they come toward him*) They're charging you, Pseudolus. Get your speech ready for the old boy. (*aloud, flippantly*) Greetings to my master first, as is proper; then, if there are any left, I let the neighbours (*with a sweeping bow to Callipho*) have some.

*Si.* (*trying to be gracious*) Ah, Pseudolus! And what are you doing?

*Ps.* (*very dignified and commanding, hand on hip*) Standing here in the attitude you note.

*Si.* (*struggling with his temper*) Look at that attitude, Callipho—the regality of it!

*Call.* (*placatingly*) Oh, an attitude of manly self-confidence, I take it.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Ps.* Decet innocentem qui sit atque innoxium 460  
servom superbum esse, apud erum potissimum.
- Call.* Sunt quae te volumus percontari, quae quasi  
per nebulam nosmet scimus atque audivimus.
- Si.* Conficiet iam te hic verbis, ut tu censeas  
non Pseudolum, sed Socratem tecum loqui.
- Ps.* Itast, iam pridem tu me spernis, sentio.  
parvam esse apud te mihi fidem ipse intellego.  
cupis me esse nequam: tamen ero frugi bonae.
- Si.* Fac sis vocivas, Pseudole, aedis aurium,  
mea ut migrare dicta possint quo volo. 470
- Ps.* Age loquere quidvis, tametsi tibi suscenseo.
- Si.* Mihin domino servos tu suscenses?
- Ps.* Tam tibi  
mirum id videtur?
- Si.* Hercle qui, ut tu praedicas,  
cavendum est mi aps te irato; atque alio tu modo  
me verberare atque ego te soleo cogitas.  
quid censes?
- Call.* Edepol merito esse iratum arbitror,  
quom apud te parvast ei fides.
- Si.* Iam sic sino;  
iratus sit: ego, ne quid noceat, caverò.  
sed quid ais? quid hoc, quod te rogo?
- Ps.* Si quid vis, roga. 480  
quod scibo, Delphis tibi responsum dicito.
- Si.* Advorte ergo animum et fac sis promissi memor.  
quid ais? ecquam scis filium tibicinam.  
meum amare?

## PSEUDOLUS

- Ps.* It befits a guileless and guiltless slave, if so he be, to have a proud air, in his master's presence especially.
- Call.* There are some matters about which we wish to question you, matters we know of and heard of ourselves in a cloudy sort of way.
- Si.* (*to Callipho, peevishly*) He'll soon talk you into thinking you're having a dialogue with Socrates instead of Pseudolus.
- Ps.* (*virtuously*) Just so. You've long had a poor opinion of me, I'm well aware. I know you hold me as a man of little honesty. You want me, want me, to be worthless: but I will be good for something.
- Si.* (*ironically*) Kindly empty your auricular apartments, Pseudolus, and let my own words find suitable quarters.
- Ps.* Go ahead, say what you like, even though I am incensed at you.
- Si.* You, a slave, incensed at me, your master?
- Ps.* You find that quite amazing, eh?
- Si.* Gad! From what you say, I must beware of you in your wrath. Ah, yes, you're planning to give me a different sort of beating than I'm in the habit of giving you. (*to Callipho*) What do you think?
- Call.* (*with a covert wink at Simo*) By Jove, it's my opinion that wrath is justified when you hold him as a man of little honesty.
- Si.* All right, all right. Let him keep his wrath: I'll take good care not to suffer from it. (*to Pseudolus*) But see here, what of this matter I'm asking about? (*pauses*)
- Ps.* If you want anything, ask. Consider my reply your response from Delphi. (*poses as a priestess*)
- Si.* Then accord me your attention and mind you remember your promise. See here—do you know of my son's being in love with a music-girl?

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Ps.* Ναὶ γάρ.  
*Si.* Liberare quam velit?  
*Ps.* Καὶ τοῦτο ναὶ γάρ.  
*Si.* Ecquas viginti minas<sup>1</sup>  
 paritas ut auferas a me?  
*Ps.* Abs te ego auferam?  
*Si.* Ita, quas meo gnato des, qui amicam liberet?  
 fatere, dic.  
*Ps.* Καὶ τοῦτο ναί, καὶ τοῦτο ναί.  
*Call.* Fatetur.  
*Si.* Dixin, Callipho, dudum tibi?  
*Call.* Memini.  
*Si.* Quor haec, tu ubi rescivisti ilico,  
 celata me sunt? quor non rescivi?  
*Ps.* Eloquar.  
 quia nolebam ex me morem progigni malum,  
 erum ut servos crimineret apud erum.  
*Si.* Iuberes hunc praecipitem in pistrinum trahi.  
*Call.* Numquid peccatum est, Simo?  
*Si.* Immo maxime.  
*Ps.* Desiste, recte ego meam rem sapio, Callipho;  
 peccata mea sunt. animum advorte nunciam  
 quapropter te expertem amoris nati habuerim<sup>2</sup>:  
 pistrinum in mundo scibam, si dixem, mihi.  
*Si.* Non a me scibas pistrinum in mundo tibi,  
 cum ea mussitabas?  
*Ps.* Scibam.  
*Si.* Quin dictum est mihi?  
*Ps.* Quia illud malum aderat, istuc aberat longius;  
 illud erat praesens, huic erant dieculae.

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following v., 485:  
*per sycophantiam atque per doctos dolos.*

<sup>2</sup> Corrupt (Leo): *nati amoris te expertem* Bothe.

# PSEUDOLUS

- Ps.* (*oracularly*) *C'est vrai.*  
*Si.* That he wants to set free?  
*Ps.* *C'est vrai aussi.*  
*Si.* And you are making ready to get eighty pounds out of me?<sup>1</sup>  
*Ps.* (*at a loss*) I, sir? Out of you?  
*Si.* (*sternly*) Just so—to give my son so that he can set his mistress free? (*as Pseudolus hesitates*) Confess, speak up!  
*Ps.* *Vrai aussi, vrai aussi!*  
*Call.* He confesses!  
*Si.* Didn't I just tell you, Callipho?  
*Call.* I remember.  
*Si.* The minute you heard of all this, why was it kept from me? Why didn't I hear of it?  
*Ps.* (*high-mindedly*) This is why. Because I wasn't willing to father the foul practice of a slave's denouncing his master to his master.  
*Si.* (*to Callipho, angrily*) You'd order him to be dragged off to the mill headlong.  
*Call.* But, Simo, has anything wrong been done?  
*Si.* No, everything!  
*Ps.* Don't bother, Callipho. I have a rather good head for my own business. Any wrong-doing is mine. (*to Simo, coolly*) Come, accord me your attention, and learn why I left you uninformed of your son's affair. I knew if I told you, the mill was waiting for me.  
*Si.* And you didn't know I had the mill waiting for you when you left things dark?  
*Ps.* I did know.  
*Si.* Then why wasn't I told?  
*Ps.* Because it was a choice of evils—immediate or impending, present or a bit postponed.

<sup>1</sup> V. 485: By swindling and clever cheating.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

*Si.* Quid nunc agetis? nam hinc quidem a me non  
potest

argentum auferri, qui praesertim senserim.  
ne quisquam credat nummum, iam edicam omnibus.

*Ps.* Numquam edepol quoiquam supplicabo, dum quidem  
tu vives. tu mihi hercle argentum dabis,  
abs te equidem sumam.

*Si.* Tu a me sumes?

*Ps.* Strenue.

*Si.* Excludito mi hercle oculum, si dederō.

*Ps.* Dabis. 510  
iam dico ut a me caveas.

*Si.* Certe edepol scio,  
si apstuleris, mirum et magnum facinus feceris.

*Ps.* Faciam.

*Si.* Si non apstuleris?

*Ps.* Virgis caedito.

sed quid, si apstulero?

*Si.* Do Iovem testem tibi,  
te aetatem impune habiturum.

*Ps.* Facito ut memineris.

*Si.* Egon ut cavere nequeam, cui praedicitur?

*Ps.* Praedico, ut caveas. dico, inquam, ut caveas. cave.  
em istis mihi tu hodie manibus argentum dabis.

*Call.* Edepol mortalem graphicum, si servat fidem.

*Ps.* Servitum tibi me abducito, ni fecero. 520

*Si.*<sup>1</sup> Bene atque amice dicis. nam nunc non meu's.<sup>2</sup>

*Ps.* Vin etiam dicam quod vos magis miremini?

<sup>1</sup> CALL. (Leo).

<sup>2</sup> *nam nunc non meu's* Ritschl: *nam nunc, nam meust*  
corrupt (Leo).

## PSEUDOLUS

(*somewhat mollified*) What'll you two do now? For no money's to be got out of me, that's sure, with my eyes wide open, especially. I'll serve general notice now not to lend a penny.

(*after a moment's cogitation*) I'll never go begging to anyone, by gad, at least with you alive. By Jove, you'll give me the money yourself; you're the very man I'll have it from.

(*indignant, but interested*) You'll have it from me? Work hard!

You can knock my eye out, by Jove, if I do give it. You will. I warn you now to look out for me.

(*his interest rising*) Gad, if you do get it, I'll certainly credit you with an exploit marvellous and mighty.

I will.

And if you fail?

Lay on the lash. But what if I succeed?

Then Jove be your witness, you shall keep what you get for life, scot free.

See you remember that.

Am I a man unable to look out, when I've been forewarned?

(*mysteriously*) I do forewarn you—look out. I warn you to look out, I tell you. Look out! Look!

(*Simo almost jumps*) With those very hands you'll give me the money to-day.

(*to Simo*) Gad! He's a masterpiece if he keeps his word.

(*to Callipho*) You can take me for your slave if I don't.

(*sarcastically*) A nice, friendly offer! You are not mine now, it seems.

Want me to add something that'll surprise you two still more?

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Call.* Studeo hercle audire, nam ted ausculto lubens.<sup>1</sup>  
*Ps.* Prius quam istam pugnam pugnabo, ego etiam  
 prius  
 dabo aliam pugnam claram et commemorabilem.  
*Si.* Quam pugnam?  
*Ps.* Em ab hoc lenone vicino tuo  
 per sycophantiam atque per doctos dolos  
 tibicinam illam, tuos quam gnatus deperit,  
 ea circumducam lepide lenonem.  
*Si.* Quid est?  
*Ps.* Effectum hoc hodie reddam utrumque ad vesperum. 530  
*Si.* Siquidem istaec opera, ut praedicas, perfeceris,  
 virtute regi Agathocli antecesseris.  
 sed si non faxis, numquid causaest, ilico  
 quin te in pistrinum condam?  
*Ps.* Non unum in diem,<sup>2</sup>  
 verum hercle in omnis, quantumst; sed si effecero,  
 dabim mi argentum, quod dem lenoni, ilico,  
 tua voluntate?  
*Call.* Ius bonum orat Pseudolus;  
 dabo inque.  
*Si.* At enim scin quid mihi in mentem venit?  
 quid si hisce inter se consenserunt, Callipho,  
 aut de compecto faciunt consutis dolis, 540  
 qui me argento intervertant?  
*Ps.* Quis me audacior  
 sit, si istuc facinus audeam? immo sic, Simo:  
 si sumus compecti seu consilium umquam iniimus<sup>3</sup>  
 aut si de ea re umquam inter nos convenimus,<sup>4</sup>

*Si.* <sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following v., 523<sup>a</sup>:  
*Agedum, nam satis libenter te ausculto loqui.*

<sup>2</sup> Leo brackets following *modo*.

<sup>3</sup> Leo brackets following *de istac re*.

<sup>4</sup> Leo brackets following v., 544<sup>a</sup>:  
*quasi in libro cum scribuntur calamo litterae.*



## PSEUDOLUS

Gad, yes, I'm keen to hear it; why, I love to listen to you.<sup>1</sup>

Before that fight is fought, I'm first putting up another fight that'll go echoing down the ages.

What fight?

You watch! Your neighbour here, the pimp, shall fall before my stratagems and artful arts, and that music-girl your son is dying for, I'll relieve friend pimp of her in stunning style.

What's all this?

And both these fights shall be recorded victories by dusk to-day.

Well, well, if you accomplish those feats as you announce, you'll be a mightier man than King Agathocles. But if you fail, you have no objection to being stowed in the mill at once?

And not for one day, by gad, but for all the days there are! But in case I succeed, will you at once give me the money to give the pimp, of your own free will?

(to Simo) A good, fair proposition of Pseudolus. Say "I will."

Ah, but do you know what occurs to me? (*eyeing Pseudolus hard*) What if these rascals have got together, or have some patchwork of tricks all pre-arranged to juggle the money out of me?

(*glibly*) Now who'd be a more daring man than me if I dared do a thing like that? (*seeing Simo is unimpressed*) No, I'll put it this way, Simo: (*earnestly*) if we have prearranged anything or ever entered into any plan or ever come together for this purpose,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> V. 523<sup>a</sup>: *Si*. Out with it. Why, I really love to listen to your talk.

<sup>2</sup> V. 544<sup>a</sup>: Just as when letters are written in a book with a pen.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

stilis me totum usque ulmeis conscribito.

*Si.* Indice ludos nunciam, quando lubet.

*Ps.* Da in hunc diem operam, Callipho, quaeso mihi,  
ne quo te ad aliud occupes negotium.

*Call.* Quin rus ut irem iam heri mecum statueram.

*Ps.* At nunc disturba quas statuisti machinas.

*Call.* Nunc non abire certum est istac gratia;  
lubidost ludos tuos spectare, Pseudole,  
et si hunc videbo non dare argentum tibi,  
quod dixit, potius quam id non fiat, ego dabo.

*Si.* Non demutabo.

*Ps.* Namque edepol, si non dabis,  
clamore magno et multo flagitabere.  
agite amolimini hinc vos intro nunciam  
ac meis vicissim date locum fallaciis.

*Call.* Fiat, geratur mos tibi.

*Ps.* Sed te volo  
domi usque adesse.

*Call.* Quin tibi hanc operam dico.

*Si.* At ego ad forum ibo. iam hic ero.

*Ps.* Actutum redi.

suspicio est mihi nunc vos suspicarier,  
me idcirco haec tanta facinora promittere,  
quo vos oblectem, hanc fabulam dum transigam,  
neque sim facturus quod facturum dixeram.  
non demutabo. atque etiam certum, quod sciam,  
quo id sim facturus pacto nil etiam scio,  
nisi quia futurumst. nam qui in scaenam provenit,

## PSEUDOLUS

you can take your elm-wood pen in hand and use my whole hide for parchment.

*(exchanging smiles with Callipho and indicating his acceptance of the terms)* Announce your games now as soon as you please.

*(taking charge)* Callipho, I want you to devote this day to me, and not go and get occupied in other business.

The fact is that yesterday a trip to the farm was to be my aim to-day.

Well, now move your guns and aim elsewhere.

Yes, out of interest in you I've decided not to leave now. I very much want to watch these games of yours, Pseudolus. And if I see he *(indicating Simo)* doesn't pay you the money, as he said, why, rather than have it fall through, I'll pay myself.

I won't retract.

No, by gad, for if you don't pay, it's loud and long that you'll be dunned. Come on now, you two, hoist yourselves out of here into the house, and give me a chance to show my tricks, for a change.

*(moving off)* All right, have things your own way. But I want you to stay right at home.

Yes, yes, I'm at your disposal.

[EXIT *Callipho* INTO HIS HOUSE.]

As for me, I'm going to the forum. I'll be back soon.

[EXIT *Simo*.]

*(calling after him)* You be back mighty soon! *(to the audience)* I have a suspicion that you folks suspect me now of promising these mighty deeds just to amuse you during the course of this play and of not doing what I said I would. I won't retract. And as for knowing how I'll do it, I am just certain—of knowing just nothing, except that it'll be done. I tell you what, a man that appears on the

## TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

novo modo novom aliquid inventum adferre addecet ;  
 si id facere nequeat, det locum illi qui queat. 570  
 concedere aliquantisper hinc mi intro lubet,  
 dum concenturio in corde sycophantias.  
 sed mox exhibo, non ero vobis morae ;  
 tibicen vos interibi hic delectaverit.

### ACTVS II

*Ps.* Pro Iuppiter, ut mihi, quidquid ago, lepide omnia  
 prospereque eveniunt :  
 neque quod dubitem neque quod timeam, meo in  
 pectore conditumst consilium.  
 nam ea stultitiast, facinus magnum timido cordi  
 credere ; nam omnes  
 res perinde sunt  
 ut agas, ut eas magni facias ; nam ego in meo pectore  
 prius<sup>1</sup>  
 ita paravi copias,  
 duplicis triplicis dolos perfidias, ut, ubiquomque  
 hostibus congregiar— 580  
 maiorum meum fretus virtute dicam,  
 mea industria et malitia fraudulenta—  
 facile ut vincam, facile ut spoliem meos perduellis  
 meis perfidiis.  
 nunc inimicum ego hunc communem meum atque  
 vostrorum omnium,  
 Ballionem, exballistabo lepide : date operam modo ;<sup>2</sup>  
 atque huc meas legiones adducam ; si expugno—  
 facilem hanc rem meis civibus faciam—

<sup>1</sup> Leo notes lacuna here: *omnes* Leo.

<sup>2</sup> Leo brackets following v., 585<sup>a</sup> :  
*hoc ego oppidum admoenire, ut hodie capiatur, volo.*

## PSEUDOLUS

stage ought to bring some fresh idea worked out in fresh fashion. If he can't do this, he should give place to a man that can. (*pauses*) I'd like to retire, myself, for a bit inside, and hold a mental muster of my hocuspocus. I'll soon be back, though, and won't keep you waiting. Meantime you'll be entertained by the fluteplayer here.

[EXIT INTO *Simo's* HOUSE.]

## ACT II

ENTER *Pseudolus* IN LOFTY SPIRITS.

By Jupiter! How charmingly, how blissfully, all my undertakings do turn out for me! Nothing to doubt, nothing to fear, with the scheme now stored in my chest! Ah, the folly of entrusting a weighty venture to a weakling heart! Ah, all things are what you make them, have the weight you give them. Ah, and I, the way I have my troops already marshalled in my mind, in double, triple, line of wile and guile, let me meet the enemy where'er I may, I—animated, I may say, by the noble spirit of my sires and by the energy and artful dodges of my own self—shall easily master, easily despoil, my foemen with my flimflam. Now for this common enemy of all of us, mine and yours, this Ballio—I'll ballistify him in fine shape. Just you watch!<sup>1</sup> Aye, I'll lead my legions hither; on taking him by storm—an easy matter I'll make of it for my fellow-citizens—I'll then next lead my troops against this

<sup>1</sup> V. 585<sup>a</sup>: This is the town I wish to laysiege and capture this very day.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

post ad oppidum hoc vetus continuo meum exercitum  
protinus obducam :

inde me et simul participes omnis meos praeda  
onerabo atque opplebo,

metum et fugam perduellibus meis me ut sciant  
natum.

eo sum genere gnatus: magna me facinora decet  
efficere,

590

quae post mihi clara et diu clueant.

sed hunc quem video? quis hic est qui oculis meis  
obviam ignobilis obicitur?

lubet scire quid hic veniat cum machaera, et huic,  
quam rem agat, hinc dabo insidias.

## II. 2.

*Har.* Hi loci sunt atque hae regiones quae mi ab ero sunt  
demonstratae,

ut ego oculis rationem capio quam mi ita dixit erus  
meus miles,

septumas esse aedis a porta ubi ille habitet leno, quoi  
iussit

symbolum me ferre et hoc argentum. nimis velim,  
certum qui id mihi faciat,

Ballio leno ubi hic habitat.<sup>1</sup>

*Ps.* novo consilio nunc mihi opus est,

601

nova res subito mi haec obiectast :

hoc praevertar principio; illa omnia missa habeo,  
quae ante agere occepi.

iam pol ego hunc stratioticum nuntium advenientem  
probe percutiam.

*Har.* Ostium pultabo atque intus evocabo aliquem foras.

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following v., 600 :

*Ps.* *St, tace, tace, meus hic est homo, nī omnes dī atque homines  
deserunt.*

## PSEUDOLUS

old town (*indicating Simo's house*) forthwith. With that, I'll load and lavish booty on myself and likewise on my comrades all, on my foemen dismay and flight and let them know that I am I. Such is the stock from which I spring—for me 'tis seemly to succeed in weighty ventures which will leave me a lustrous name in far days to come. (*looking down the street*) But who is this I see? Who is this unknown thus thrown athwart my line of vision? (*getting out of sight hastily, and dropping his bombast*) I'd like to find out what he and his sword are doing here; I'll ambuscade him from over here and see what he's up to.

Scene 2.     ENTER *Harpax* IN SEMI-MILITARY COSTUME AND  
CARRYING A WALLET.

*Har.*     (*counting the houses*) Yes, this is the place, this is the neighbourhood he described to me, if my eyes are any judge of what that martial master of mine said—it was the seventh house from the city gate where that pimp lived who was to get the token and this money from me. But I'd certainly like to be shown whereabouts here pimp Ballio actually does live.<sup>1</sup>

*Ps.*     (*aside*) It's a new plan I need now, with this new possibility suddenly turning up. I'll begin by trying this one first. It's all off with those other schemes I had under way. Now, by gad, it's this armiferous envoy just arriving that I'll spear in grand style.

*Har.*     (*going toward Ballio's house*) I'll knock at the door and get someone out here.

<sup>1</sup> V. 600: *Ps.* Sh—h! Quiet, quiet! This is my man, unless all gods and men desert me.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Ps.* Quisquis es, compendium ego te facere pultandi volo;  
nam ego precator et patronus foribus processi foras.
- Har.* Tune es Ballio?
- Ps.* Immo vero ego eius sum Subballio.
- Har.* Quid istuc verbist?
- Ps.* Condus promus sum, procurator peni.
- Har.* Quasi te dicas atriensem.
- Ps.* Immo atriensi ego impero.
- Har.* Quid tu, servon es an liber?
- Ps.* Nunc quidem etiam servio. 610
- Har.* Ita videre, et non videre dignus qui liber sies.
- Ps.* Non soles respicere te, quom dicis iniuste alteri?
- Har.* Hunc hominem malum esse oportet.
- Ps.* Di me servant atque amant,  
nam haec mihi incus est: procudam ego hodie hinc multos dolos.
- Har.* Quid illic secum solus loquitur?
- Ps.* Quid ais tu, adulescens?
- Har.* Quid est?
- Ps.* Esne tu an non es ab illo milite Macedonio, servos eius qui hinc a nobis est mercatus mulierem, qui argenti ero meo lenoni quindecim dederat minas, quinque debet?
- Har.* Sum. sed ubi tu me novisti gentium aut vidisti aut conlocutu's? nam equidem Athenas antidhac  
numquam veni, neque te vidi ante hunc diem umquam oculis meis. 620
- Ps.* Quia videre inde esse; nam olim quom abiit, argento haec dies praestitutast, quoad referret nobis, neque dum retulit.



## PSEUDOLUS

*Ps.* (*stepping up jauntily*) Whoever you are, you will please dispense with knocking; I have come out to plead for those doors and give them my personal protection.

*Har.* (*looking him over disapprovingly*) Are you Ballio?

*Ps.* No, no, but in me you see his Sub-Ballio.

*Har.* That meaning what?

*Ps.* I am the layinandlayout man, the superintendent of supplies.

*Har.* The major-domo, as you might say.

*Ps.* No, no, the major-domo takes orders from me.

*Har.* What are you, a slave or free?

*Ps.* Well, just at present I am a slave.

*Har.* (*tartly*) So I judge, and I also judge you deserve to stay one.

*Ps.* No habit of yours to consider your own case when you run down someone else, is it?

*Har.* (*aside*) He must be a bad one, this chap.

*Ps.* (*aside*) The gods are with me and love me! Why, I've got a regular anvil here—and a nice lot of fakes I'll forge on it this day.

*Har.* (*aside*) What's he saying all to himself?

*Ps.* (*aloud*) Look here, young fellow.

*Har.* What is it?

*Ps.* Are you from that Macedonian soldier man, the slave of the chap that bought a girl of us here, that paid my master, the pimp, sixty pounds, and owes him twenty?

*Har.* I am. But where on earth did you ever know or see or exchange a word with me? For the fact is, I never came to Athens before, and not till to-day did I ever set eyes on you.

*Ps.* Well, I judge you come from him. For when he left a while ago, to-day was set as the time-limit for getting that money to us, and it hasn't yet come.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Har.* Immo adest.  
*Ps.* Tun attulisti?  
*Har.* Egomet.  
*Ps.* Quid dubitas dare?  
*Har.* Tibi ego dem?  
*Ps.* Mihi hercle vero, qui res rationesque eri  
 Ballionis curo, argentum accepto<sup>1</sup> et quoi debet  
 dato.  
*Har.* Si quidem hercle etiam supremi promptas then-  
 sauros Iovis,  
 tibi libellam argenti numquam credam.  
*Ps.* Dum tu sternuas,  
 res erit soluta.  
*Har.* Vinctam potius sic servavero.  
*Ps.* Vae tibi, tu inventu's vero, meam qui furcilles fidem.  
 quasi mihi non sescenta tanta soli soleant credier.  
*Har.* Potest ut alii ita arbitrentur et ego ut ne credam  
 tibi.  
*Ps.* Quasi tu dicas me te velle argento circumducere.  
*Har.* Immo vero quasi tu dicas quasique ego autem id  
 suspicer.  
 sed quid est tibi nomen?  
*Ps.* Servos est huic lenoni Surus,  
 eum esse me dicam. Surus sum.  
*Har.* Surus?  
*Ps.* Id est nomen mihi.  
*Har.* Verba multa facimus. erus si tuos domi est, quin  
 provocas,  
 ut id agam quod missus huc sum, quidquid est  
 nomen tibi?  
*Ps.* Si intus esset, evocarem. verum si dare vis mihi,

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following *expenso*.

## PSEUDOLUS

- Har.* Oh, no, it's present. (*taps his wallet*)  
*Ps.* (*holding out his hand*) So you have brought it, eh?  
*Har.* Yes, I.  
*Ps.* Then why so slow to hand it over?  
*Har.* To you? I?  
*Ps.* (*surprised*) To me, of course, Lord, yes! Why, I'm in charge of master Ballio's affairs and accounts. I take in money, pay out money, for him all the time.  
*Har.* (*impervious*) Lord, man! You may be treasury clerk to Jove on high, even, but not one farthing will I ever trust to you.  
*Ps.* (*reaching for the wallet*) Why, it will all be settled with us in a wink.  
*Har.* (*drawing back*) I prefer to keep it all settled with me in a wallet.  
*Ps.* Ugh! Curse you! So you have turned up to pillorize my probity! As if I wasn't trusted with hundreds of times that sum right along and all alone.  
*Har.* (*coldly*) It is possible for others to hold you in such esteem without my trusting you.  
*Ps.* The same as your saying I wanted to swindle you out of the money!  
*Har.* Oh, no, indeed! The same as your saying that, and my, well, my suspecting that. But what's your name?  
*Ps.* (*aside*) The pimp has a slave called Surus. I'll say I'm him. (*aloud*) I am Surus.  
*Har.* Surus, eh?  
*Ps.* That is my name.  
*Har.* This is idle talk. Whatever your name is, if your master is at home, why not summon him, so that I may do the business I was sent here for?  
*Ps.* If he was at home, I'd call him out. But if you wish to give me the money, your business will be

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

magis erit solutum, quasi ipsi dederis.

*Har.* At enim scin quid est?  
reddere hoc, non perdere erus me misit. nam certo  
scio,

hoc febrim tibi esse, quia non licet huc inicere  
ungulas.

ego, nisi ipsi Ballioni, nummum credam nemini.

*Ps.* At illic nunc negotiosust: res agitur apud iudicem.

*Har.* Di bene vortant. at ego quando eum esse censebo  
domi,  
rediero. tu epistulam hanc a me accipe atque illi  
dato.

nam istic sumbolust inter erum meum et tuom de  
muliere.

*Ps.* Scio equidem:<sup>1</sup> qui argentum adferret atque ex-  
pressam imaginem  
suam huc ad nos, cum eo aiebat velle mitti  
mulierem.

nam hic quoque exemplum reliquit eius.

*Har.* Omnem rem tenes.

*Ps.* Quid ego ni teneam?

*Har.* Dato istunc sumbolum ergo illi.

*Ps.* Licet.

sed quid est tibi nomen?

*Har.* Harpax.

*Ps.* Apage te, Harpax, hau places;  
huc quidem hercle haud ibis intro, ne quid ἀπραξ  
feceris.

*Har.* Hostis vivos rapere soleo ex acie: eo hoc nomen  
mihi est.

*Ps.* Pol te multo magis opinor vasa athena ex aedibus.

*Har.* Non ita est. sed scin quid te oro, Sure?

*Ps.* Sciam si dixeris.

*Har.* Ego devortor extra portam huc in tabernam tertiam,

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following *ut*.

## PSEUDOLUS

settled more than if you gave it to him. (*reaches again for the wallet*)

Har. (*backing away*) Ah, yes, but don't you get the point? My master sent me to pay this, not lose it. You see, I'm sure that what makes you so feverish is the fact you can't dig your claws into it. Not a person will I trust with a penny but Ballio himself.

Ps. But he's busy now: a case is on at court.

Har. God grant it turn out well. But as for me, as soon as I think him to be at home, I shall be back. (*producing a letter*) You take this letter from me and give it to him. For there is the token your master and mine agreed upon regarding the girl.

Ps. (*taking it*) Yes, yes, I know. He said he wanted the girl sent with the man that brought the money here to us and a seal stamped with his own likeness. He left a copy of it here also, you see.

Har. You have the whole thing.

Ps. And why shouldn't I have it?

Har. Give that token to him, then.

Ps. Very well. But what is your name?

Har. Harpax.

Ps. (*in feigned alarm*) Avaunt, Harpax! You like me not! By gad, you shan't get into this house, that's sure! No harpy acts here!

Har. (*with hauteur*) I am wont to snatch my foemen from the battle line alive: hence this name of mine.

Ps. (*snorting*) Huh! Much more likely you snatched brass pots from other folks' houses!

Har. (*somewhat subdued*) That is not so. But d'ye know what I desire of you, Surus?

Ps. I shall, if you tell me.

Har. I'm stopping outside the gate here, at the third

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

apud anum illam doliarem, claudam crassam,  
Chrysidem.

*Ps.* Quid nunc vis?

*Har.* Inde ut me arcessas, erus tuos ubi venerit. 660

*Ps.* Tuo arbitrato, maxume.

*Har.* Nam ut lassus veni de via,  
me volo curare.

*Ps.* Sane sapis et consilium placet.  
sed vide sis ne in quaestione sis, quando arcessam,  
mihi.

*Har.* Quin ubi prandero, dabo operam somno.

*Ps.* Sane censeo.

*Har.* Numquid vis?

*Ps.* Dormitum ut abeas.

*Har.* Abeo.

*Ps.* Atque audin, Harpage?  
iube sis te operiri: beatus eris, si consudaveris.

## II. 3.

di immortales, conservavit me illic homo adventu  
suo.

suo viatico redduxit me usque ex errore in viam.  
nam ipsa mi Opportunitas non potuit opportunius  
advenire quam haec allatast mi opportune epistula. 670  
nam haec allata cornu copiaest, ubi inest quidquid  
volo:

hic doli, hic fallaciae omnes, hic sunt sycophantiae,  
hic argentum, hic amica amanti erili filio.

atque ego nunc me ut gloriosum faciam et copi  
pectore:

quo modo quicque agerem, ut lenoni surruperem  
mulierculam,

iam instituta ornata cuncta in ordine, animo ut  
volueram,

certa deformata habebam; sed profecto hoc sic erit:

## PSEUDOLUS

inn, the place of that old dame built like a barrel, limping, lumbering—Chrysis.

*Ps.* Well, what now?

*Har.* Go and get me from there when your master comes.

*Ps.* As you like, by all means.

*Har.* My trip here has tired me, you see, and I need refreshment.

*Ps.* Sound sense, that, and I quite approve. But kindly take care I don't have to hunt you up when I go to get you.

*Har.* No fear. After a bit of lunch, I'll have a good sleep.

*Ps.* A very happy thought.

*Har.* (*turning to go*) Nothing else you wish?

*Ps.* (*pleasantly*) Only for you to go and have your nap.

*Har.* I am going. [EXIT.]

### Scene 3.

*Ps.* (*calling after him*) Oh, and listen, Harpax! Do have plenty of bed-clothes. It'll set you up to get a good sweat. (*soliloquizing gleefully*) Ye immortal gods! That chap's arrival has been the salvation of me. Here I was far, far off the road, and he brought me back and paid my fare. Why, Timeliness herself couldn't arrive at a timelier moment for me than the timely way this letter came to hand. (*gloating over it*) Why, this is a perfect cornucopia that's come, with everything I want inside. Here are tricks, here are all sorts of devices, here are fairy tales, here's money, here's the mistress for fond young master. (*pauses, then reflectively*) And yet the idea of my being so boastful and full-chested now! Already I had my plans all arranged and equipped to the last detail, just as I wanted 'em, in final and proper shape for each step in the process of getting the girl away from the pimp. But

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

centum doctum hominum consilia sola haec devincit  
dea,

Fortuna. atque hoc verum est : proinde ut quisque  
Fortuna utitur,

ita praecllet atque exinde sapere eum omnes  
dicimus.

680

bene ubi quoi scimus consilium accidisce, hominem  
catum

eum esse declaramus, stultum autem illum quoi  
vortit male.

stulti hau scimus, frustra ut simus, quom quid  
cupienter dari

petimus nobis, quasi quid in rem sit possimus  
noscere.

certa mittimus, dum incerta petimus; atque hoc  
evenit

in labore atque in dolore, ut mors obrepat interim.  
sed iam satis est philosophatum. nimis diu et  
longum loquor.

di immortales, aurichalco contra non carum fuit  
meum mendacium, hic modo quod subito commentus  
fui,

quia lenonis me esse dixi. nunc ego hac epistula  
tris deludam, erum et lenonem et qui hanc dedit mi  
epistulam.

690

euge, par pari aliud autem quod cupiebam contigit :  
venit eccum Calidorus, ducit nescio quem secum  
simul.

## II. 4.

*Cal.* Dulcia atque amara apud te sum elocutus omnia :  
scis amorem, scis laborem, scis egestatem meam.

*Char.* Commemini omnia : id tu modo, me quid vis  
facere, fac sciam.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following vv., 696<sup>a</sup>—696<sup>b</sup> :

*Cal.* *Quom haec tibi alia sum elocutus, vix rem scis de symbolo.*

*Char.* *Omnia, inquam. tu modo quid me facere vis fac ut sciam.*



## PSEUDOLUS

this is surely how things go—a hundred smart men's schemes are all inferior to one lone goddess, Luck. Yes, this is the truth: it's the way a man uses luck that brings him eminence and makes us all pronounce him wise. When we know that someone's project came off well, we declare him to be a shrewd fellow, while the man's a fool whose project comes to grief. We are fools not to know what folly we show in eagerly seeking for some boon or other, as if we could tell what was beneficial. Certainities we forsake, uncertainties to take. And it all comes to this, that while we are scurrying and worrying, up creeps death upon us. But enough of this philosophizing now. I'm talking too long and too much. (*surveying the letter again*) Ye immortal gods! It was worth its weight in gold, that lie of mine I hit upon impromptu now, when I said I belonged to the pimp. I'll trap three people with this letter now—master, the pimp, and the man that gave it to me. (*looking down the street*) Grand! If here isn't just such another thing as I hankered for happening! Yes, sir, there comes Calidorus, bringing someone or other along with him. (*withdraws into the alley*)

Scene 4. ENTER *Calidorus* AND *Charinus*.

*Cal.* Now I have told you everything, sweet and bitter both. You know of my affection, my affliction, my need.

*Char.* I have everything well in mind: all I want to know is what you want me to do.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Vv. 696<sup>a</sup>—696<sup>b</sup> :

*Cal.* I told you of these other matters, but you hardly know about the token.

*Char.* Everything, I say, I only want to know what you want me to do.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Cal.* Pseudolus mi ita imperavit ut aliquem hominem strenuom benevolentem adducerem ad se.
- Char.* Servas imperium probe ; nam et amicum et benevolentem ducis. sed istic Pseudolus novos mihist.
- Cal.* Nimium est mortalis graphicus,<sup>1</sup> heuretes mihi est. 700 is mihi haec sese efecturum dixit quae dixi tibi.
- Ps.* Magnufice hominem compellabo.
- Cal.* Quoia vox resonat ?
- Ps.* Io,  
io te te, turanne, te te ego, qui imperitas Pseudolo, quaero, quoi ter trina triplicia, tribus modis tria gaudia,  
artibus tribus tris demeritas dem laetitias, de tribus fraude partas per malitiam et per dolum et fallaciam ;  
in libello hoc obsignato ad te attuli pauxillulo.
- Cal.* Illic homost.
- Char.* Vt paratragoedat carnufex.
- Ps.* Confer gradum contra pariter, porge audacter ad salutem bracchium.
- Cal.* Dic utrum Spemme an Salutem te salutem, Pseudole ?
- Ps.* Immo utrumque.
- Char.* Vtrumque, salve. sed quid actumst ?
- Ps.* Quid times ? 710
- Cal.* Attuli hunc.
- Ps.* Quid, attulisti ?
- Cal.* Adduxi volui dicere.
- Ps.* Quis istic est ?
- Cal.* Charinus.
- Ps.* Euge. iam χάριν τοῦτω ποιού.

<sup>1</sup> Corrupt (Leo) : εὐρήτης Palmer.

## PSEUDOLUS

- Cal.* Pseudolus ordered me to bring some energetic sort of person who wished me well.
- Char.* You follow orders excellently; for it's a friend and well-wisher you are bringing. But that Pseudolus is a new one to me.
- Cal.* (*warmly*) Oh, he's a perfect marvel, he's my *homme de ressource*. And he told me he'd put through the things I told you of.
- Ps.* (*aloud*) I'll address him in the grand manner.
- Cal.* Whose resounding voice is that?
- Ps.* (*struts toward them; to Calidorus, in mock-tragic style*)  
Io! Io! Thee, thee, Sire, do I seek, thee, thee, who dost give orders unto Pseudolus, that I may give thee joys thrice, threefold and triple, three joys in three ways, three delights by three arts won, from three men fraudulently gained by guile and stratagem. All this have I brought thee in this sealed document so tiny. (*holds it up*)
- Cal.* That's the man.
- Char.* How he tragedizes, the rascalion!
- Ps.* Match thy step with mine and meet me face to face, boldly stretch forth thine arm to (*naving the letter*) wish welcome.
- Cal.* Tell me, Pseudolus—am I to wish you welcome as Wish Welcome or Wish Come True?
- Ps.* Ah, well, as both.
- Char.* Greetings, Both! But what have you done?
- Ps.* What fear you? (*looks Charinus over*)
- Cal.* (*to Pseudolus, with a nod toward Charinus*) He's the man I caught.
- Ps.* What? Caught?
- Cal.* Brought, I should say.
- Ps.* Who is he?
- Cal.* Charinus.
- Ps.* Bravo! Now *pas de charité de Charin*.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Char.* Quin tu si quid opust, mi audacter imperas?  
*Ps.* Tam gratiast.  
 bene sit tibi, Charine. nolo tibi molestos esse nos.
- Char.* Vos molestos mihi? molestumst mi id quidem.  
*Ps.* Tum igitur mane.
- Cal.* Quid istuc est?  
*Ps.* Epistulam modo hanc intercepi et symbolum.  
*Cal.* Symbolum? quem symbolum?  
*Ps.* Qui a milite allatust modo.  
 eius servos qui hunc ferebat cum quinque argenti  
 minis,  
 tuam qui amicam hinc arcessebat, ei os sublevi  
 modo.
- Cal.* Quo modo?  
*Ps.* Horum causa haec agitur spectatorum fabula: 720  
 hi sciunt, qui hic adfuerunt; vobis post narravero.
- Cal.* Quid nunc agimus?  
*Ps.* Liberam hodie tuam amicam amplexabere.
- Cal.* Egone?  
*Ps.* Tu istic ipse, inquam, si quidem hoc vivet caput;  
 si modo mihi hominem invenietis propere.
- Char.* Qua facie?  
*Ps.* Malum,  
 callidum, doctum, qui quando principium prehen-  
 derit,  
 porro sua virtute teneat quid se facere oporteat;  
 atque qui hic non visitatus saepe sit.
- Char.* Si servos est,  
 numquid refert?
- Ps.* Immo multo mavolo quam liberum.
- Char.* Posse opinor me dare hominem tibi malum et doctum  
 domo,  
 qui a patre advenit Carysto nec dum exiit ex  
 aedibus

## PSEUDOLUS

- Char.* Come, command me freely, if anything's needed.
- Ps.* (*shaking his head*) Thanks just as much. Good luck to you, Charinus. But we must not bother you.
- Char.* Bother me? You? Such an attitude of mind does bother me.
- Ps.* Well then, wait. (*surveying the letter with much complacency*)
- Cal.* What's that?
- Ps.* This letter and token I just intercepted.
- Cal.* Token? What token?
- Ps.* The one just brought from the soldier. His slave who was bringing this with twenty pounds in cash and was coming to carry off your girl—him have I just bamboozled.
- Cal.* Just how?
- Ps.* (*severely*) This play is being acted for the benefit of these spectators: they know how, having been here. You two I shall inform later.
- Cal.* What are we to do now?
- Ps.* You are to hug your girl who this day gets her freedom.
- Cal.* (*elated*) I?
- Ps.* Yes, you your very self there, if so be this head of mine survives—if only you two will find me a man in a hurry.
- Char.* Of what description?
- Ps.* Sly, canny, clever, the kind that, once he gets a good grip on fundamentals, can keep hold and carry on as he ought of his own ability. Yes, and one not often observed here.
- Char.* (*after a moment's thought*) If he's a slave, that doesn't matter?
- Ps.* (*firmly*) No, I much prefer a slave to a free man.
- Char.* I do believe I can furnish you your sly, clever chap from home, one that came from my father in

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

quoquam neque Athenas advenit umquam ante  
hesternum diem.

*Ps.* Bene iuvas. sed quinque inventis opus est argenti  
minis  
mutuis, quas hodie reddam: nam huius mihi debet  
pater.

*Char.* Ego dabo, ne quaere aliunde.

*Ps.* O hominem opportunum mihi.  
etiam opust chlamyde et machaera et petaso.

*Char.* Possum a me dare.

*Ps.* Di immortales, non Charinus mihi hic quidem, sed  
Copiast.  
sed istic servos, ex Carysto qui hic adest, ecquid  
sapit?

*Char.* Hircum ab alis.

*Ps.* Manuleatam tunicam habere hominem addecet.  
ecquid is homo habet aceti in pectore?

*Char.* Atque acidissumi.

*Ps.* Quid, si opus sit ut dulce promat indidem, ecquid  
habet?

*Char.* Rogas?

murrinam, passum, defrutum, mellam, mel quoivis-  
modi;

quin in corde instruere quondam coepit panto-  
polium.

*Ps.* Eugepae, lepide, Charine, meo me ludo lamberas.  
sed quid nomen esse dicam ego isti servo?

*Char.* Simiae.

*Ps.* Scitne in re advorsa vorsari?

*Char.* Turbo non aequae citust.

*Ps.* Ecquid argutust?

*Char.* Malorum facinorum saepissime.

*Ps.* Quid cum manifesto tenetur?

## PSEUDOLUS

Carystus and hasn't yet gone anywhere outside the house or ever come to Athens before yesterday.  
*Ps.* You are a great help. But I need to find twenty pounds as a friendly loan which I shall pay back to-day—his father (*indicating Calidorus*) being indebted to me.

*Char.* I'll give it to you, don't look elsewhere.

*Ps.* Ah, what a timely man for me! I also need a military cloak and a sword and a broad-brimmed hat.

*Char.* I can supply you myself.

*Ps.* Ye immortal gods! I see this is not Chariness, but Profusion. But that slave who is here from Carystus—has he any sense?

*Char.* A strong one of goat in the armpits.

*Ps.* A long-sleeved tunic would be becoming to that chap. But sharpness—has he any of that on tap?

*Char.* Yes, and it's like concentrated acid.

*Ps.* Ah, and what if there was need of his drawing something sweet from the same cellar—has he any?

*Char.* Sweet, eh? Myrrh syrup, raisin wine, grape-juice, honey water, honey in every form—why, once he tried setting up a Bon Marché inside himself.

*Ps.* Marvellous! How delightfully you do de-skin me at my own game, Charinus! But by what name does that slave go?

*Char.* Simia.

*Ps.* When affairs take a bad turn can he make a quick turn?

*Char.* Faster than a top.

*Ps.* Damned sly, eh?

*Char.* Yes, and damned for a lot of things worse than that.

*Ps.* When he is caught in the act, what then?

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Char.* Anguillast, elabitur.
- Ps.* Ecquid is homo scitust?
- Char.* Plebi scitum non est scitius.
- Ps.* Probus homo est, ut praedicare te audio.
- Char.* Immo si scias,  
ubi te aspexerit, narrabit ultro quid sese velis. 750  
sed quid es acturus?
- Ps.* Dicam. ubi hominem exornavero,  
subditivom fieri ego illum militis servom volo;  
sumbolum hunc ferat lenoni cum quinque argenti  
minis,  
mulierem ab lenone abducat: em tibi omnem  
fabulam.  
ceterum quo quicque pacto faciat, ipsi dixero.
- Cal.* Quid nunc igitur stamus?
- Ps.* Hominem cum ornamentis omnibus  
exornatum adducite ad me iam ad trapezitam  
Aeschinum.  
sed properate.
- Cal.* Prius illi erimus quam tu.
- Ps.* Abite ergo ocius.  
quidquid incerti mi in animo prius aut ambiguom  
fuit,  
nunc liquet, nunc defaecatumst cor mihi; nunc  
perviumst: 760  
omnes ordine sub signis ducam legiones meas,  
avi sinistra, auspicio liquido atque ex mea sententia;  
confidentia est inimicos meos me posse perdere.  
nunc ibo ad forum atque onerabo meis praeceptis  
Simiam,  
quid agat, ne quid titubet, docte ut hanc ferat  
fallaciam.  
iam ego hoc ipsum oppidum expugnatum faxo erit  
lenonium.



## PSEUDOLUS

- Char.* He's an eel, slips away.
- Ps.* Astute, is he?
- Char.* Astute as a statute.
- Ps.* An admirable chap, to listen to your account.
- Char.* Man, man! If you only knew him! The moment he sets eyes on you, he'll go ahead and state what you want him for. But what's your plan?
- Ps.* This. When I have him all got up, I want him to pass himself off as the soldier's slave. He is to bring this token and the twenty pounds to the pimp, and from the pimp he is to take away the girl. There! There you have the whole plot. As for the rest, how he is to handle details, I shall instruct him personally.
- Cal.* (*restively to Charinus, who wants more information*) Then why are we standing here now?
- Ps.* This man, get-up and got-up all complete, is to be brought to me directly at banker Aeschinus'. (*waving them off*) But hurry!
- Cal.* (*pulling along Charinus*) We'll be there before you. [EXEUNT.]
- Ps.* (*calling after them*) Then show some speed in starting. (*elated*) Now any uncertainty or doubt I had before is clarified, now my mind is settled; now it's a broad highway. On I'll lead my legions all, in line beneath their standards, a bird on my left, my auspices clear and quite to my liking. I'm confident that I can finish off my foemen. Now I'll go to the forum and load up Simia with instructions for his job, so that he'll make no slip but carry off this trick like a man of training. Under my command we'll full soon take by storm this town of Pimpville. [EXIT.]

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

## ACTVS III

*Puer* Cui servitutem di danunt lenoniam  
puero, atque eidem si addunt turpitudinem,  
ne illi, quantum ego nunc corde conspicio meo,  
malam rem magnam multasque aerumnas danunt. 770  
velut haec mi evenit servitus, ubi ego omnibus  
parvis magnisque miseriis praefulcior :  
neque ego amatorem mi invenire ullum queo,  
qui amet me, ut curer tandem nitidiuscule.  
nunc huic lenoni hodie est natalis dies :  
interminatus est a minimo ad maximum,  
si quis non hodie munus misisset sibi,  
eum cras cruciatu maximo perbitere.  
nunc nescio hercle rebus quid faciam meis ;  
neque ego illud possum, quod illi qui possunt  
solent. 780  
nunc, nisi lenoni munus hodie misero,  
cras mihi potandus fructus est fullonius.  
eheu, quam illae rei ego etiam nunc sum parvolus.  
atque edepol, ut nunc male eum metuo miser,  
si quispiam det qui manus gravior siet,  
quamquam illud aiunt magno gemitu fieri,  
comprimere dentes videor posse aliquo modo.  
sed comprimenda est mihi vox atque oratio :  
erus eccum recipit se domum et ducit coquom.

III. 2.

*Bal.* Forum coquinum qui vocant, stulte vocant, 790  
nam non coquinum est, verum furinum est forum.

# PSEUDOLUS

## ACT III

ENTER AN UNKEMPT BOY SLAVE FROM *Ballio's* HOUSE.

*Boy* (*ruefully*) When the gods give a boy the job of slaving it for a pimp, and on top of that make him an ugly boy, then so far as I can size up the situation, they certainly do give him a lot of terrible trials and tribulations. Take my case and the slavery I'm let in for here, where miseries of every sort, small and big, are my mainstay. And I can't find a single lover to love me, so that I'd finally be kept spruced up a bit. And now to-day's the birthday of this pimp. My word, how he did threaten us all, from first to last, that whoever didn't send him a present to-day would perish in awful agony to-morrow! Oh, Lord, I don't know what to do now in a fix like mine! I can't do the thing that's generally done by those that can. So now, unless I send the pimp a present to-day, to-morrow I'll have to swallow the stuff that fullers use. Oh, dear, how tiny I am for that even now! Lord, Lord! And yet I'm so fearfully, frightfully afraid of master now, if someone put something in my hand that made it heavier—no matter if they do say doing it makes you groan awfully—it does seem as if I could control my teeth somehow. (*looking down the street*) But it's my voice and tongue I must control. There's master coming back home and bringing a cook. [EXIT.]

Scene 2. ENTER *Ballio* AND HIS BOY SLAVE, FOLLOWED BY A COOK AND HIS HELPERS WITH UTENSILS AND PROVISIONS.

*Bal.* (*peevisly*) Cooks' Square! A fool name to name that place! Why, it's Crooks' Square, not Cooks'.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

nam ego si iuratus peiorem hominem quaererem  
coquom, non potui, quam hunc quem duco, ducere,  
multiloquom gloriosum insulsum inutilem.  
quin ob eam rem Orcus recipere ad se hunc noluit,  
ut esset hic qui mortuis cenam coquat;  
nam hic solus illis coquere quod placeat potest.  
*Coc.* Si me arbitrabare isto pacto, ut praedicas,  
cur conducebas?

*Bal.* Inopia: alius non erat.  
sed cur sedebas in foro, si eras coquos, 800  
tu solus praeter alios?

*Coc.* Ego dicam tibi:  
hominum vitio ego sum factus improbius coquos,  
non meopte ingenio.

*Bal.* Qua istuc ratione?

*Coc.* Eloquar.  
quia enim, cum extemplo veniunt conductum  
coquom,

nemo illum quaerit qui optimus et carissimus:  
illum conducunt potius qui vilissimus.

hoc ego fui hodie solus obsessor fori.

illi drachmissent miseri: me nemo potest  
minoris quisquam nummo ut surgam subigere.

non ego item cenam condio ut alii coqui, 810

qui mihi condita prata in patinis proferunt,  
boves qui convivias faciunt herbasque oggerunt,  
eas herbas herbis aliis porro condiunt:

indunt coriandrum, feniculum, alium, atrum holus,  
apponunt rumicem, brassicam, betam, blitum,  
eo laserpici libram pondo diluont,

teritur sinapis scelera, quae illis qui terunt  
prius quam triverunt oculi ut extillent facit.

ei homines cenas ubi coquont, cum condiunt,  
non condimentis condiunt, sed strigibus, 820  
vivis convivis intestina quae exedint,

## PSEUDOLUS

Why, even if I had sworn to hunt one up, a worse specimen than this cook I'm bringing is unbraggable—blathering, boastful, witless, useless! The only reason Pluto hasn't wanted him in hell is so that there'd be someone left on earth to cook oblations for the dead. Why, he's the one man can cook things to their taste.

*Cook* (*stiffly*) If you thought me the sort you say, why did you hire me?

*Bal.* Dearth. No one else to be had. But why were you sitting in the Square, if you were a cook, you alone, you only?

*Cook* This is why: a defect of human nature, no fault of mine, makes me a less desirable cook.

*Bal.* How d'ye figure that out?

*Cook* You shall hear. This is the point—once folks come to hire a cook, not a soul looks for the best and most expensive: instead, they hire the cheapest. That explains my besetting the Square alone to-day. Those poor boobies are one-bobbers: no man alive can have me off my haunches for less than two bob. I am a man who seasons a dinner differently than other cooks, who season me whole plantations and put 'em on the platters and make oxen out of guests, pile on the fodder, and then proceed to season that fodder with more fodder. They serve them sorrel, cabbage, beets, spinach, flavoured with coriander, fennel, garlic, parsley, pour in a pound of assafoetida, grate in murderous mustard that makes the graters' eyes ooze out before they have it grated. When these chaps season the dinners that they come and cook, they use for seasoning no seasonings, but screech-owls, to eat the entrails out of living guests. This, this,

hoc hic quidem homines tam brevem vitam colunt,  
quom hasce herbas huius modi in suom alvom con-  
gerunt,

formidulosas dictu, non essu modo.

quas herbas pecudes non edunt, homines edunt.

*Bal.* Quid tu? divinis condimentis utere,  
qui prorogare vitam possis hominibus,  
qui ea culpes condimenta?

*Coc.* Audacter dicito;

nam vel ducenos annos poterunt vivere

meas qui essitabunt escas quas condivero.

nam ego cocilendrum quando in patinas indidi

aut cepolendrum aut maccidem aut secaptidem,

eaepse sese<sup>1</sup> fervefaciunt ilico.

haec ad Neptuni pecudes condimenta sunt:

terrestris pecudes cicimalindro condio,

hapalocopide aut cataractria.

*Bal.* At te Iuppiter

dique omnes perdant cum condimentis tuis

cumque tuis istis omnibus mendaciis.

*Coc.* Sine sis loqui me.

*Bal.* Loquere, atque i in malam crucem.

*Coc.* Vbi omnes patinae fervont, omnis aperio:

is odos dimissis manibus in caelum volat.

*Bal.* Odos dimissis manibus?

*Coc.* Peccavi insciens.

*Bal.* Quidum?

*Coc.* Dimissis pedibus volui dicere.

eum odorem cenat Iuppiter cottidie.

*Bal.* Si nusquam is coctum, quidnam cenat Iuppiter?

*Coc.* It incenatus cubitum.

*Bal.* I in malam crucem.

istacine causa tibi hodie nummum dabo?

*Coc.* Fateor equidem esse me coquom carissimum;

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following *patinae*.

## PSEUDOLUS

explains why people here have such short lives—filling their bellies full of fodder of this sort, ghastly to mention, not merely to eat. Fodder that cattle will not eat, men do eat.

*Bal.* (*contemptuously*) And yourself? Use celestial seasonings, do you, that let you prolong men's lives, you that are so censorious of these seasonings?

*Cook* (*gravely*) You may say that with confidence. Why, those that fare on food that I have seasoned are enabled to live as much as two hundred years. Why, when I have put a dash of cinnatopsis in the pans, or clovitopsis, or sageolio, or allspiceria, they heat up automatically and instantaneously. These are my seasonings for Neptune's cattle: terrestrial cattle I season with cassitopsis, pepitilis or cap-sicoria.

*Bal.* Ugh! May all the powers above annihilate you and your seasonings, and all those lies of yours together!

*Cook* Kindly allow me to continue.

*Bal.* Continue, and be hanged!

*Cook* When all the pans are hot, I open them all up: the odour from 'em flies to heaven with outstretched arms.

*Bal.* An odour with outstretched arms, eh?

*Cook* Ah, I made a careless slip.

*Bal.* How so?

*Cook* I meant to say, with outstretched feet. And this odour Jupiter has each day for dinner.

*Bal.* In case you don't go out to cook, how does Jupiter contrive to dine?

*Cook* He goes to bed without dining.

*Bal.* You go and be hanged! Am I to give you two bob to-day for that?

*Cook* I of course admit that I am a very expensive cook.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

verum pro pretio facio ut opera appareat  
mea quo conductus venio.

*Bal.* Ad furandum quidem. 850

*Coc.* An tu invenire postulas quemquam coquom  
nisi miluinis aut aquilinis ungulis?

*Bal.* An tu coquinatum te ire quoquam postulas,  
quin ibi constrictis ungulis cenam coquas?  
nunc adeo tu, qui meus es, iam edico tibi,  
ut nostra properes amoliri omnia,  
tum ut huius oculos in oculis habeas tuis:  
quoquo hic spectabit, eo tu spectato simul;  
si quo hic gradietur, pariter progredimino;  
manum si protollet, pariter proferto manum: 860  
suom si quid sumet, id tu sinito sumere;  
si nostrum sumet, tu teneto altrinsecus.  
si iste ibit, ito, stabit, astato simul;  
si conquiniscet istic, conquiniscito.  
item his discipulis privos custodes dabo.

*Coc.* Habe modo bonum animum.

*Bal.* Quaeso, qui possum, doce,  
bonum animum habere qui te ad me adducam  
domum?

*Coc.* Quia sorbitione faciam ego hodie te mea,  
item ut Medea Peliam concoxit senem,  
quem medicamento et suis venenis dicitur 870  
fecisse rursus ex sene adulescentulum,  
item ego te faciam.

*Bal.* Eho, an etiam es veneficus?

*Coc.* Immo edepol vero hominum servator.

*Bal.* Ehem,  
quanti istuc unum me<sup>1</sup> coquinare perdoces?

*Coc.* Quid?

*Bal.* Vt te servem, ne quid surripias mihi.

*Coc.* Si credis, nummo; si non, ne mina quidem.

<sup>1</sup> Corrupt (Leo): *subdoces* A.



## PSEUDOLUS

But in any house I go to, I make sure that the cost of hiring me shows in the way I work.

*Bal.* Ah, yes, pilfering.

*Cook* (*failing to out-glare Ballio, then amiably*) Can it be you expect to find any cook without a kite's or eagle's claws?

*Bal.* Can it be you expect to go a-cooking anywhere unless your claws are clamped while you cook your dinner? (*to Boy*) Now then, you that belong to me! I hereby give you notice to hustle all our stuff out of range, and then keep your eyes on his eyes: wherever he looks, you look there too; if he roams about, you roam along with him; if his hand goes out, out goes yours beside it; if he picks up anything that's his, let him have it; if it's ours, you get a grip on the other side. If he moves, you move; stands, you stand there too; if he stoops, stoop with him. Yes, and each of these understrappers shall have his own private watchman.

*Cook* (*suavely*) Just you rest easy.

*Bal.* Rest easy? Lord, man, how can I, tell me that, when I'm bringing you into my house?

*Cook* Ah, but my potage! What I shall do for you to-day with that! Why, just like old Medea boiled Pelias and made him new, so they say, from an old hunk to a fresh young blood, with drugs and potions—that is just what I shall do for you.

*Bal.* Potions, eh? Are you a poisoner too?

*Cook* No, no, good heavens, no! I am the saviour of mankind.

*Bal.* Hm! What's your charge for teaching me that one culinary feat?

*Cook* What one?

*Bal.* Saving, saving you from the sin of pilfering from me.

*Cook* Two shillings if you trust me; if not, four pounds is

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

sed utrum tu amicis hodie an inimicis tuis  
daturu's cenam?

- Bal.* Pol ego amicis scilicet.
- Coc.* Quin tuos inimicos potius quam amicos vocas? 880  
nam ego ita convivis cenam conditam dabo  
hodie atque ita suavi suavitate condiam:  
ut quisque quicque conditum gustaverit,  
ipsus sibi faciam ut digitos praerodat suos.
- Bal.* Quaeso hercle, prius quam quoiquam convivae dabis,  
gustato tute prius et discipulis dato,  
ut praerodatis vostras furtificas manus.
- Coc.* Fortasse haec tu nunc mihi non credis quae loquor.
- Bal.* Molestus ne sis, nimium<sup>1</sup> tinnis; non taces?  
em illic ego habito. intro abi et cenam coque. 890  
propera.
- Puer* Quin tu is accubitus, et convivas cedo,  
corrumpitur iam cena.
- Bal.* Em, subolem sis vide:  
iam hic quoque scelestus est, coqui sublingulo.  
profecto quid nunc primum caveam nescio,  
ita in aedibus sunt fures, praedo in proxumo est.  
nam mi hic vicinus apud forum paulo prius,  
pater Calidori, opere edixit maxumo,  
ut mihi caverem a Pseudolo servo suo,  
ne fidem ei haberem. nam eum circum ire in hunc  
diem,  
ut me, si posset, muliere intervorteret; 900  
eum promississe firmiter dixit sibi,  
sese abducturum a me dolis Phoenicium.  
nunc ibo intro atque edicam familiaribus,  
profecto ne quis quicquam credat Pseudolo.

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following *iam*.

## PSEUDOLUS

too cheap. But are you giving this dinner to-day to your friends or enemies?

*Bal.* I? Gad, to friends, of course!

*Cook* Why not invite your enemies instead of friends? For the dinner I set before your guests this day will be so savoury, seasoned so lusciously, so lusciously—once a man tastes a dish seasoned by me I shall have him gnawing off the ends of his own fingers.

*Bal.* Then for God's sake, before you serve a single guest, take a taste yourself first and give one to your understrappers, so that you'll all gnaw off the ends of your own light-fingered hands.

*Cook* Perhaps you do not believe what I tell you now.

*Bal.* (*with gruff finality*) Don't be a nuisance! You cackle too much. Shut up, will you? There! (*pointing*) That's my house. Be off inside with you and cook dinner. Move!

*Cook's Boy* (*to Ballio, flippantly*) Go take your place, and get your guests in: dinner's spoiling already. [EXEUNT.]

*Bal.* (*glowering after the Boy*) Huh! Just look at that young limb, will you! He's already a rascalion too, the cook's underlickprater. What to guard against first now, I absolutely don't know. Here I am with thieves in my house and a highwayman (*glowering at Simo's house*) next door. For my neighbour here, Calidorus' father, gave me most emphatic notice, a little while ago at the forum, to guard against his slave Pseudolus and put no trust in him. Said he was on the hunt all this day trying to see if he couldn't do me out of my girl; had vowed up and down to him he would diddle Phoenicium away from me. Now I'll go in and give notice to my household that not a soul is to put the slightest trust in Pseudolus. [EXIT.]

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

## ACTVS IV

- Ps.* Si umquam quemquam di immortales voluere esse  
auxilio adiutum,  
tum me et Calidorum servatum volunt esse et  
lenonem extinctum,  
quom te adiutorem genuerunt mihi tam doctum  
hominem atque astutum.  
sed ubi illic est? sumne ego homo insipiens, qui  
haec mecum egomet loquar solus?  
dedit verba mihi hercle, ut opinor:  
malus cum malo stulte cavi.  
tum pol ego interii, homo si ille abiit, neque hoc  
opus quod volui hodie efficiam. 910  
sed eccum video verbeream statuam: ut it, ut  
magnifice infert sese.  
ehem, te hercle ego circumspectabam, nimis  
metuebam male, ne abiisses.
- Sim.* Fuit meum officium ut facerem, fateor.
- Ps.* Vbi restiteras?
- Sim.* Vbi mihi libitum est.
- Ps.* Istuc<sup>1</sup> ego satis scio.
- Sim.* Quor ergo quod scis me rogas?
- Ps.* At hoc volo monere te.
- Sim.* Monendus ne me moneas.
- Ps.* Nimis tandem ego aps te contemnor.
- Sim.* Quippe ego te ni contemnam,  
stratioticus homo qui cluear?
- Ps.* Iam hoc volo quod oceptumst agi.

<sup>1</sup> Leo notes lacuna here: *istuc ipse* Lindsay.

# PSEUDOLUS

## ACT IV

ENTER *Pseudolus*.

*Ps.* (*over his shoulder, ingratiatingly*) If the everlasting gods ever wished any man to be assisted by aid divine, they certainly wish me and Calidorus saved and the pimp extinguished, with their producing such a clever, wily chap as you for my assistant. (*pauses, then turns around*) But where is the fellow? Am I getting feeble-minded, to converse with myself this way all alone? (*worried*) By Jove! He has come one over me, I do believe! Both of us so sharp, and I so dull a watchman! Good Lord! If that chap has slipped me, then I'm a goner and can't put through this job I wanted done to-day. (*looking down the street*) Ah, but there he comes, the statue of cowhide! See the step of him, the lordly strut! (*calling, as pleasantly as possible*) Well, my word! Gad, man, I was looking all about for you. I was most awfully afraid you had given me the slip.

ENTER *Simia*, SWAGGERING ALONG IN MILITARY COSTUME.

*Sim.* A function quite fitting for me, I confess.

*Ps.* Where was it you stopped?

*Sim.* (*readjusting his cloak*) Where I chose.

*Ps.* I'm well enough aware of that.

*Sim.* Then why ask me what you are aware of?

*Ps.* But I want to give you some advice.

*Sim.* None for me from a man that needs it so.

*Ps.* Really, you're treating me with positive contempt.

*Sim.* Contempt for you? Why not, I being a celebrated army man?

*Ps.* But I want this job we've begun done at once.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Sim.* Numquid agere aliud me vides?
- Ps.* Ambula ergo cito.
- Sim.* Immo otiose volo. 920
- Ps.* Haec ea occasiost: dum ille dormit, volo  
tu prior ut occupes adire.
- Sim.* Quid properas? placide, ne time.  
ita ille faxit Iuppiter,  
ut ille palam ibidem adsiet,  
quisquis illest, qui adest a milite.  
numquam edepol erit ille potior  
Harpax quam ego. habe animum bonum:  
pulchre ego hanc explicatam tibi rem dabo.  
sic ego illum dolis atque mendaciis  
in timorem dabo militarem advenam,  
ipsus sese ut neget esse eum qui siet  
meque ut esse autumet qui ipse est.
- Ps.* Qui potest? 930
- Sim.* Occidis me, cum istuc rogitas.
- Ps.* O hominem lepidum.
- Sim.* Te quoque etiam dolis atque mendaciis,  
qui magister mihi es, antidibo, ut scias.
- Ps.* Iuppiter te mihi servet.
- Sim.* Immo mihi.  
sed vide, ornatus hic me satin condecet?
- Ps.* Optume habet.
- Sim.* Esto.
- Ps.* Tantum tibi boni di immortales duint quantum tu  
tibi optes;  
nam si exoptem, quantum dignu's tantum dent,  
minus nihilo sit.  
neque ego hoc homine quemquam vidi magis  
malum et maleficum.
- Sim.* Tun id mihi?

## PSEUDOLUS

*Sim.* (*busy with his accoutrements*) D'ye see me doing anything else?

*Ps.* Then step along quickly.

*Sim.* Oh, no, a leisurely pace for me.

*Ps.* (*urgently*) This is our chance: while that chap's asleep I want you to steal a march on him and present yourself first.

*Sim.* Why rush? Take it calmly, keep cool. I hope to heaven that chap shows up and presents himself there too, that chap, whoever he is, from the soldier's. Gad! Never will that chap beat me at being Harpax. Rest easy. I am the man to fix this up in fine shape for you. What with my tricks and lies, I shall give that chap, our military stranger, such a scare that he will deny his own identity and declare me to be himself.

*Ps.* How can you?

*Sim.* (*irritably*) You will be the death of me with such questions.

*Ps.* (*soothingly*) Oh, you wonderful man!

*Sim.* Yes, and you yourself, my teacher, in tricks and lies I shall get ahead of you, too, just to show you.

*Ps.* God preserve you for me!

*Sim.* No, for myself. (*parading*) But look—does this uniform become me as it should?

*Ps.* Marvellously.

*Sim.* 'Tis well.

*Ps.* (*enthusiastically*) May the immortal gods grant you every good thing you can desire for yourself; for if I should desire 'em to give you every good thing you deserve, (*trying to conceal his venom with a grin*) that would be less than nothing. As a bad man, bad in every act, I have yet to see this fellow's better.

*Sim.* (*in mocking appreciation*) This to me from you?

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Ps.* Taceo.  
sed ego quae tibi bona dabo et faciam, si hanc  
sobrie rem accurassis.
- Sim.* Potin ut taceas? memorem immemorem facit qui  
monet quod memor meminit. 940  
teneo, omnia in pectore condita sunt, meditati sunt  
mihi doli docte.
- Ps.* Probus est hic homo.
- Sim.* Neque hic est neque ego.
- Ps.* At vide ne titubes.
- Sim.* Potin ut taceas?
- Ps.* Ita me di ament—
- Sim.* Ita non facient: mera iam mendacia fundes.
- Ps.* Vt ego ob tuam, Simia, perfidiam te amo et metuo  
et magni facio.
- Sim.* Ego istuc aliis dare condidici: mi optrudere non  
potes palpum.
- Ps.* Vt ego accipiam te hodie lepide, ubi effeceris hoc  
opus,
- Sim.* Ha ha hae.
- Ps.* Lepido victu, vino, unguentis et inter pocula  
pulpamentis;  
ibidem una aderit mulier lepida, tibi savia super  
savia quae det.
- Sim.* Lepide accipis me.
- Ps.* Immo si efficies, tum faxo magis id dicas.
- Sim.* Nisi effecero, cruciabiliter carnifex me accipito. 950  
sed propera mihi monstrare, ubi sit os lenonis  
aedium.
- Ps.* Tertium hoc est.
- Sim.* St, tace, aedes hiscunt.



## PSEUDOLUS

- Ps.* (*dryly*) I'm shut up. (*glowingly*) But I—the good things I'll give you and do for you, if you'll only give this matter serious attention.
- Sim.* (*arrogantly*) Can you shut up? It makes a mindful man unmindful to be reminded of what he remembers and has in mind. I know it all, everything is stored in my chest, my schemes have been given competent consideration.
- Ps.* A fine fellow, this!
- Sim.* This meaning neither him nor me.
- Ps.* But do see there's no slip-up.
- Sim.* Can you shut up?
- Ps.* (*earnestly*) So help me God——
- Sim.* (*interrupting*) Which He will not: now comes a flood of falsehoods unalloyed.
- Ps.* (*continuing*) I love you, Simia, and hold you in awe and honour, you're such a liar.
- Sim.* I am a master at handing out that stuff to others: you can pass off no such pap on me.
- Ps.* (*undaunted*) Ah, the wonderful treat I'll give you this day when you've put this job through——
- Sim.* Haw! Haw! Haw!
- Ps.* (*continuing*) Wonderful food, wine, perfumes, and goodies to go with our drinks! Yes, and a wonderful girl will be there too, to kiss you and kiss you, the nicest way.
- Sim.* (*interested*) You are giving me a wonderful treat!
- Ps.* That's nothing. Put this through, and I'll give you more cause to say so.
- Sim.* (*thrilled*) If I don't put it through, hangman, treat me to a halter! But hurry, show me the vent of the house of the pimp!
- Ps.* (*pointing*) The third one here.
- Sim.* (*as the door opens*) Sh-h! Shut up The house is gaping.

*Ps.* Credo, animo malest  
aedibus.

*Sim.* Quid iam?

*Ps.* Quia edepol ipsum lenonem evomunt.

*Sim.* Illicinest?

*Ps.* Illic est.

*Sim.* Mala mercist.<sup>1</sup>

*Ps.* Illuc sis vide,  
ut transversus, non proversus cedit, quasi cancer  
solet.

## IV. 2.

*Bal.* Minus malum hunc hominem esse opinor quam esse  
censebam coquom,  
nam nihil etiam dum harpagavit praeter cyathum et  
cantharum.

*Ps.* Heus tu, nunc occasio est et tempus.

*Sim.* Tecum sentio.

*Ps.* Ingredere in viam dolose: ego hic in insidiis ero.

*Sim.* Habui numerum sedulo: hoc est sextum a porta  
proximum 960  
angiportum, in id angiportum me devorti iusserat;  
quotumas aedis dixerit, id ego admodum incerto  
scio.

*Bal.* Quis hic homo chlamydatus est aut unde est aut  
quem quaeritat?

peregrina facies videtur hominis atque ignobilis.

*Sim.* Sed eccum qui ex incerto faciet mihi quod quaero  
certius.

<sup>1</sup> Leo notes lacuna here: *Pseudole*, Bothe.

## PSEUDOLUS

- Ps.* (*drawing Simia into a recess*) It's a house that's feeling ill, I fancy.
- Sim.* How so?
- Ps.* Because it's spewing out the pimp himself, by gad!
- Sim.* So that's the fellow?
- Ps.* That is.
- Sim.* He's a poor piece of goods.
- Ps.* (*as Ballio sidles slyly about his doorway observing operations within*) Just see that, will you, how he travels sideways instead of straightways, as a crab does!

Scene 2.                    ENTER *Ballio* FROM DOORWAY.

- Bal.* (*to himself, grimly*) I do believe this chap is less dishonest than I supposed a cook could be. Why, not a thing has he cabbaged so far except a ladle and tankard.
- Ps.* (*aside to Simia*) Hey, you! Here's your chance and time.
- Sim.* I agree with you.
- Ps.* Get into action now, and make it sly: I'll be in ambush here.
- Sim.* (*aloud, stepping out and studying the neighbourhood*) I've been careful about the number: this is the sixth alley from the city gate, and that's the alley where he told me to turn in. But how many houses he said is something I'm quite uncertain of.
- Bal.* (*aside, seeing him*) Who's this chap in the military cloak? Where's he from? Who's he hunting for? Seems to be a foreigner from his looks, and no one I know.
- Sim.* (*turning toward Ballio*) Ah, but there's someone who'll make this doubtful quest of mine less doubtful.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Bal.* Ad me adit recta. unde ego hominem hunc esse dicam gentium?
- Sim.* Heus tu, qui cum hirquina barba stas, responde quod rogo.
- Bal.* Eho, an non prius salutas?
- Sim.* Nulla est mihi salus dataria.
- Bal.* Nam pol hinc tantumdem accipies.
- Ps.* Iam inde a principio probe. 970
- Sim.* Ecquem in angiporto hoc hominem tu novisti? te rogo.
- Bal.* Egomet me.
- Sim.* Pauci istuc faciunt homines quod tu praedicas, nam in foro vix decumus quisque est qui ipse sese noverit.
- Ps.* Salvos sum, iam philosophatur.
- Sim.* Hominem ego hic quaero malum, legirupam, impurum, peiurum atque impium.
- Bal.* Me quaeritat, nam illa mea sunt cognomenta; nomen si memoret modo.
- quid est ei homini nomen?
- Sim.* Leno Ballio.
- Bal.* Scivin ego?
- ipse ego is sum, adulescens, quem tu quaeris.
- Sim.* 'Tune es Ballio?
- Bal.* Ego enim vero is sum.
- Sim.* Vt vestitu's, es perfossor parietum. 980
- Bal.* Credo, in tenebris, conspicatus si sis me, apstineas manum.
- Sim.* Erus meus tibi me salutem multam voluit dicere. hanc epistulam accipe a me, hanc me tibi iussit dare.
- Bal.* Quis is homost qui iussit?
- Ps.* Perii, nunc homo in medio lutost; nomen nescit, haeret haec res.

## PSEUDOLUS

- Bal. (*aside*) He's headed straight for me. I wonder where on earth the fellow's from.
- Sim. (*to Ballio*) I say, you, standing there with the billy-goat beard, answer me this.
- Bal. (*glaring*) Oh, indeed! And no "good-day" first, eh?
- Sim. I have no good day spareable.
- Bal. Gad! Then you'll find me equally generous. (*turns away and looks in his door*)
- Ps. (*aside*) Here's a fine first round to start with!
- Sim. Know anyone in this alley, do you? (*Ballio pays no attention*) I am asking (*very loudly*) you.
- Bal. (*over his shoulder*) I know myself.
- Sim. You claim knowledge which few persons possess. Why, at the forum you can find hardly one man in ten who knows himself.
- Ps. (*aside*) Saved! Now he's philosophizing.
- Sim. I am looking for a man here, a bad one, a law-breaker, foul, faithless, godless.
- Bal. (*aside*) Hm! It's me he's looking for, those being my surnames. Now if he'd only mention my other name. (*aloud*) What is the other name of this man?
- Sim. Pimp Ballio.
- Bal. Didn't I know it? (*aloud*) I am the person you look for, myself, young fellow.
- Sim. (*surveying him unappreciatively*) So you are Ballio?
- Bal. I certainly am.
- Sim. Those clothes make you look like a burglar.
- Bal. (*dryly*) Yes, if you spied me in the dark you probably wouldn't hold me up.
- Sim. My master wished me to extend his cordial greetings. Here, take this letter; he ordered me to give it to you. (*fumbles about for it*)
- Bal. Who's the man that ordered you?
- Ps. (*aside, observing Simia's almost imperceptible confusion*) Oh, Lord! Now he's in a hole! He doesn't know the name! We're stuck!

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

*Bal.* Quem hanc misisse ad me autumas?

*Sim.* Nosce imaginem: tute eius nomen memorato mihi,  
ut sciam te Ballionem esse ipsum.

*Bal.* Cedo mi epistulam.

*Sim.* Accipe et cognosce signum.

*Bal.* Oh, Polymachaeroplages  
purus putus est ipsus. novi. heus, Polymachaero-  
plages  
nomen est.

*Sim.* Scio iam me recte tibi dedisse epistulam, 990  
postquam Polymachaeroplagedem elocutus nomen  
es.

*Bal.* Quid agit is?

*Sim.* Quod homo edepol fortis atque bellator probus.  
sed propera hanc pellegere quaeso epistulam—ita  
negotium est—  
atque accipere argentum actutum mulieremque  
emittere.  
nam necessest hodie Sicyoni me esse aut cras  
mortem exsequi,  
ita erus meus est imperiosus.

*Bal.* Novi, notis praedicas.

*Sim.* Propera pellegere epistulam ergo.

*Bal.* Id ago, si taceas modo.

‘miles lenoni Ballioni epistulam  
conscriptam mittit Polymachaeroplages,  
imagine obsignatam quae inter nos duo  
convenit olim.’ sumbolust in epistula.<sup>1</sup>

1000

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following vv., 1002–1008:

*video, et cognosco signum. sed in epistula  
nullam salutem mittere scriptam solet?*

*Sim.* Ita militaris disciplinast, Ballio:  
manu salutem mittunt benevolentibus;  
eadem malam rem mittunt malevolentibus.  
sed, ut occepisti, perge opera experirier  
quid epistula ista narret.

*Bal.* Ausculta modo.

## PSEUDOLUS

*Bal.* (*reaching for the letter, slightly suspicious*) Who sent me this, according to you?

*Sim.* (*holding it out of Ballio's reach, seal toward him*) See if you know the likeness. Tell me his name yourself, so as to prove you are really Ballio.

*Bal.* Give the letter here.

*Sim.* Take it and identify the seal.

*Bal.* (*aside, after a glance*) Oho, it's Polymachaeroplagides himself, plain as a pikestaff! I know him. (*aloud*) Hey, you! His name is Polymachaeroplagides.

*Sim.* (*relieved*) Ah, I see I did right in giving you the letter, now that you have come out with the name Polymachaeroplagides.

*Bal.* And what is he doing?

*Sim.* (*giving his cloak a hitch*) Ha! Deeds that befit a gallant gentleman and noble warrior. But I must ask you to make haste and read this letter through—that is imperative—then take the money at once and turn over the girl. For I must be at Sicyon to-day or submit to murder to-morrow. That is my master's style, peremptory.

*Bal.* (*wryly*) I know; I am acquainted with him.

*Sim.* Then read the letter without wasting time.

*Bal.* (*opening it*) So I am, if you'd only shut up. (*reading*) "Polymachaeroplagides, warrior, to Ballio, pimp, indites and sends this letter sealed with the likeness before agreed upon between us both." (*half aside*) The token is on the letter.<sup>1</sup> (*reading*) "'Tis

<sup>1</sup> Vv. 1002-1008: I see and recognize the seal. But is he in the habit of sending letters that bring no wish for one's well-being?

*Sim.* 'Tis a way we have in the army, Ballio. 'Tis the sword of a soldier brings well-being to those that wish him well, and the selfsame sword brings ill to those that wish him ill. But go on and finish, test for yourself the contents of that letter.

*Bal.* Well then, listen.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

‘ Harpax calator meus est, ad te qui venit—’  
tun es is Harpax?

*Sim.* Ego sum, atque ipse ἄπραξ quidem. 1010

*Bal.* ‘ Qui epistulam istam fert; ab eo argentum accipi,  
cum eo simitu mulierem mitti volo.  
salutem scriptam dignum est dignis mittere:  
te si arbitrarem dignum, misissem tibi.’

*Sim.* Quid nunc?

*Bal.* Argentum des, abducas mulierem.

*Sim.* Vter remoratur?

*Bal.* Quin sequere ergo intro.

*Sim.* Sequor.

## IV. 3.

*Ps.* Peiorem ego hominem magisque vorsute malum  
numquam edepol quemquam vidi, quam hic est  
Simia;

nimisq; ego illum hominem metuo et formido  
male,

ne malus item erga me sit ut erga illum fuit, 1020

ne in re secunda nunc mi obvertat cornua,

si occasionem capsit qui sit mihi malus;

atque edepol equidem nolo, nam illi bene volo.

nunc in metu sum maximo, triplici modo:

primum omnium iam hunc comparem metuo meum,

ne deserat med atque ad hostis transeat;

metuo autem, ne erus redeat etiam dum a foro,

ne capta praeda capti praedones fuant.

quom haec metuo, metuo ne ille huc Harpax  
advenat 1030

prius quam hinc hic Harpax abierit cum muliere.

perii hercle, nimium tarde egrediuntur foras.

cor conligatis vasis expectat meum,

si non educat mulierem secum simul,

ut exulatum ex pectore aufugiat meo.

victor sum, vici cautos custodes meos.



## PSEUDOLUS

my orderly, Harpax, who comes to you——" (*to Simia*) So you're this Harpax?

*Sim.* I am, yes, Harpyacts in person.

*Bal.* (*reading*) "and bears this letter. I wish you to receive the money from him, and with him send along the wench. 'Tis fitting in a letter to send good wishes to persons they befit: I had sent you such, did I think that they befitted you."

*Sim.* (*hiding a grin*) What now?

*Bal.* (*sourly*) Give me the money, take the girl.

*Sim.* Which of us delays things?

*Bal.* (*going toward his door*) Come, follow me inside, then.

*Sim.* I follow. [EXEUNT.]

### Scene 3.

*Ps.* A worse and wilier rascal than this Simia I never did see anywhere, by gad! Lord! The fellow's got me scared! I'm frightfully afraid he'll try his rascality on me, too, the same as on him, and now that things are going well, turn his horns in my direction, if he gets a chance to play me some rascally trick. And, gad, I certainly don't want that, for I wish the man well. (*anxiously eyeing Ballio's door*) Oh, the fearful funk I'm in now, a triple funk. First of all, I fear this pal of mine's deserting me and crossing over to the enemy. Then too, I fear master's returning from the forum yet and seizing the looters with the loot they've seized. And on top of these fears, I fear that other Harpax will get here before this Harpax gets out of here with the girl. Oh, damnation! How slow they are coming out! My heart has its luggage tied, ready to fly my chest for foreign parts, if he doesn't bring the girl along with him! (*as Simia and Phoenicium appear in the doorway*) Victory! I have vanquished my wary watchmen!

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

## IV. 4.

- Sim.* Ne plora, nescis ut res sit, Phoenicium,  
verum haud multo post faxo scibis accubans.  
non ego te ad illum duco dentatum virum 1040  
Macedoniensem, qui te nunc flentem facit:  
cuam esse te vis maxime, ad eum ducere:  
Calidorum haud multo post faxo amplexabere.
- Ps.* Quid tu intus quaeso desedisti quam diu?  
mihi cor retunsumst oppugnando pectore.
- Sim.* Occasionem repperisti, verbero,  
ubi perconteris me, insidiis hostilibus?  
quin hinc metimur gradibus militariis?
- Ps.* Atque edepol, quamquam nequam homo es, recte  
mones. 1050  
ite hac triumphi ad cantharum recta via.

## IV. 5.

- Bal.* Hahae, nunc demum mi animus in tuto est loco,  
postquam iste hinc abiit atque abduxit mulierem.  
iube nunc venire Pseudolum, scelerum caput,  
et abducere a me mulierem fallaciis.  
conceptis hercle verbis, satis certo scio,  
ego periurare me mavellem miliens,  
quam mi illum verba per deridiculum dare.  
nunc deridebo hercle hominem, si convenero;  
verum in pistrino credo, ut convenit, fore. 1060  
nunc ego Simonem mi obviam veniat velim,  
ut mea laetitia laetus promiscam siet.

## IV. 6.

- Si.* Viso quid rerum meus Vlixes egerit,  
iamne habeat signum ex arce Ballionia.

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<sup>1</sup> Who took the Palladium from the citadel of Troy.

## PSEUDOLUS

Scene 4.      ENTER *Simia*, AND *Phoenicium* IN TEARS.

*Sim.*    (*in an undertone*) Don't cry. You don't understand things, Phoenicium, but I'll see you do a little later on the dining couch. I'm not taking you to that sabre-toothed Macedonian hero that's causing these tears of yours. You're going to the man whose you most want to be: very soon I'll have you hugging Calidorus.

*Ps.*     Lord, man! What made you loll around in there so long? My heart has been banging my chest till it's blunted.

*Sim.*    (*severely*) You take this occasion, hangdog, to question my conduct, with the enemy all about us? Why don't we step it out of here, double time?

*Ps.*     A good suggestion, too, by gad, even though it comes from a bad specimen. (*draws Simia's sword and heads a parade*) Forward, march! Straight to the tankard of victory! [EXEUNT.]

Scene 5.      ENTER *Ballio* FROM HIS HOUSE.

*Bal.*    (*comfortably*) Ho, ho, hum! At last I feel secure now that chap's gone and taken the girl away. Now tell Pseudolus, the fount of iniquity, to come and flimflam me out of her! One thing I know for sure—I'd rather take oath in solemn terms, by gad, and perjure myself a thousand times than be that fellow's fool and laughing-stock. Now the laugh will be against him, by gad, once I meet him—I trust he'll be in what they thought his meet place, in the mill. I only wish I could come across Simo now, to let him share the joy that I'm enjoying.

Scene 6.      ENTER *Simo* FROM THE FORUM.

*Si.*     Now to see what my Ulysses<sup>1</sup> has accomplished, whether he has yet got the image from the Ballionian citadel.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

*Bal.* O fortunate, cedo fortunatam manum,  
Simo.  
*Si.* Quid est?  
*Bal.* Iam—  
*Si.* Quid iam?  
*Bal.* Nihil est quod metuas.  
*Si.* Quid est?  
venitne homo ad te?

*Bal.* Non.  
*Si.* Quid est igitur boni?

*Bal.* Minae viginti sanae et salvae sunt tibi,  
hodie quas aps te est instipulatus Pseudolus.  
*Si.* Velim quidem hercle.

*Bal.* Roga me viginti minas, 1070  
si ille hodie illa sit potitus muliere  
sive eam tuo gnato hodie, ut promisit, dabit,<sup>1</sup>  
omnibus modis tibi esse rem ut salvam scias;  
atque etiam habeto mulierem dono tibi.  
*Si.* Nullum periculumst, quod sciam, stipularier,  
ut concepisti verba: viginti minas  
dabin?

*Bal.* Dabuntur.  
*Si.* Hoc quidem actumst hau male.<sup>2</sup>  
quid est? quid non metuam ab eo? id audire  
expeto.

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following v., 1073 :  
*roga opsecro hercle, gestio promittere.*

<sup>2</sup> Leo brackets following vv., 1079–1086 :  
*sed convenistin hominem?*

*Bal.* Immo ambo simul.  
*Si.* Quid ait? quid narrat? quaeso, quid dixit tibi?  
*Bal.* *Nugas theatri, verba quae in comoediis  
solent lenoni dici, quae pueri sciunt :  
malum et scelestum et peiurum aibat esse me.*  
*Si.* Pol hau mentitust.

*Bal.* Ergo haud iratus fui :  
*nam quanti refert ei nec recte dicere,  
qui nihili faciat quique infitias non eat?*

# PSEUDOLUS

*Bal.* (*rushing up*) Oh, lucky man! Out with that lucky hand, Simo! (*seizing it*)

*Si.* What's all this?

*Bal.* Now——

*Si.* Now what?

*Bal.* You have nothing to fear.

*Si.* What's all this? Has he come to you?

*Bal.* No.

*Si.* What's the good news, then?

*Bal.* It's safe and sound, your eighty pounds that Pseudolus engaged to get from you to-day.

*Si.* Egad! I only wish it were.

*Bal.* (*supremely confident*) Come, make formal demand that I pay you eighty pounds, if he gets hold of that girl this day or gives her to your son this day, as he agreed to do.<sup>1</sup> I want you to feel absolutely assured your money's safe. Yes, and you can have the girl too as a gift for yourself.

*Si.* There's no risk, so far as I see, in taking you up on the terms you've set. (*formally*) You will pay me eighty pounds?

*Bal.* I will.

*Si.* (*aside*) Not such a bad piece of work, this.<sup>2</sup> (*aloud*) But what's all this? Why shouldn't I fear him? I'm eager to hear.

<sup>1</sup> V. 1073: Demand it, come on, demand it: I yearn to promise it.

<sup>2</sup> Vv. 1079-1086: But did you meet the fellow?

*Bal.* Well, both of 'em together.

*Si.* What did he say? What was his story? Come, come, what did he tell you?

*Bal.* Oh, stage patter, the regular line of abuse a pimp gets in the comedies, stuff boys know: told me I was vile and villainous and perjured.

*Si.* Gad, and he told no lie.

*Bal.* Consequently I took no offence. For what's the good of calling a man hard names when he doesn't mind 'em and doesn't deny 'em?

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

*Bal.* Quia numquam abducet mulierem iam, nec potest,  
a me. meministin tibi me dudum dicere,  
eam venisse militi Macedonio? 1090

*Si.* Memini.

*Bal.* Em illius servos huc ad me argentum attulit  
et obsignatum symbolum,

*Si.* Quid postea?

*Bal.* Qui inter me atque illum militem convenerat:  
is secum abduxit mulierem hau multo prius.

*Si.* Bonan fide istuc dicis?

*Bal.* Vnde ea sit mihi?

*Si.* Vide modo, ne illic sit contechnatus quippiam.

*Bal.* Epistula atque imago me certum facit;  
quin illam <sup>1</sup> in Sicyonem ex urbe abduxit modo.

*Si.* Bene hercle factum. quid ego cesso Pseudolum  
facere ut det nomen ad molas coloniam? 1100  
sed quis hic homo est chlamydatus?

*Bal.* Non edepol scio,  
nisi ut observemus quo eat aut quam rem gerat.

## IV. 7.

*Har.* Malus et nequam est homo qui nihili eri imperium  
sui servos facit,  
nihilist autem suom qui officium facere immemor  
est, nisi est admonitus.

nam qui liberos <sup>2</sup> ilico se arbitrantur,  
ex conspectu eri si sui se abdiderunt,  
luxantur, lustrantur, comedunt quod habent, ei  
nomen diu  
servitutis ferunt.

nec boni ingeni quicquam in is inest,  
nisi ut improbis se artibus teneant.<sup>3</sup> 1110

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following *quidem iam*.

<sup>2</sup> Leo brackets following *esse*.

<sup>3</sup> Corrupt (Leo): *nisi ut improbis artibus eniteant* Leo.

## PSEUDOLUS

- Bal.* Because he never will, and never can, get the girl away now from me. You remember my telling you previously that she was sold to a Macedonian soldier?
- Si.* I remember.
- Bal.* Well now, his slave brought me the money and the sealed token——
- Si.* (*interrupting*) What then?
- Bal.* That the soldier and I had agreed on : (*triumphantly*) and a little while ago he took the girl off with him.
- Si.* You tell me this in good faith?
- Bal.* (*grinning happily*) Where should I get that?
- Si.* (*a bit doubtful*) Just be sure our friend hasn't been up to some art-work.
- Bal.* (*easily*) Oh, the letter and likeness are absolutely convincing. He just took her away from the city to Sicyon, I tell you.
- Si.* (*assured*) Well, well! Now to make Pseudolus sign up at once as an emigrant to Millcolonia. (*glancing down the street*) But who's this chap in the military cloak?
- Bal.* (*looking*) Gad, I don't know. But let's watch where he goes, or what he does. (*draws Simo back*)

Scene 7.

ENTER *Harpax*.

- Har.* (*smugly*) A useless rascal is what he is, the fellow that's a slave and yet makes his master's orders of no account, yes, and he's a no-account fellow himself, that forgets to do his duty unless he's reminded. I tell you what, the ones that think they're free the minute they've got out from under their master's eyes, and go in for high-jinks and harlotry and consuming all they have—it's a long time the name of slave'll stick to them. Not a single good trait have they, except their persistence in evil ways. Con-

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

cum his mihi nec locus  
nec sermo convenit neque is umquam nobilis fui.  
ego, ut mi imperatumst, etsi abest, hic adesse  
erum arbitror.

nunc ego illum metuo,  
quom hic non adest, ne quom adsiet metuam. ei  
rei operam dabo.

nam in taberna usque adhuc, si veniret Syrus,  
cui dedi sumbolum, mansi, uti iusserat:  
leno ubi esset domi, me aibat arcessere;  
verum ubi is non venit nec vocat,  
venio huc ultro, ut sciam quid rei sit, ne illic homo  
me ludificetur. 1120

neque quicquamst melius, quam ut hoc pultem  
atque aliquem evocem hinc intus.  
leno argentum hoc volo  
a me accipiat atque amittat mulierem mecum  
simul.

*Bal.* Heus tu.

*Si.* Quid vis?

*Bal.* Hic homo meus est.

*Si.* Quidum?

*Bal.* Quia praeda haec meast:  
scortum quaerit, habet argentum. iam admordere  
hunc mihi lubet.

*Si.* Iamne illum comessurus es?

*Bal.* Dum recens est

dator, dum calet, devorari decet iam.  
boni me viri pauperant, improbi augent;  
poplo strenui, mi improbi usui sunt.

*Si.* Malum quod tibi dabunt, sic scelestu's. 1130

*Har.* Me nunc commoror, quom has foris non ferio, ut  
sciam, sitne Ballio domi.

*Bal.* Venus mi haec bona dat, quom hos huc adigit



## PSEUDOLUS

sorting or talking with such chaps I don't approve of, and I never made their acquaintance. Personally, I do what I'm told, and think my master's about even when he's away. I fear him now when he's not about, so as not to fear him when he is about. (*glancing at his wallet*) This job must be attended to. I followed instructions and stayed at the inn all this time expecting that Syrus I gave the token to. Said he'd summon me when the pimp was at home. But now that he neither came nor called me, I've come here uncalled to find out what the matter is and not let that fellow make a fool of me. (*surveying Ballio's house*) Well, there's nothing better than to knock at the door and call someone out from inside here. I want the pimp to take this money from me and tell the girl to go along with me.

*Bal.* (*aside to Simo, eagerly*) Hey, you!

*Si.* What d'ye want?

*Bal.* This man is mine.

*Si.* Ah? How so?

*Bal.* Because he's game for me. He's after a wench, he has money. Oh, I long to set my teeth in him at once.

*Si.* Eh? You'll eat that fellow up at once?

*Bal.* Yes, you should swallow a spender at once, while he's fresh, while he's hot. Good men make me poor, the worthless fat; your brisk fellows have their public use, but it's the worthless I find useful.

*Si.* And hard use you'll get from the gods, scoundrel that you are.

*Har.* I'm wasting time now, not knocking at this door to find out if Ballio's home. (*steps up to the house*)

*Bal.* (*aside to Simo, with a smirk*) It's Venus grants me these blessings, driving up such gainshunners, loss-

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

lucrifugas, damnucupidos, qui se suamque aetatem  
bene curant,  
edunt, bibunt, scortantur: illi sunt alio ingenio  
atque tu,  
qui neque tibi bene esse patere et illis quibus est  
invides.

*Har.* Heus ubi estis vos?

*Bal.* Hic quidem ad me recta habet rectam viam.<sup>1</sup>  
bene ego ab hoc praedatus ibo; novi, bona  
scaevast mihi.

*Har.* Ecquis hoc aperit?

*Bal.* Heus chlamydate, quid istic debetur tibi?

*Har.* Aedium dominum lenonem Ballionem quaerito. 1140

*Bal.* Quisquis es, adulescens, operam fac compendi  
quaerere.

*Har.* Quid iam?

*Bal.* Quia tute ipse ipsum praesens praesentem  
vides.

*Har.* Tute is es?

*Si.* Chlamydate, cave sis tibi a curvo infortunio  
atque in hunc intende digitum: hic leno est.

*Bal.* At hic est vir bonus.  
sed, tu, bone vir, flagitare saepe clamore in foro,  
quom libella nusquamst, nisi quid leno hic subvenit  
tibi.

*Har.* Quin tu mecum fabulare?

*Bal.* Fabulor. quid vis tibi?

*Har.* Argentum accipias.

*Bal.* Iamdudum, si des, porrexisti manum.

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following v., 1137:

*Har.* Heus ubi estis vos?

*Bal.* Heus adulescens, quid istic debetur tibi?

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<sup>1</sup> V. 1137:

*Har.* (*knocking*) Hullo! Where are you?

*Bal.* Hullo, young fellow! What are you after there?

## PSEUDOLUS

lovers, that see they get a good time out of life, and eat and drink and wench. (*balefully*) They're a different sort from you, that won't give yourself a good time, yet envy those that do. (*leaves Simo and steps out*)

Har. (*knocking*) Hullo! Where are you?

Bal. (*aside, gloating*) Aha! He's coming straight to me, straight to me! <sup>1</sup> I'll loot him well before we part; I know it, my omens are good. (*advances*)

Har. (*knocking again*) Open up here, someone, will you?

Bal. (*aloud*) Hullo, you in the cloak! What are you after there?

Har. (*turning*) I am looking for the master of the house, pimp Ballio.

Bal. Whoever you are, young fellow, save yourself the search.

Har. Why so?

Bal. Because you're here and he's here and you see him. (*Simo saunters up with dignity*)

Har. (*to Simo, innocently*) Are you Ballio?

Si. (*affronted*) You there in the cloak, just you look out for trouble, (*shaking his stick*) crooked trouble. He's the man (*indicating Ballio*) to point the finger of scorn at: he's the pimp.

Bal. (*sarcastically, with a nod toward Simo*) While he's the good man. But it's you, good man, that get dunned in the forum loud and often, and can't find a sou, unless this same pimp comes to your rescue.

Har. (*impatient*) Why not do your talking with me?

Bal. (*leaving Simo, who himself withdraws a bit*) I am. What do you want?

Har. (*holding out the wallet*) Take the money.

Bal. (*reaching for it*) I had my hand out long ago, waiting for it.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Har.* Accipe: hic sunt quinque argenti lectae numeratae minae.  
hoc tibi erus me iussit ferre Polymachaeroplages, 1150  
quod deberet, atque ut mecum mitteres Phoenicium.
- Bal.* Erus tuos—
- Har.* Ita dico.
- Bal.* Miles—
- Har.* Ita loquor.
- Bal.* Macedonius—
- Har.* Admodum, inquam.
- Bal.* Te ad me misit Polymachaeroplages?
- Har.* Vera memoras.
- Bal.* Hoc argentum ut mihi dares?
- Har.* Si tu quidem es  
leno Ballio.
- Bal.* Atque ut a me mulierem tu abduceres?
- Har.* Ita.
- Bal.* Phoenicium esse dixit?
- Har.* Recte meministi.
- Bal.* Mane.  
iam redeo ad te.
- Har.* At maturate propera, nam propero: vides  
iam diem multum esse.
- Bal.* Video: hunc advocare etiam volo;  
mane modo istic, iam revertar ad te. quid nunc  
fit, Simo?  
quid agimus? manifesto hunc hominem teneo, qui  
argentum attulit. 1160
- Si.* Quidum?
- Bal.* An nescis quae sit haec res?
- Si.* Iuxta cum ignarissimis.
- Bal.* Pseudolus tuos allegavit hunc, quasi a Macedonio  
milite esset.
- Si.* Haben argentum ab homine?

## PSEUDOLUS

- Har.* Take it. Here is twenty pounds counted out in honest coin. I was to bring this to you, the sum he owed, so my master Polymachaeroplages said, and you were to send Phoenicium away with me.
- Bal.* (*blankly*) Your master——
- Har.* Exactly.
- Bal.* The soldier——
- Har.* Precisely.
- Bal.* The Macedonian——
- Har.* Certainly, quite so.
- Bal.* You were sent to me by Polymachaeroplages?
- Har.* Correct.
- Bal.* To give me this money?
- Har.* If you are really Ballio the pimp.
- Bal.* And you were to get a girl from me?
- Har.* Just so.
- Bal.* Phoenicium, he said it was?
- Har.* Your memory serves you.
- Bal.* (*seeing a great light*) Wait! (*going toward Simo*) I'll soon be back.
- Har.* But hurry fast, for I am in a hurry : you see how late it is already.
- Bal.* (*over his shoulder*) I see. I only want a little advice from him. (*indicating Simo*) Just you wait there : I'll soon rejoin you. (*aside to Simo, elated*) What now, Simo? What next? I've caught him in the act, this chap that brought the money.
- Si.* How's that?
- Bal.* (*superior*) So you don't see through all this?
- Si.* No better than a blind man.
- Bal.* Your Pseudolus has deputed him to play the Macedonian soldier's man.
- Si.* (*interested*) Have you got the fellow's money?

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Bal.* Rogitas quod vides?
- Si.* Heus, memento ergo dimidium istinc mihi de  
praeda dare:  
commune istuc esse oportet.
- Bal.* Quid, malum? id totum tuom est.
- Har.* Quam mox mi operam das?
- Bal.* Tibi do equidem. quid nunc mi es auctor, Simo?
- Si.* Exploratorem hunc faciamus ludos suppositicum,  
adeo donicum ipsus sese ludos fieri senserit.
- Bal.* Sequere. quid ais? nempe tu illius servos es?
- Har.* Planissime.
- Bal.* Quanti te emit?
- Har.* Suarum in pugna virium victoria.  
nam ego eram domi imperator summus in patria  
mea.
- Bal.* An etiam umquam ille expugnavit carcerem,  
patriam tuam?
- Har.* Contumeliam si dices, audies.
- Bal.* Quotumo die  
ex Sicyone huc pervenisti?
- Har.* Altero ad meridie.
- Bal.* Strenue mehercle iisti.
- Si.* Quamvis pernix hic est homo:  
ubi suram aspicias, scias posse eum—gerere crassas  
compedes.
- Bal.* Quid ais? tune etiam cubitare solitu's in cunis  
puer?
- Si.* Scilicet.
- Bal.* Etiamne facere solitus es—scin quid loquar?
- Si.* Scilicet solitum esse.
- Har.* Sanine estis?

## PSEUDOLUS

- Bal.* You have eyes and ask that? (*dangling the wallet*)  
*Si.* I say, just you remember, then, to let me have half that loot: it should be shared.
- Bal.* What the deuce? It's all yours.  
*Har.* (*calling to Ballio impatiently*) How soon do I get your attention?
- Bal.* (*casually*) You're getting it this minute. (*aside to Simo*) What do you recommend now, Simo?
- Si.* Let's have some fun with this counterfeit scout, till he sees for himself how funny he is.
- Bal.* Come along. (*to Harpax derisively, as they both join him*) Well now? So you're the soldier's slave, are you?
- Har.* Obviously.
- Bal.* What did he pay for you?
- Har.* (*haughtily*) The price of his valour and victory in combat. For 'twas I commanded all the forces where I came from.
- Bal.* Eh? What? Did he ever storm the lock-up where you came from?
- Har.* (*sternly*) If you speak abusively, you shall hear abuse.
- Bal.* How many days did it take you to come from Sicyon?
- Har.* One and a half.
- Bal.* My word! You are a brisk traveller.
- Si.* (*to Ballio*) Oh, he's a nimble chap, very nimble. A look at his calves would show you he can—wear fine big fetters.
- Bal.* I say! Tell me, when you were a boy did you use to lie in a cradle?
- Si.* Of course.
- Bal.* And tell me, did you use to—you know what?
- Si.* Of course he did.
- Har.* Are you men crazy?

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Bal.* Quid hoc quod te rogo?  
noctu in vigiliam quando ibat miles, quom tu ibas  
simul, 11  
conveniebatne in vaginam tuam machaera militis?  
*Har.* I in malam crucem.
- Bal.* Ire licebit tamen tibi hodie temperi.  
*Har.* Quin tu mulierem mi emittis, aut redde argentum.  
*Bal.* Mane.  
*Har.* Quid maneam?  
*Bal.* Chlamydem hanc commemora quanti conductast.  
*Har.* Quid est?  
*Si.* Quid meret machaera?  
*Har.* Elleborum hisce hominibus opus est.  
*Bal.* Eho,  
*Har.* Mitte.  
*Bal.* Quid mercedis petasus hodie domino demeret?  
*Har.* Quid domino? quid somniatis? mea quidem haec  
habeo omnia,  
meo peculio empta.
- Bal.* Nempe quod femina summa sustinent.  
*Har.* Vncti hi sunt senes, fricari sese ex antiquo volunt. 11  
*Bal.* Responde, opseco hercle, vero serio hoc quod te  
rogo:  
quid meres? quantillo argento te conduxit Pseudolus?  
*Har.* Quis istic Pseudolus?  
*Bal.* Praeceptor tuos, qui te hanc fallaciam  
docuit, ut fallaciis hinc mulierem a me abduceres.  
*Har.* Quem tu Pseudolum, quas tu mihi praedicas  
fallacias?  
quem ego hominem<sup>1</sup> nullius coloris novi.

<sup>1</sup> Corrupt (Leo).



## PSEUDOLUS

- Bal.* And answer me this question. At night when the warrior went on guard and you went along with him, was his blade a good fit for your scabbard?
- Har.* (*angrily*) You be hanged!
- Bal.* A likely outcome—for you, that is, and in due time to-day.
- Har.* Here you, send the girl out to me or else return the money.
- Bal.* Wait. (*fingering Harpax' cloak*)
- Har.* Why should I wait?
- Bal.* This cloak—come, tell us how much it cost to hire?
- Har.* (*puzzled*) What do you mean?
- Si.* (*examining the hilt of Harpax' sword*) What's the charge for borrowing this blade?
- Har.* (*half aside*) These men need a dose of hellebore.
- Bal.* Oh, la! (*reaching for Harpax' hat*)
- Har.* (*drawing back*) Let go!
- Bal.* And how much money does the travelling hat make to-day for its owner?
- Har.* What? Owner? What are you two dreaming about? All these things I have are mine, mine, paid for out of my personal property.
- Bal.* Situated above your upper thighs, I take it.
- Har.* (*gathering himself together for action*) These old codgers are all oiled and want a good old-fashioned rub-down.
- Bal.* (*getting at a safer distance and dropping his levity*) Come now, for heaven's sake, do answer me this question in sober earnest. What do you earn? How little did Pseudolus hire you for?
- Har.* Pseudolus? Who is he?
- Bal.* Your tutor that primed you for this trick, to get the girl away from me with your trickery.
- Har.* What Pseudolus? What trickery are you talking about? There is no such man alive I know.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Bal.* Non tu istinc abis?  
 nihil est hodie hic sucophantis quaestus: proin tu  
 Pseudolo  
 nunties abduxisse alium praedam, qui occurrit prior  
 Harpax.
- Har.* Is quidem edepol Harpax ego sum.  
*Bal.* Immo edepol esse vis.  
 purus putus hic sucophanta est.
- Har.* Ego tibi argentum dedi 1200  
 et dudum, adveniens extemplo, sumbolum servo  
 tuo,  
 eri imagine obsignatam epistulam, hic ante  
 ostium.
- Bal.* Meo tu epistulam dedisti servo? quoi servo?  
*Har.* Suro.  
*Bal.* Non confidit sycophanta hic<sup>1</sup> nugis: meditatus  
 malest.<sup>2</sup>  
 nam illam epistulam ipse verus Harpax huc ad me  
 attulit.
- Har.* Harpax ego vocor, ego servos sum Macedonis  
 militis; 1210  
 ego nec sycophantiose quicquam ago nec malefice,  
 neque istum Pseudolum mortalis qui sit novi neque  
 scio.
- Si.* Tu, nisi mirumst, leno, plane, perdidisti mulierem.  
*Bal.* Edepol ne istuc magis magisque metuo, quom  
 verba audio.  
 mihi quoque edepol iamdudum ille Surus cor per-  
 frigefacit,  
 sumbolum qui ab hoc accepit. mira sunt ni  
 Pseudolust.

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following *nequam est*.

<sup>2</sup> Leo brackets following vv., 1205-1207:

*edepol hominem verberonem Pseudolum, ut docte dolum  
 commentast: tantundem argenti quantum miles debuit  
 dedit huic atque hominem exornavit, mulierem qui abduceret.*

## PSEUDOLUS

- Bal. (*threateningly*) Get out of here, will you! There are no pickings here to-day for swindlers. So you just report to Pseudolus that another party has taken off the plunder, a Harpax that got here first.
- Har. Heavens, man, but I am this Harpax myself!
- Bal. (*mockingly*) Heavens, man, you merely want to be. (*to Simo*) He's a swindler pure and simple.
- Har. (*firmly*) I gave you the money, and in front of this very door a while ago, when I first arrived, I gave your servant the token, a letter sealed with the likeness of my master.
- Bal. (*startled*) You gave a letter to my slave? What slave?
- Har. Surus.
- Bal. (*to Simo, trying to seem undisturbed*) This swindler doesn't rely on nonsense; he has made a bad move.<sup>1</sup> For that letter was brought here to me by the real Harpax in person.
- Har. (*with indignant vigour*) My name is Harpax; the Macedonian soldier is my master. There is neither swindling nor impropriety in any act of (*with special emphasis*) mine. And who on earth that Pseudolus is I do not know and have no notion.
- Si. (*impartially*) Well, pimp, it'll be a wonder if you haven't lost your girl for good.
- Bal. (*in distress*) Oh, Lord! That's just what I'm getting worse and worse afraid of, when I hear him. Oh, Lord! That Surus frigidified my heart, too, a while ago, that Surus who got the token from him. It's a wonder if it isn't Pseudolus. (*to Harpax*) Hi,

<sup>1</sup> Vv. 1205-1207: Gad! That whipping-post of a Pseudolus! How cleverly he contrived this scheme! Gave this chap just the sum the soldier owed and fitted him out to carry off the girl.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

eho tu, qua facie fuit, dudum quoi dedisti sum-  
bolum?

*Har.* Rufus quidam, ventriosus, crassis suris, subniger,  
magno capite, acutis oculis, ore rubicundo, ad-  
modum  
magnis pedibus.

*Bal.* Perdidiſti, poſtquam dixiſti pedes. 1220  
Pseudolus fuit ipſus. actumſt de me. iam morior,  
Simo.

*Har.* Hercle te hau ſinam emoriri, niſi mi argentum  
reſſitur,  
viginti minae.

*Si.* Atque etiam mihi aliae viginti minae.

*Bal.* Auferen tu id praemium a me, quod promiſi per  
iocum?

*Si.* De improbis viris auferri praemium et praedam  
deceſt.

*Bal.* Saltem Pseudolum mihi dedas.

*Si.* Pseudolum ego dedam tibi?  
quid deliquit? dixin, ab eo tibi ut caveres,  
centiens?

*Bal.* Perdidit me.

*Si.* At me viginti modicis multavit minis.

*Bal.* Quid nunc faciam?

*Har.* Si mi argentum dederis, te ſuſpendito.

*Bal.* Di te perdant. ſequere ſis me ergo hac ad forum,  
ut ſolvam.

*Har.* Sequor.

*Si.* Quid ego?

*Bal.* Peregrinos ſolvam, cras agam cum civibus.  
Pseudolus mihi centuriata habuit capitis comitia,

1230

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<sup>1</sup> The Comitia Centuriata ſerved as a court of appeal in  
capital caſes.

# PSEUDOLUS

you! What did he look like, that fellow you gave the token to some time ago?

*Har.* (*thinking*) A red-haired chap . . . pot belly . . . thick calves . . . swarthy . . . big head . . . sharp eyes . . . ruddy face . . . and tremendous feet.

*Bal.* (*in despair*) Oh, you've wrecked me, with that word "feet"! It was Pseudolus himself! It's all over! I'm a dying man, Simo!

*Har.* (*half drawing his sword*) By the Lord, I'll not let you die entirely, unless I get the money back, eighty pounds of it!

*Si.* (*lifting his stick*) Yes, and I too, another eighty pounds!

*Bal.* (*agonized*) You'll take that, plunder me of what I promised as a joke?

*Si.* Plundering reprobates and taking their pillage is a moral obligation.

*Bal.* (*savagely*) At least, hand over Pseudolus to me.

*Si.* I hand Pseudolus over to you? What harm has he done? Didn't I tell you a hundred times to look out for him?

*Bal.* He has ruined me!

*Si.* Well, he has mulcted me of a modest eighty pounds.

*Bal.* Oh, what shall I do now?

*Har.* After giving me my money, you can go hang yourself.

*Bal.* Ugh! Heaven ruin you! (*pauses, then sullenly*) Come, kindly follow me to the forum, then, and I'll settle up.

*Har.* (*with emphasis*) Follow you I will.

*Si.* What about me?

*Bal.* (*gruffly*) Aliens' cases settled to-day, citizens' to-morrow. (*half to himself*) Oh, it was a death<sup>1</sup> sentence Pseudolus secured against me, deputing

## TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

qui illum ad me hodie adlegavit, mulierem qui abduceret.

sequere tu. nunc ne expectetis, dum hac domum redeam via;

ita res gestast: angiporta haec certum est consecrari.

*Har.* Si graderere tantum quantum loquere, iam esses ad forum.

*Bal.* Certumst mi hunc emortualem facere ex natali die.

IV. 8.

*Si.* Bene ego illum tetigi, bene autem servos inimicum suum.

nunc mihi certum est alio pacto Pseudolo insidias dare,

quam in aliis comoediis fit, ubi cum stimulis aut flagris

insidiantur: at ego iam intus promam viginti minas,

quas promisi si effecisset; obviam ei ultro deferam. nimis illic mortalis doctus, nimis vorsutus, nimis malus;

superavit dolum Troianum atque Vlixem Pseudolus. nunc ibo intro, argentum promam, Pseudolo insidias dabo.

1240

## ACTVS V

*Ps.* Quid hoc? sicine hoc fit, pedes? statin an non? an id voltis, ut me hinc iacentem aliquis tollat? nam hercle si cecidero, vestrum erit flagitium. pergitin pergere? ah, serviendum mihi

## PSEUDOLUS

that fellow to come to me to-day and take off the girl. (*to Harpax*) Follow me, you. (*to the audience, gloomily*) You needn't wait for me to return home by this street. Under the circumstances, I have decided to take to the back alleys.

(*giving him a shove*) If you walked at the rate you talk, you would be at the forum already.

I have decided to make this my death-day instead of my birthday. [EXEUNT.

(*chuckling*) That was a beauty I gave him, and wasn't it a beauty my slave landed on his enemy! Now I have decided to lie in wait for Pseudolus in another style than you see in other comedies where they do their waiting with clubs or whips. But I—in I go this instant to produce the eighty pounds I promised, if he accomplished this; I'll bring it straight to him unasked. What a fellow he is—so clever, so shifty, so damned artful! Ulysses and that Trojan dodge are quite outclassed by Pseudolus. Well, I'll go in, produce the cash, and lie in wait for the liar. [EXIT.

## ACT V

(*Several hours later.*)

ENTER *Pseudolus*, UNSTEADY AND  
DISHEVELLED, WEARING A GARLAND.

(*resentfully*) What's this? Is this the . . . way to act, feet? You standing or . . . not? Want someone to find me . . . lying here, do you, and carry me off? Now mark my words, if I fall

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

hodie est; magnum hoc vitium vino est: 1250  
 pedes captat primum, luctator dolosust.  
 profecto edepol ego nunc probe habeo madulsam:  
 ita victu excurato, ita magnis munditiis et dis  
 dignis,  
 itaque in loco festivo sumus festive accepti.  
 quid opust me multas agere ambages? hoc  
 est homini quam ob rem vitam amet,  
 hic omnes voluptates, in hoc omnes venustates  
 sunt:  
 deis proximum esse arbitror.  
 nam ubi amans complexust amantem, ubi ad labra  
 labella adiungit,  
 ubi alter alterum bilingui manifesto inter se pre-  
 hendunt, 1260  
 ubi mammam mammicula opprimit aut, si lubet,  
 corpora conduplicantur,  
 manu candida cantharum dulciferum propinat  
 amicissima amico:  
 ibi iam neque esse alium alii odiosum  
 nec molestum nec sermonibus morologis uti,  
 unguenta atque odores, lemniscos, corollas  
 dari dapsiles, non enim parce promi,  
 victum ceterum ne quis me roget:  
 hoc ego modo atque erus minor hunc diem sump-  
 simus prothyme,  
 postquam opus meum omne ut volui perpetravi  
 hostibus fugatis. 1270  
 illos accubantis, potantis, amantis  
 cum scortis reliqui, et meum scortum ibidem,  
 suo cordi atque animo opsequentes. sed postquam  
 exurrexi, orant me ut saltem.  
 ad hunc me modum intuli illis satis facete,



## PSEUDOLUS

down, then . . . shame on you! (*lurching badly*)  
Going to . . . go on, are you? (*recovering himself*)  
There! You've got to . . . mind my orders to-day. (*to the audience, sagely*) The one big trouble with wine is it . . . catches you by the . . . feet first, it's a . . . wrestler, wily one. (*ecstatically*)  
Lord, Lord! If I'm not having just the loveliest . . . boozywoozy. Such exquisite things to eat, such . . . elegance, tiptop, fit for the gods, such a jolly place, such . . . jolly party they did give us! But what's the use of a lot of . . . circumlocutions? This is what makes a . . . man love life, here's everything to . . . cheer you, here's everything to charm you. I think it's . . . next to the gods. Ah, when a . . . lover's hugging the girl he loves, when her little . . . lips are fixed to his lips, when they catch each other with . . . double tongues clear as can be, when breast and . . . breastlet are pressed together, or if they . . . like, they turn two-bodied . . . dearest girlie with her white hand gives a drink from the . . . melliferous tankard to her dear boy—ah, no folks boring each other . . . there, no annoying, no drivelling talk . . . unguents, perfumes, ribbons, chaplets provided in . . . profusion, no stingy servings—no one to ask me . . . rest of the food. This is how I and young master spent this day, in complete . . . felicity, after my job was all wound up to suit me, and the enemy . . . put to flight. I left 'em lying there . . . drinking, loving, with their hussies, and my own . . . hussy, too, having just the nice sort of time they . . . liked best. After I was on my . . . feet, though, they begged me to . . . dance. Did some rather . . . frisky little movements for 'em, this fashion, (*illustrating*) that

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

nimis ex disciplina, quippe ego qui  
 probe Ionica perdidici. sed palliolatim amictus  
 sic haec incessi ludibundus.  
 plaudunt et ' parum ' clamitant mi, ut revertar.  
 occepi denuo, hoc modo: nolui  
 idem; amicae dabam me meae,  
 ut me amaret: ubi circumvortor, cado:  
 id fuit naenia ludo.  
 itaque dum enitor, prox, iam paene inquinavi  
 pallium.  
 nimiae tum voluptati edepol  
 fui ob casum. datur cantharus: bibi. 1280a  
 commuto ilico pallium, illud posivi;  
 inde huc exii, crapulam dum amoverem.  
 nunc ab ero ad erum meum maiorem venio foedus  
 commemoratum.  
 aperite, aperite, heus, Simoni me adesse aliquis  
 nuntiate.

V. 2.

*Si.* Vox viri pessumi me exciet foras.  
 sed quid hoc? quo modo? quid video ego?  
*Ps.* Cum corona ebrium Pseudolum tuom.  
*Si.* Libere hercle hoc quidem. sed vide statum.  
 num mea gratia pertimescit magis?  
 cogito, saeviter blanditerne adloquar. 1290  
 sed me hoc votat vim facere nunc  
 quod fero, si qua in hoc spes sitast mihi.  
 278

## PSEUDOLUS

showed good . . . training, for I've been a very . . . successful student of the Ionic School. Well, with my mantle . . . draped about me, I gave 'em some steps like . . . this, (*illustrating again*) sportive-like. They clapped and yelled "More!" so I'd . . . return. I began all over again . . . (*illustrating*) this way: wanted something different. I was just going to let my . . . sweetie love me—when spinning round I went . . . flop! That was the death dirge of the show. And so while I'm struggling to get up—s-s-s-boom!—and there's my . . . mantle almost gone to pot! Lord, Lord! the fun I furnished 'em by my . . . accident! They gave me the tankard: I . . . drank it. Changed my mantle in a . . . hurry, took that one off. Then I left for here so as to get over my . . . intoxication. (*staggering toward Simo's door*) Now I'm coming from master to master . . . senior, to remind him of the . . . treaty. (*shouting*) Open up, open up! Hi, there! Someone announce to Simo that . . . I am here!

Scene 2. ENTER *Simo* INTO HIS DOORWAY, TRYING TO KEEP OUT OF SIGHT A WALLET SLUNG ON HIS SHOULDER.

- Si.* (*with assumed ire*) It's the voice of a consummate villain brings me out! (*observing Pseudolus' state*) But what's this? How is this? What do I see?
- Ps.* (*posing*) Man with a garland . . . soused, your own slave Pseudolus.
- Si.* Now overflowing with freedom. (*aside*) But note that attitude! Not much intimidated by me, is he? (*worried*) I wonder what line to take with him, rough or smooth. But this thing I have here (*fondly weighing the wallet*) forbids violent methods now, if there's any hope for me in him.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Ps.* Vir malus viro optumo obviam it.
- Si.* Di te ament, Pseudole. fu i in malam crucem.
- Ps.* Cur ego adffictor?
- Si.* Quid tu, malum, in os igitur mi ebrius inructas?
- Ps.* Molliter sic tene me, cave ne cadam :  
non vides me ut madide madeam?
- Si.* Quae istaec audacias, te sic interdus  
cum corolla ebrium incedere?
- Ps.* Lubet.
- Si.* Quid, lubet? pergin ructare in os mihi? 1300
- Ps.* Suavis ructus mihi est. sic sine, Simo.
- Si.* Credo equidem potesse te, scelus,  
Massici montis uberrumos quattuor  
fructus ebibere in hora una.
- Ps.* Hiberna addito.
- Si.* Hau male mones, sed dic tamen,  
unde onustam celocem agere te praedicem?
- Ps.* Cum tuo filio perpotavi modo.  
sed, Simo, ut probe tactus Ballio est!  
quae tibi dixi, ut effecta reddidi!
- Si.* Pessumu's homo.
- Ps.* Mulier haec facit. 1310  
cum tuo filio libera accubat.

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<sup>1</sup> The Roman hour then being shorter.

# PSEUDOLUS

- Ps.* (*reeling up to Simo*) Bad man presents himself to . . . best of men, sir. (*seizes his hand*)
- Si.* (*trying to be gracious*) God bless you, Pseudolus. (*encountering a hiccough*) Phew! Get to hell out of here! (*gives him a shove*)
- Ps.* (*closing in on him again*) Why's this . . . knocking me about?
- Si.* What the devil do you mean, then, by your drunken belching in my face?
- Ps.* Hold me up . . . gently, (*encircling Simo's neck*) so. Look out I don't drop. Don't you see I'm just . . . soaking soaked?
- Si.* (*trying to shake him off*) To get drunk and go rambling around like this with a chaplet on in the daytime—how dare you?
- Ps.* It's (*again too close to Simo's nose*) nice.
- Si.* Nice, eh? (*shoving him away vigorously*) You will keep belching in my face, will you?
- Ps.* I've got a . . . fragrant belch. Don't be . . . bothered by it, Simo.
- Si.* You scoundrel! I verily believe you're capable of guzzling four whole vintages of Monte Massico, and record ones, in a single hour.
- Ps.* Make it . . . winter<sup>1</sup> hour.
- Si.* (*smiling*) A sound suggestion. But tell me, though—from what port am I to say you're sailing this well-laden craft?
- Ps.* I've just had . . . large drinks with your son. (*eyeing the wallet*) But, Simo, how . . . gloriously Ballio did catch it! How I did . . . put through what I told you!
- Si.* (*slyly shifting the wallet behind him*) Villain that you are!
- Ps.* It's all the . . . girl's doing. She's free, and with your son . . . on a couch.

## TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Si.* Omnia, ut quicque egisti, ordine scio.
- Ps.* Quid ergo dubitas dare mi argentum?
- Si.* Ius petis, fateor. tene.
- Ps.* At negabas daturum esse te mihi.  
onera hunc hominem atque me consequere hac.
- Si.* Egone istum onerem?
- Ps.* Onerabis, scio.
- Si.* Quid ego huic homini faciam? satin ultro et  
argentum aufert et me inridet?
- Ps.* Vae victis.
- Si.* Vorte ergo umerum.
- Ps.* Em.
- Si.* Hoc ego numquam ratus sum  
fore me, ut tibi fierem supplex.  
heu heu heu.
- Ps.* Desine.
- Si.* Doleo.
- Ps.* Ni doleres tu, ego dolerem.
- Si.* Quid? hoc auferen, Pseudole mi, aps tuo ero?
- Ps.* Lubentissimo corde atque animo.
- Si.* Non audes, quaeso, aliquam partem mihi gratiam  
facere hinc argenti?
- Ps.* Non: me dices avidum esse hominem nam hinc  
numquam eris nummo divitior;  
neque te mei tergi misereret, si hoc non hodie  
ecfecissem.

## PSEUDOLUS

- Si.* I know every single detail of your performance.
- Ps.* Then why so slow in giving me the . . . money?
- Si.* (*after painful inward debate*) You claim your rights, I admit. Take it. (*turns for Pseudolus to unsling the wallet*)
- Ps.* But you said you wouldn't . . . give it to me. Now you (*grinning maliciously*) load up this chap (*tapping his shoulder*) and follow me this way. (*pointing in the direction he came*)
- Si.* (*indignantly*) I load him, I?
- Ps.* You will, I know you . . . will.
- Si.* (*half aside*) What shall I do with the fellow? To go ahead and take my money and laugh at me, to boot!
- Ps.* Woe to the . . . vanquished!
- Si.* (*after more debate*) Then turn your shoulder round.
- Ps.* (*doing so*) There! (*Simo very reluctantly transfers the wallet*)
- Si.* (*suddenly clasping Pseudolus' knees and eyeing the wallet piteously*) I never thought I should come to this, and be a suppliant to you. (*wailing*) Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!
- Ps.* (*coldly*) Oh, stop that.
- Si.* But I'm suffering!
- Ps.* If you weren't suffering, I'd . . . be suffering. (*pulls away*)
- Si.* What? You'll take this from your own master, Pseudolus dear?
- Ps.* With the greatest . . . satisfaction of heart and soul.
- Si.* Do let me off some part of this money, won't you please, please, agree?
- Ps.* I won't. You can call me a . . . greedy man, for never a penny richer will . . . you be from this. You'd have shown no mercy to my . . . hide, if I hadn't put this through to-day.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Si.* Erit ubi te ulciscar, si vivo.
- Ps.* Quid minitare? habeo tergum.
- Si.* Age sane igitur.
- Ps.* Redi.
- Si.* Quid redeam?
- Ps.* Redi modo: non eris deceptus.
- Si.* Redeo.
- Ps.* Simul mecum i potatum.
- Si.* Egone eam?
- Ps.* Fac quod te iubeo:  
si is, aut dimidium aut plus etiam faxo hinc feres.
- Si.* Eo, duc me quo vis.
- Ps.* Quid nunc? numquid iratus es aut mihi aut filio  
propter has res, Simo?
- Si.* Nil profecto.
- Ps.* I hac.
- Si.* Te sequor. quin vocas spectatores simul?
- Ps.* Hercle me isti hau solent  
vocare, neque ergo ego istos;  
verum si vultis adplaudere atque adprobare  
hunc gregem et fabulam,  
in crastinum vos vocabo.



# PSEUDOLUS

- i. (*losing control of himself*) I'll have my chance to get square with you, sure as I'm alive!
- 's. (*undisturbed*) What's the use of . . . threats? I've got a hide.
- i. All right, then, go ahead! (*walks away*)
- 's. (*authoritatively*) Come back!
- i. (*halting, hopefully*) Come back? Why?
- 's. Just you come back. I won't . . . fool you.
- i. (*returning*) Back I come.
- 's. You and I are going on a . . . spree together.
- i. (*outraged*) I am, I?
- 's. Do what I . . . tell you. If you do, I'll see you get half, or even . . . more, of this. (*leering at the wallet*)
- i. (*summoning the remains of his endurance*) I'll go, take me where you wish.
- 's. (*ogling the wallet, then Simo, quizzically*) Well now? You're not at all . . . angry at me or your son because of this, Simo?
- i. (*earnestly*) Oh, no, not a bit.
- 's. (*turning down the street*) Come this way.
- i. Coming, sir. Why don't you invite the spectators too?
- 's. Lord! Those chaps never think of inviting . . . me, so I won't them. (*to audience*) Oh, well, though, if you . . . want to give this company and play your . . . applause and approval, I'll invite you to . . . to-morrow's performance. [EXEUNT.]



RUDENS  
OR  
THE ROPE

## ARGVMENTVM

Reti piscator de mari extraxit vidulum,  
Vbi erant erilis filiae crepundia,  
Dominum ad lenonem quae subrepta venerat.  
Ea in clientelam suipte imprudens patris  
Naufragio eiecta devenit : cognoscitur  
Suoque amico Plesidippo iungitur.

## PERSONAE

ARCTVRVS PROLOGUS  
SCEPARNIO SERVUS  
PLESIDIPPVS ADULESCENS  
DAEMONES SENEX  
PALAESTRA } PUELLAE  
AMPELISCA }  
PTOLEMOCRATIA SACERDOS VENERIS  
PISCATORES  
TRACHALIO SERVUS  
LABRAX LENO  
CHARMIDES SENEX  
LORARII  
GRIPVS PISCATOR

## ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

A fisherman hauled from the sea in his net a trunk which contained some toys belonging to his master's daughter who had been stolen and had become the slave of a pimp. Shipwrecked and cast ashore, the girl was protected by her own father without knowing who he was. After they recognize one another she is married to her lover, Plesidippus.

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE

ARCTURUS, *the Prologue.*

SCEPARNIO, *slave of Daemones.*

PLESIDIPPUS, *a young gentleman of Cyrene.*

DAEMONES, *an old gentleman living near Cyrene.*

PALAESTRA } *slave girls of Labrax.*  
AMPELISCA }

PTOLEMOCRATIA, *a priestess of Venus.*

FISHERMEN.

TRACHALIO, *slave of Plesidippus.*

LABRAX, *a pimp.*

CHARMIDES, *a friend of Labrax.*

OVERSEERS, *slaves of Daemones.*

GRIPUS, *a fisherman, slave of Daemones.*

*Scene :—A wild, rough part of the African coast not very far from Cyrene. In the background, obscured by a tangle of vegetation, stand a temple, an altar in front of it, and the cottage of Daemones. On the right is the rocky shore-line; off stage toward the left lie the harbour and city of Cyrene.*

## ARCTVRVS

Qui gentes omnes mariaque et terras movet,  
 eius sum civis civitate caelitem.  
 ita sum, ut videtis, splendens stella candida,  
 signum quod semper tempore exoritur suo  
 hic atque in caelo: nomen Arcturo est mihi.<sup>1</sup>  
 qui est imperator divom atque hominum Iuppiter,  
 is nos per gentis alium alia disparat,  
 qui facta hominum, mores, pietatem et fidem  
 noscamus, ut quemque adiuvet opulencia.

10

Qui falsas litis falsis testimoniis  
 petunt quique in iure abiurant pecuniam,  
 eorum referimus nomina exscripta ad Iovem;  
 cotidie ille scit quis hic quaerat malum:  
 qui hic litem apisci postulant peiurio  
 mali, res falsas qui impetrant apud iudicem,  
 iterum ille eam rem iudicatam iudicat;  
 maiore multa multat quam litem auferunt.

20

Bonos in aliis tabulis exscriptos habet.  
 atque hoc scelesti in animum inducunt suom,  
 Iovem se placare posse donis, hostiis:  
 et operam et sumptum perdunt; id eo fit quia  
 nihil ei acceptumst a periuris supplici;  
 facilius si qui pius est a dis supplicans,

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following vv., 6-8:

*noctu sum in caelo clarus atque inter deos,  
 inter mortalis ambulo interdus.  
 at alia signa de caelo ad terram accidunt.*

# RUDENS

## PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY *Arcturus*.

In company with Him who sways all peoples and the seas and lands, a citizen am I of the celestial city. Agleam with shining star, (*touching the star on his forehead*) in me you see a constellation which for ever rises in its season here and in the skies. Arcturus is my name.<sup>1</sup> 'Tis Jupiter, the lord of gods and men, that doth assign us each our different posts among the peoples, that we may learn of the deeds and ways of men, their reverence and loyalty, and how well each doth fare.

All who bring to court false cases supported by false witness, all who before the magistrate deny on oath their honest debts, them we note and take their names to Jove. Day by day He knows who they be that do seek evil here on earth. When the wicked here expect to win their suits by perjury, or press false claims before the judge, the case adjudged is judged again by Him. And the fine He fines them far exceeds their gains in courts of law.<sup>1</sup>

The good are enrolled by Him on other tablets. Yet scoundrels think to placate Jove by gifts and offerings. Their time and money both are wasted; for he takes not tribute from a guilty hand. The righteous man will find God's grace by prayer more

<sup>1</sup> Vv. 6-8: By night I dwell in splendour in the skies and amongst the gods: by day I walk amongst mankind. Yet other constellations also do descend from heaven to earth.

quam qui scelestust, inveniet veniam sibi.  
idcirco moneo vos ego haec, qui estis boni  
quique aetatem agitis cum pietate et cum fide : <sup>1</sup>  
retinete porro, post factum ut laetemini.

30

Nunc, huc qua causa veni, argumentum eloquar.  
primumdum huic esse nomen urbi Diphilus  
Cyrenas voluit. illic habitat Daemones  
in agro atque villa proxima propter mare,  
senex, qui huc Athenis exul venit, hau malus ;  
neque is adeo propter malitiam patria caret,  
sed dum alios servat se impedivit interim,  
rem bene paratam comitate perdidit.  
huic filiola virgo periit parvola.

eam de praedone vir mercatur pessumus,  
is eam huc Cyrenas leno advexit virginem.  
adulescens quidam civis huius Atticus  
eam vidit ire e ludo fidicinio domum,  
amare ocepit : ad lenonem devenit,  
minis triginta sibi puellam destinat  
datque arrabonem et iure iurando alligat.

40

Is leno, ut se aequom est, flocci non fecit fidem  
neque quod iuratus adulescenti dixerat.  
ei erat hospes par sui, Siculus senex  
scelestus, Agrigentinus, urbis proditor ;  
is illius laudare infit formam virginis  
et aliarum itidem quae eius erant mulierculae.  
infit lenoni suadere, ut secum simul  
eat in Siciliam : ibi esse homines voluptarios  
dicit, potesse ibi eum fieri divitem. <sup>2</sup>

50

Persuadet. navis clanculum conducitur,  
quidquid erat noctu in navem comportat domo

<sup>1</sup> Leo notes lacuna here in A.

<sup>2</sup> Leo brackets following v., 56 :

*ibi esse quaestum maximum meretricibus.*



readily than will the knave. This do I therefore urge upon you, who are good men and lead lives of righteousness and honour: hold fast to your course, that so ye may abide in joy.

(*more familiarly*) Now for our argument, the reason I appear here. First of all, Diphilus wished that this city (*pointing*) be Cyrene. On the farm yonder in that cottage so close to the sea lives Daemones, an old gentleman who came as an exile here from Athens—no bad sort, Daemones. No, and it is not a case of his being banished for offence; but by helping others he entangled himself, and lost through his kindness an honestly earned fortune. He lost his daughter, too, a dear little girl: the man who stole her sold her to the worst sort of blackguard, a pimp, who brought the maiden to Cyrene here. Now a certain young Athenian, a compatriot of hers, saw her on her way home from music school and fell in love with her. Off he posts to the pimp, arranges to buy the girl for one hundred and twenty pounds, making part-payment, and binds the pimp to the bargain by an oath.

This pimp, true to type, cared not a straw for his promise or the oath he had given the young fellow. Visiting him was a Sicilian from Agrigentum, an old scoundrel of his own sort, the kind that would sell his city; and this fellow begins telling him how exquisite that maiden is and what a fine lot his other girls are, too. Then he begins pressing the pimp to pack off to Sicily along with him. "People go in for a gay life there," says he. "There's where you can make your fortune."<sup>1</sup>

This was too tempting. Secretly chartering a ship, the pimp at night stows all he owned on board

<sup>1</sup> V. 56: "There's the place for profits with courtesans."

## TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

leno; adolescenti qui puellam ab eo emerat  
ait sese Veneri velle votum solvere— 60  
id hic est Veneris fanum—et eo ad prandium  
vocavit adolescentem huc. ipse hinc ilico  
conscendit navem, avehit meretriculas.  
adolescenti alii narrant ut res gesta sit,  
lenonem abiisse. ad portum adolescens venit:  
illorum navis longe in altum abscesserat.

Ego quoniam video virginem asportarier,  
tetuli ei auxilium et lenoni exitium simul:  
increpui hibernum et fluctus movi maritimos.  
nam Arcturus signum sum omnium acerrimum: 70  
vehemens sum exoriens, cum occido vehementior.

Nunc ambo in saxo, leno atque hospes, simul  
sedent eiecti: navis confracta est eis.  
illa autem virgo atque altera itidem ancillula  
de navi timidæ desuluerunt in scapham.  
nunc eas ab saxo fluctus ad terram ferunt  
ad villam illius, exul ubi habitat senex,  
cuius deturbavit ventus tectum et tegulas;  
et servos illic est eius, qui egreditur foras.  
adolescens huc iam adveniet, quem videbitis, 80  
qui illam mercatust de lenone virginem.  
valcte, ut hostes vestri diffidant sibi.

### ACTVS I

Pro di immortales, tempestatem cuius modi  
Neptunus nobis nocte hac misit proxima.

## RUDENS

her. He tells the young fellow who had bought the girl that he wants to pay a vow to Venus—that is her temple there—(*pointing*) and accordingly invited him here to lunch. Then he himself straightway embarks and proceeds to sail off with his little stock of courtesans. The young fellow is informed by others of these happenings and the pimp's departure. He goes to the harbour: their ship was far, far out at sea.

Then it was that I, beholding the maiden borne away, came to her rescue, and also came with ruin to the pimp. I raised a blustering gale and waked the waters of the deep. For Arcturus, the fiercest constellation of them all, am I, tempestuous when I rise, and when I set more tempestuous still.

So now side by side upon a rock are seated pimp and guest, a pair of castaways: their ship is wrecked. That maiden, however, and another slave girl likewise, were terrified and jumped from the ship into a boat. And now the waves are driving them from the rock toward shore, at the spot where that old exile dwells in this cottage, the roof and tiles of which were torn off by the storm. (*as Scepharnio appears in Daemones' doorway*) Ah, that is his slave who is coming out. Soon you will see arriving the young man who bought the maiden from the pimp. Fare ye well—so well that your foes lose heart. [EXIT.]

## ACT I

ENTER *Scepharnio*, CARRYING A SPADE, FROM THE  
COTTAGE OF *Daemones*.

(*growling*) Oh, my God! What a hurricane Neptune turned loose on us last night! The wind took

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

detexit ventus villam—quid verbis opust?  
non ventus fuit, verum Alcumena Euripidi,  
ita omnis de tecto deturbavit tegulas;  
inlustrioris fecit fenestrasque indidit.

I. 2.

*Ples.* Et vos a vestris abduxi negotiis  
neque id processit qua vos duxi gratia,  
neque quivi ad portum lenonemprehendere.  
sed mea desidia spem deserere nolui:  
eo vos, amici, detinui diutius.  
nunc huc ad Veneris fanum venio visere,  
ubi rem divinam se facturum dixerat.

*Scep.* Si sapiam, hoc quod me mactat concinnem lutum.

*Ples.* Prope me hic nescio quis loquitur.

*Daem.* Heus, Sceparnio.

*Scep.* Qui nominat me?

*Daem.* Qui pro te argentum dedit.

*Scep.* Quasi me tuom esse servom dicas, Daemones.

*Daem.* Luto usust multo, multam terram confode.  
villam integundam intellego totam mihi,  
nam nunc perlucet ea quam cribrum crebrius.

*Ples.* Pater salveto, amboque adeo.

*Daem.* Salvos sis.

*Scep.* Sed utrum tu masne an femina es, qui illum patrem  
voces?

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<sup>1</sup> What sort of violence is alluded to in this lost play is not certain.

## RUDENS

the roof right off the house. Wind, did I say? That wasn't any wind. It was an *Alcmene*<sup>1</sup> of Euripides, the way it stripped every single tile off. Well, it has left the house lighter with the new windows it blew in. (*moves along, wearily looking for a place to dig*)

Scene 2.

ENTER *Plesidippus* WITH THREE

FRIENDS WEARING MANTLES AND SWORDS.

*Ples.* (*distressed*) And I've taken you away from your own affairs, and failed in what I took you for, and missed catching the pimp at the harbour. But I hated to give up hope just for lack of energy enough. That's why I've detained you all this time, friends. (*moving on*) Now for a look at the shrine of Venus here where he said he was going to offer sacrifice.

*Scep.* (*reluctantly preparing to dig*) If I was wise, I'd get this plaguy clay ready.

*Ples.* Eh! Someone talking near by! (*looks around without seeing Sceparnio*)

ENTER *Daemones* FROM HIS COTTAGE.

*Daem.* (*sharply, approaching Sceparnio*) Hey! Sceparnio!

*Scep.* (*digging zealously*) Who's calling me?

*Daem.* The man that paid out money for you.

*Scep.* That's a good deal like calling me your slave, sir.

*Daem.* We need lots of clay: dig deep. My whole house has to be roofed over, I see, for now it's perfectly transparent—nothing but one great grating.

*Ples.* (*coming up*) Good-day to you, father—to both of you, in fact.

*Daem.* (*brusquely*) And to yourself.

*Scep.* (*looking up from his digging with a growl*) See here, are you male or female, calling him "father"?

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Ples.* Vir sum equidem.
- Scep.* Quaere vir porro patrem.
- Daem.* Filiolam ego unam habui, eam unam perdidit.  
virile sexus numquam ullum habui.
- Ples.* At di dabunt.
- Scep.* Tibi quidem hercle, quisquis es, magnum malum,  
qui oratione<sup>1</sup> hic occupatos occupes.
- Ples.* Isticine vos habitatis?
- Scep.* Quid tu id quaeritas?  
quon furatum mox venias, vestigas loca?
- Ples.* Peculiosum esse addecet servom et probum,  
quem ero praesente<sup>2</sup> praetereat oratio  
aut qui inclementer dicat homini libero.
- Scep.* Et impudicum et impudentem hominem addecet  
molestum ultro advenire ad alienam domum,  
cui debeatur nil.
- Daem.* Tace, Sceparnio.  
quid opust, adulescens?
- Ples.* Istic infortunium,  
qui praefestinet, ubi erus adsit, prae loqui.  
sed nisi molestumst, paucis percontarier  
volo ego ex te.
- Daem.* Dabitur opera, atque in negotio.
- Scep.* Quin tu in paludem is exicasque harundinem,  
qui pertegamus villam, dum sudumst?
- Daem.* Tace.  
tu si quid opus est dice.
- Ples.* Dic quod te rogo,  
ecquem tu hic hominem crispum, incanum videris,  
malum, periurum, palpatorem—

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following *nos*.

<sup>2</sup> Corrupt (Leo): *praetrahatur* Lindsay.

- 'les. I'm a man, of course.
- cep. (*digging again*) Look for your father further, man.
- daem. (*with a scowl at Sceparnio*) I did have one little daughter, sir. But I lost her, my only one. I never had a son.
- 'les. (*with hasty encouragement*) Oh, well, the gods will give you one.
- cep. Yes, and they'll give you one, by Jove—a blistering big one, whoever you are, bothering us busy men with your babble.
- 'les. (*to Daemones*) Do you live in that house?
- cep. What do you want to know for? Spotting the place, are you, so as to come and loot it later?
- 'les. (*severely*) A slave must have money and merit to be so free of speech in his master's presence and insult a gentleman.
- cep. And your gentleman must have beastly bad manners to come to a stranger's house without being asked and make himself a nuisance where nothing's owed him.
- daem. That will do, Sceparnio. What do you want, young man?
- 'les. (*eyeing Sceparnio irately*) A flogging for that fellow who's so keen to have first say, although his master's present. But I do wish to ask you a few short questions, sir, unless I am a nuisance.
- daem. Very well—even though I am occupied.
- 'cep. Aw, go on down to the swamp and cut some reeds so that we can roof the cottage while it's clear.
- daem. Silence! (*to Plesidippus*) And you, sir, if you want anything, speak.
- 'les. Tell me this, then—have you seen a curly-haired fellow here, a hoary old rascal full of lies and flattery——

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Daem.* Plurimos,  
nam ego propter eius modi viros vivo miser.
- Ples.* Hic dico, in fanum Veneris qui mulierculas  
duas secum adduxit, quique adornaret sibi  
ut rem divinam faciat, aut hodie aut heri. 130
- Daem.* Non hercle, adulescens, iam hos dies complusculos  
quemquam istic vidi sacrificare, neque potest  
clam me esse si qui sacrificat: semper petunt  
aquam hinc aut ignem aut vascula aut cultrum aut  
veru  
aut aulam extarem, aut aliquid—quid verbis opust?  
Veneri paravi vasa et puteum, non mihi.  
nunc intervallum iam hos dies multos fuit.
- Ples.* Vt verba praehibes, me periisse praedicas.
- Daem.* Mea quidem hercle causa salvos sis licet.
- Scep.* Heus tu, qui fana ventris causa circumis, 140  
iubere meliust prandium ornari domi.
- Daem.* Fortasse tu huc vocatus es ad prandium,  
ille qui vocavit nullus venit?
- Ples.* Admodum.
- Scep.* Nullumst periculum te hinc ire inpransum domum:  
Cererem te meliust quam Venerem sectarier:  
amori haec curat; tritico curat Ceres.
- Ples.* Deludificavit me illic homo indignis modis.
- Daem.* Pro di immortales, quid illuc est, Sceparnio,  
hominum secundum litus?
- Scep.* Vt mea est opinio,  
propter viam illi sunt vocati ad prandium. 150
- Daem.* Qui?



## RUDENS

(*bitterly*) Plenty of them. Why, worthies of that description have wrecked my life for me.

Here, I mean—a fellow that brought along two girls to the temple of Venus, and was preparing to offer sacrifice—to-day or yesterday?

No, I certainly have not seen anyone sacrificing there for several days now, young man, and no one can do so without my knowing it. They're for ever coming to my house for water, or coals, or dishes, or a knife, or a spit, or a pot to cook tripe in, or something. It would seem, in short, that I got my kitchenware and well for Venus, not myself. But I've had a respite now for quite a number of days. (*grimly*) Your words make it evident that everything's ended for me!

Heavens, man, you can feel safe enough as far as I go.

I say, you—hanging around the temple for the sake of your belly—better let 'em get up a lunch for you at home.

You have been invited here to lunch, perhaps, and your host has failed to appear?

(*brooding*) Exactly.

Oh, go on home without it: we don't mind. You ought to be chasing up Ceres, instead of Venus. It's love she's in charge of; it's Ceres that's in charge of food.

(*still brooding*) The infamous way that fellow has made a joke of me!

(*glancing toward the sea, then suddenly*) Good God! Who are those men by the shore, Sceparnio?

(*points*)

Looks to me as if they'd been invited to a farewell dinner.

Why so?

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

*Scep.* Quia post cenam, credo, laverunt heri.

*Daem.* Confracta navis in mari est illis.

*Scep.* Ita est.

at hercle nobis villa in terra et tegulae.

*Daem.* Hui,

homunculi quanti estis. eiectioni ut natant.

*Ples.* Vbi sunt i homines, obsecro?

*Daem.* Hac ad dexteram—

viden?—secundum litus.

*Ples.* Video. sequimini.

utinam is sit quem ego quaero, vir saecerrimus.  
valete.

*Scep.* Si non moneas, nosmet meminimus.

sed, o Palaemon, sancte Neptuni comes,  
qui Herculis socius esse diceris,<sup>1</sup>  
quod facinus video.

*Daem.* Quid vides?

*Scep.* Mulierculas

video sedentis in scapha solas duas.  
ut afflictae miserae. euge euge, perbene,  
ab saxo avortit fluctus ad litus scapham,  
neque gubernator umquam potuit rectius.  
non vidisse undas me maioris censeo.  
salvae sunt, si illos fluctus devitaverint.  
nunc, nunc periculumst. unda eiecit alteram.  
at in vadost, iam facile enabit. eugepae,<sup>2</sup>  
surrexit, horsum se capessit. salva res.

<sup>1</sup> Corrupt (Leo): *Sociennus* Pareus.

<sup>2</sup> Leo brackets following v., 171:

*viden alteram illam ut fluctus eiecit foras?*

## RUDENS

Well, I judge they've had a wet night<sup>1</sup> of it.

Their ship has been wrecked at sea!

(*nearly surveying his spade*) Just so. And our cottage on land, tiles and all, confound it!

Ah, you poor little mannikins! Thrown overboard, and how they swim!

I say, I say, where are those men?

(*pointing*) There at the right, see them—near the shore?

I see them! (*to his friends, excitedly*) Come on! Oh, if it's only the fellow I'm looking for, the infernal scoundrel! (*to Daemones and Sceparnio*) Take care of yourselves!

[*EXEUNT Plesidippus AND HIS FRIENDS TOWARD SHORE.*

(*as they disappear*) We don't need your advice to remember that. (*startled, as he looks toward another part of the coast*) But oh, Palaemon, Neptune's holy friend and Hercules' companion, so they say! What's this I see?

Well, what?

Two girls sitting all alone in a boat! How they're tossed about, poor things! Good! Good! Grand! A wave drove the boat away from the rocks toward the beach! No pilot could ever have steered it better! What a surf! I don't believe I ever saw it heavier. They're all right if they only dodge those breakers! Now! Now's the time! One's overboard! Where it's shallow, though! She'll swim out easily, now! Splendid!<sup>2</sup> She's on her feet! She's coming this way! She's safe! The

<sup>1</sup> A quip difficult to reproduce closely, even if the custom alluded to were well understood.

<sup>2</sup> V. 171: Did you see that other one—how the wave threw her out?

desiluit haec autem altera in terram e scapha.  
ut prae timore in genua in undas concidit.  
salvast, evasit ex aqua. iam in litore est.  
sed dextrovorsum avorsa it in malam crucem.  
hem, errabit illaec hodie.

*Daem.* Quid id refert tua?

*Scep.* Si ad saxum quo capessit, ea deorsum cadit,  
errationis fecerit compendium.

*Daem.* Si tu de illarum cenaturus vesperi es,  
illis curandum censeo, Sceparnio,  
si apud me essurus, mihi dari operam volo.

*Scep.* Bonum aequomque oras.

*Daem.* Sequere me hac ergo.

*Scep.* Sequor.

I. 3.

*Pal.* Nimio hominum fortunae minus miserae memor-  
antur,

<sup>1</sup> experiundo iis datur acerbum.

<sup>1</sup> hoc deo complacitumst, me hoc ornatu ornatam in  
incertas

regiones timidam eiectam?

hancine ego ad rem natam esse me miseram  
memorabo?

hancine ego partem capio ob pietatem praecipuam?  
nam hoc mi haud laborist, laborem hunc potiri,  
si erga parentem aut deos me impiavi;  
sed id si parate curavi ut caverem,  
tum hoc mi indecore, inique, inmodeste  
datis, di; nam quid habebunt sibi signi impii posthac,  
si ad hunc modum est innoxiiis honor apud vos?  
nam me si sciam in vos fecisse aut parentis  
sceleste minus me miserer;

<sup>1</sup> Corrupt (Leo): *quam noscunt experiundo, ubi is datur acerbum. nam praeter spem hoc Leo.*

other one, though—jumped out of the boat toward the shore! Look! Fallen on her knees in the water, for fear! That's it! She's out! Now she's on land! Turned off to the right, though—too bad, too bad! Dear, dear! Now she'll get lost!

*Daem.* (*turning to go*) What's that to you?

*Scep.* If she falls down that cliff she's making for, she'll get lost quicker!

*Daem.* (*sharply*) If you expect to dine at their expense, Sceparnio, I suppose you owe them your attention, but if you intend to eat at my house, I wish your services myself.

*Scep.* (*reluctantly turning away*) Quite right and reasonable, sir.

*Daem.* (*going*) This way, then, come.

*Scep.* (*following him*) Coming. [EXEUNT.]

Scene 3. ENTER *Palaestra* DRENCHED, EXHAUSTED AND BEWILDERED.

*Pal.* Ah, the lot of human beings is ever so much less dreadful in the telling than in the actual experience of those that suffer. Is it really the will of God that I should be cast on a strange shore in this pitiable plight and frightened so? Oh dear, oh dear! Am I to think that I was born for this? Is this my reward for trying my best to do right? Why, I can suffer this and not think it suffering, if I have sinned against a parent or against the gods. But if I have been careful as could be not to do so, then, gods; you are treating me unfittingly, unfairly, unjustly. For how will the guilty be marked out by you now, if this is the way you honour the innocent? Why, if I knew that I or my parents had acted wickedly in your sight, I should not pity

sed erile scelus me sollicitat, eius me impietas male  
habet.

is navem atque omnia perdidit in mari :

haec bonorum eius sunt reliquiae ; etiam quae  
simul

200

vecta mecum in scaphast, excidit. ego nunc sola  
sum.

quae mihi si foret salva saltem, labor

lenior esset hic mi eius opera.

nunc quam spem aut opem aut consili quid capessam ?

ita hic sola solis locis compotita sum.

hic saxa sunt, hic mare sonat,

neque quisquam homo mihi obviam venit.<sup>1</sup>

hoc quod induta sum, summae opes oppido.

nec cibo nec loco tecta quo sim scio :

quae mihist spes, qua me vivere velim ?

nec loci gnara sum, nec vidi aut hic fui.

210

saltem aliquem velim qui mihi ex his locis

aut viam aut semitam monstret, ita nunc

hac an illac eam, incerta sum consili ;

nec prope usquam hic quidem cultum agrum con-  
spicor.

algor, error, pavor, me omnia tenent.

haec parentes mei haud scitis miseri,

me nunc miseram esse ita uti sum.

libera ego prognata fui maxume, nequiquam fui.

nunc qui minus servio, quam si serva forem nata ?

neque quicquam umquam illis profuit qui me sibi  
eduxerunt.

Quid mihi meliust, quid magis in remst, quam a cor-  
pore vitam ut secludam ?

220

ita male vivo atque ita mihi multae in pectore sunt  
curae exanimales.

myself so much; but it is my master's wickedness afflicts me, his guilt that brings me misfortune.

And now his ship is sunk and all he owned; (*surveying herself despairingly*) here's everything that's left him; even the girl with me in that boat fell overboard. And now I'm all alone! Oh, if only she were safe, she'd help to make these troubles more bearable! But as it is, what hope or counsel can I find? Oh, to be alone in this lonely place! Nothing but those rocks and that roaring sea, and not a living soul in sight!

These clothes that I have on are absolutely everything I own, and where to go for food and shelter I can't see. What have I left to live for now? I don't know this place, never saw it, never came here. If there was only someone at least to show me a road or a path out of here! As it is now, I can't tell whether to go this way, or that. And there's no land about here anywhere that looks cultivated, either. I'm cold, and lost, and frightened—tormented every way! Ah, my poor dear parents, you know nothing of all this, know nothing of what your poor daughter is undergoing. No matter how freeborn I was, there's no help in that. How am I less a slave now than if I had been born in slavery? Ah, little good I've ever done those that brought me up! (*sinks to the ground sobbing*)

Scene 4. ENTER *Ampelisca*, DRAGGING HERSELF FROM ANOTHER PART OF THE SHORE.

*Amp.* What's better for me, what's more fitting than to end it all myself? Life's dreadful as it is, and I'm half dead as it is, with all these frightful fears. The

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<sup>1</sup> Leo notes lacuna here in A.

ita res se habent : vitae hau parco, perdidi spem qua  
 me oblectabam.  
 omnia iam circumcursavi atque omnibus latebris  
 perreptavi  
 quaerere conservam, voce oculis auribus ut pervesti-  
 garem.  
 neque eam usquam invenio neque quo eam neque  
 qua quaeram consultumst,  
 neque quem rogitem responsorem quemquam  
 interea convenio,  
 neque magis solae terrae solae sunt quam haec loca  
 atque hae regiones ;  
 neque si vivit, eam viva umquam quin inveniam  
 desistam.

*Pal.* Quoianam vox mihi prope hic sonat ?

*Amp.* Pertimui, quis hic loquitur prope ?

230

*Pal.* Spes bona, obsecro, subventa mihi,  
 exime ex hoc miseram metu.

*Amp.* Certo vox muliebris auris tetigit meas.

*Pal.* Mulier est, muliebris vox mi ad auris venit.  
 num Ampelisca obsecro est ?

*Amp.* Ten, Palaestra, audio ?

*Pal.* Quin voco, ut me audiat, nomine illam suo ?  
 Ampelisca.

*Amp.* Hem quis est ?

*Pal.* Ego, Palaestra.<sup>1</sup>

*Amp.* Dic ubi es ?

*Pal.* Pol ego nunc in malis plurimis.

*Amp.* Socia sum, nec minor pars meast quam tua.  
 sed videre expeto te.

*Pal.* Mihi es aemula.

240

*Amp.* Consequamur gradu vocem. ubi es ?

<sup>1</sup> Leo notes lacuna here : *Amp. obsecro* Seyffert.



way things are I have no wish to live, now that I've lost the hope that cheered me. I've run around everywhere already, crept into every cranny searching for that other slave girl, and called and looked and listened, trying to track her out. And I can't find her anywhere, and I can't think where to go and hunt for her, and all this time I haven't met a soul to tell me what I want to know, and no desert's more deserted than it is here and all about here. (*resolutely taking up her search again*) And if she's alive, and I'm alive, I'll never give up until I find her.

*Pal.* (*roused and alarmed*) Whose voice is that I hear near by?

*Amp.* (*startled*) Dear me! That scared me! Who's that talking near by?

*Pal.* Kind Hope, oh, please do help me! Oh, do, do end these dreadful fears!

*Amp.* Surely that was a woman's voice that reached my ears!

*Pal.* A woman! It was a woman's voice I heard! Ampelisca? Oh, can it be? (*rises, still frightened*)

*Amp.* Palaestra? Is it you I hear?

*Pal.* Why not call out her name so that she can hear me? (*in a quavering voice*) Ampelisca!

*Amp.* Oh, oh! Who is it?

*Pal.* I—Palaestra!

*Amp.* (*not seeing her*) Tell me where you are.

*Pal.* (*looking about her*) Oh, dear me! In trouble, awful trouble.

*Amp.* I'm in it with you, just as much. Oh, but I want to see you!

*Pal.* No more than I do you.

*Amp.* Let's follow up the sound of each other's voice. (*calling*) Where are you?

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

*Pal.* Ecce me.  
 accede ad me atque adi contra.

*Amp.* Fit sedulo.

*Pal.* Cedo manum.

*Amp.* Accipe.

*Pal.* Dic, vivisne? obsecro.

*Amp.* Tu facis me quidem ut vivere nunc velim,  
 quom mihi te licet tangere. ut vix mihi  
 credo ego hoc, te tenere. obsecro, amplectere,  
 spes mea. ut me omnium iam laborum levas.

*Pal.* Occupas praeloqui quae mea oratiost.  
 nunc abire hinc decet nos.

*Amp.* Quo, amabo, ibimus?

*Pal.* Litus hoc persequamur.

*Amp.* Sequor quo lubet. 250  
 sicine hic cum uvida veste grassabimur?

*Pal.* Hoc quod est, id necessarium est perpeti.  
 sed quid hoc, obsecro, est?

*Amp.* Quid?

*Pal.* Viden, amabo,  
 fanum<sup>1</sup> hoc?

*Amp.* Vbi est?

*Pal.* Ad dexteram.

*Amp.* Video decorum dis locum viderier.

*Pal.* Haud longe abesse oportet homines hinc, ita hic  
 lepidust locus.

quisquis est deus, veneror ut nos ex hac aerumna  
 eximat,  
 miseras inopis aerumnosas ut aliquo auxilio adiuvet.

I. 5.

*Ptol.* Qui sunt qui a patrona preces mea expetessunt?  
 nam vox me precantum huc foras excitavit. 260

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following *videsne*.

## RUDENS

*Pal.* Here I am! This way. Come, come meet me!

*Amp.* (*advancing hesitantly*) I'm doing my best. (*they meet*)

*Pal.* (*hardly able to believe her eyes*) Give me your . . . hand!

*Amp.* Here!

*Pal.* Tell me, tell me—you're really alive?

*Amp.* Ah, it's you that make me wish to be so, now that I can touch you! Dear, dear! I can hardly believe it, that I'm holding you! Oh, hug me, hug me, you blessed thing! Oh, how you lessen all these troubles for me!

*Pal.* You're taking the words right out of my mouth! (*with a final squeeze*) Now we ought to get out of here.

*Amp.* Yes, but where to, pray?

*Pal.* Let's follow along the shore here.

*Amp.* I'll follow where you please. Shall we tramp along as we are with these wet clothes?

*Pal.* One has to take things as they come. (*they make for the shore; Palaestra suddenly stops*) Good heavens, though! What's this?

*Amp.* What?

*Pal.* Don't you see it, dear—this shrine?

*Amp.* Where?

*Pal.* (*pointing*) At the right!

*Amp.* The place seems fit for the gods, I see that.

*Pal.* Human beings can't be far away, with a pretty place like that here. (*reverently*) Whoever this god be, I entreat him to bring some relief to us poor, helpless, wretched women and rescue us from all this wretchedness.

Scene 5.      ENTER *Ptolemocratia* FROM THE TEMPLE.

*Ptol.* (*not seeing the girls*) Who are they who are pleading for the favour of my patroness? It was the sound

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

bonam atque obsequentem deam atque haud gravatam

patronam exsequontur benignamque multum.

*Pal.* Iubemus te salvere, mater.

*Ptol.* Salvete,

puellae. sed unde

vos ire<sup>1</sup> dicam, obsecro, tam maestiter vestitas?

*Pal.* Ilico hinc imus, haud longule ex hoc loco;

verum longe hinc abest unde advectae huc sumus.

*Ptol.* Nempe equo ligneo per vias caerulas  
estis vectae?

*Pal.* Admodum.

*Ptol.* Ergo aequius vos erat  
candidatas venire hostiatasque. ad hoc  
fanum ad istunc modum non veniri solet.

*Pal.* Quaene eiectae e mari simus ambae, obsecro,  
unde nos hostias agere voluisti huc?

nunc tibi amplectimur genua egentes opum,  
quae in locis nesciis nescia spe sumus,  
ut tuo recipias tecto servesque nos

miseriarumque te ambarum uti misereat,

quibus nec locust ullus nec spes parata,

neque hoc amplius,<sup>2</sup> quod vides, nobis quicquamst.

*Ptol.* Manus mihi date, exurgite a genibus ambae.

misericordior nulla me est feminarum.

sed haec pauperes res sunt inopesque, puellae:

egomet meam vix vitam colo; Veneri cibo meo  
servio.

*Amp.* Veneris fanum, obsecro, hoc est?

*Ptol.* Fateor. ego huius fani sacerdos clueo.

verum, quidquid est, comiter fiet a me,

quo nunc copia valebit.

ite hac mecum.

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following *cum uvula veste*.

<sup>2</sup> Leo brackets following *quam*.

## RUDENS

of voices raised in prayer that brought me out here. The goddess they seek is good and kind, no grudging mistress, but a very gracious one.

*Pal.* (*approaching humbly*) Good-day to you, mother.

*Ptol.* And to you, my girls. (*surveying them*) But heavens! Where can you have come from so sorrowfully attired?

*Pal.* We've just come from close by here, no long distance: but the place we were brought here from is a long way off.

*Ptol.* Brought by "wooden steed across the azure main," I suppose?

*Pal.* Indeed we were.

*Ptol.* Then it had been more fitting for you to come dressed in white and bringing offerings. It is not customary to visit this temple in such a state.

*Pal.* But, oh dear, where would you have us bring offerings from—two girls who have been cast up by the sea? (*they sink to the ground before her*) We now clasp your knees, and in our utter need, not knowing where we are or what to expect, we entreat you to shelter us and save us and take pity on us in this pitiful state of ours, with no place to go to, no hope, nothing in the world but what you see!

*Ptol.* (*moved*) Come, give me your hands and get up off your knees, both of you! (*they rise*) I'm just as compassionate as any woman can be. But my means are small, it's little I have, girls. I can barely keep body and soul together; it's at my own expense that I serve Venus.

*Amp.* Oh, this is a shrine of Venus, then?

*Ptol.* It is. I am known as the priestess of the shrine. Poor as I am, though, I shall do whatever I can to make you welcome. Come this way with me. (*moves toward temple*)

## TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

*Pal.* Amice benigneque honorem,  
mater, nostrum habes.

*Ptol.* Oportet.

### ACTVS II

*Pisc.* Omnibus modis qui pauperes sunt homines miseri  
vivont,  
praesertim quibus nec quaestus est, nec didicere  
artem ullam :  
necessitate quidquid est domi id sat est habendum.  
nos iam de ornatu propemodum ut locupletes simus  
scitis :  
hisce hami atque haec harundines sunt nobis  
quaestu et cultu.  
cottidie<sup>1</sup> ex urbe ad mare huc prodimus pabulatum :  
pro exercitu gymnastico et palaestrico hoc habemus ;  
echinos, lopadas, ostreas, balanos captamus, conchas,  
marinam urticam, musculos, plagusias striatas ;  
post id piscatum hamatilem et saxatilem aggredimur.  
cibum captamus e mari : si eventus non evenit  
neque quicquam captumst piscium, salsi lautique  
pure  
domum redimus clanculum, dormimus incenati.  
atque ut nunc valide fluctuat mare, nulla nobis spes  
est :  
nisi quid conclarum capsimus, incenati sumus profecto.  
nunc Venerem hanc veneremur bonam, ut nos lepide  
adiuerit hodie.

#### II. 2.

*Trach.* Animum adversavi sedulo, ne erum usquam  
praeterirem ;  
nam cum modo exibat foras, ad portum se aibat ire,  
314

## RUDENS

*Pal.* It's a friendly, kind reception you give us, mother.  
*Ptol.* And so it should be. [EXEUNT.]

### ACT II

ENTER A GROUP OF FISHERMEN.

*Fishermen* Poor folks have a hard life of it every way, especially if they haven't any regular business and never learnt a trade. Whatever they have, that has simply got to do for 'em. As for us, you can just about tell what plutocrats we are from one look at our get-up. These hooks and rods here—that's how we subsist and flourish. Day in and day out, we foot it over from the city to the sea here to do some foraging: that's our exercise, our physical culture and wrestling. The parties we get a hold on are sea-urchins and limpets and oysters and shell-fish and snails and sea-nettles and mussels and fluted scallops. Then we take to fishing—the hook and rock kind. We haul our food from the sea. If we have no luck, no haul at all, well, we slink back home nicely cleaned and salted, and go to sleep omitting supper. And there's no chance for us now with a heavy sea like this running: unless we find some shell-fish, we're certainly a supperless lot. Now let's go and show good Venus here we're godly men so that she'll be gracious and help us out to-day. (*they approach the temple*)

Scene 2. ENTER *Trachalio*, LOOKING ABOUT DISAPPOINTEDLY.

*Trach.* I've taken no end of pains not to pass master anywhere. When he went out awhile ago, he said he was going to the harbour and told me to come to

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<sup>1</sup> *Cotilie* Camerarius : Leo notes lacuna here.

## TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

me huc obviam iussit sibi venire ad Veneris fanum.  
sed quos perconter commode eccos video astare.  
adibo.

salvete, fures maritimi, conchitae atque hamiotae,  
famelica hominum natio. quid agitis? ut peritis?

*Pisc.* Vt piscatorem aequomst, fame sitique.<sup>1</sup>

*Trach.* Ecquem adulescentem  
huc, dum hic astatis, strenua facie rubicundum  
fortem,  
qui tres secum homines duceret chlamydotos cum  
machaeris,  
vidistis vos venire? <sup>2</sup>

*Pisc.* Nullum istac facie ut praedicas venisse huc scimus.

*Trach.* Ecquem  
recalvom ac Silanum senem, statutum, ventriosum,  
tortis superciliis, contracta fronte, fraudulentum,  
deorum odium atque hominum, malum, mali viti  
probrique plenum,

*Pisc.* qui duceret mulierculas duas secum satis venustas?  
Cum istius modi virtutibus operisque natus qui sit,  
eum quidem ad carnificem est aequius quam ad  
Venerem commeare.

*Trach.* At si vidistis, dicite.

*Pisc.* Huc profecto nullus venit.  
vale.

*Trach.* Valet. credidi: factum est quod suspicabar,  
data verba ero sunt, leno abit scelestus exulatum,  
in navem ascendit, mulieres avexit: hariolus sum.  
is huc erum etiam ad prandium vocavit, sceleris  
semen.

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following *speque* and notes lacuna here, and at beginning of next line.

<sup>2</sup> Leo notes lacuna here.



## RUDENS

meet him at the temple of Venus here. (*catching sight of the fishermen*) Hullo, though! This is lucky. I see some folks over there I can inquire of. Here goes. (*approaching fishermen, bumptiously*) What ho! ye maritime marauders, ye Shell-and-Hookemites, ye of the starveling brood! How is life going with you? How is death coming to you?

*Fishermen* (*looking at him disapprovingly*) In the regular way, for fishermen—by hunger and thirst.

*Trach.* Have you seen a young fellow come along while you've been standing here, a lusty chap with a wide-awake look and a fresh complexion? Had three men with him—wearing cloaks and swords!

*Fishermen* No one of that description has come this way, that we know of.

*Trach.* Or have you seen an old Silenus with a bald forehead, a good-sized fellow with a fat belly and beetle brows and a scowl, a detestable swindler that smells to heaven, curse him, chock-full of cursed vice and villainy, that had a couple of rather sweet young things in tow?

*Fishermen* (*moving off*) Really, now, a man gifted with a list of virtues and a record like that ought to be on his way to the hangman's instead of the temple of Venus.

*Trach.* But tell me if you've seen him.

*Fishermen* No one has come this way, that's sure. Good-day.

[*EXEUNT Fishermen.*]

*Trach.* (*calling after them*) Good-day! (*indignantly*) I thought so! Just what I suspected! Master's been bamboozled, the pimp has skipped the country, the rascal! Taken ship and taken off the girls! I'm a wizard, I am. Invited master here to lunch, too, the fount of infamy! Well now, what

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

nunc quid mihi meliust, quam ilico hic opperiar  
 erum dum veniat?  
 eadem, sacerdos Veneria haec si quid amplius scit,  
 si videro, exquisivero : faciet me certiore.

## II. 3. .

*Amp.* Intellego : hanc quae proxuma est villam Veneris  
 fano  
 pulsare iussisti atque aquam rogare.

*Trach.* Cuia ad auris  
 vox mi advolavit?

*Amp.* Obsecro, quis hic loquitur? quem ego video?

*Trach.* Estne Ampelisca haec quae foras e fano egreditur?

*Amp.* Estne hic  
 Trachalio, quem conspikor, calator Plesidippi?

*Trach.* East.

*Amp.* Is est. Trachalio, salve.

*Trach.* Salve, Ampelisca.  
 quid agis tu?

*Amp.* Aetatem haud malam male.

*Trach.* Melius ominare.

*Amp.* Verum omnes sapientes decet conferre et fabulari.  
 sed Plesidippus tuos crus ubi, amabo, est?

*Trach.* Heia vero,  
 quasi non sit intus.

*Amp.* Neque pol est neque huc quidem ullus venit.

*Trach.* Non venit?

*Amp.* Vera praedicas.

*Trach.* Non est meum, Ampelisca.  
 sed quam mox coctum est prandium?

*Amp.* Quod prandium, obsecro te?

*Trach.* Nempe rem divinam facitis hic.

*Amp.* Quid somnias, amabo?

## RUDENS

can I do better than wait right here till master comes? Yes, and if this priestess knows anything more, and I see her, I'll make inquiries. She'll inform me.

Scene 3.     ENTER *Ampelisca*, CARRYING A PITCHER, INTO  
DOORWAY OF TEMPLE.

*Amp.*     (*to priestess within*) I understand: I'm to knock at the cottage here next to the temple of Venus and ask for some water.

*Trach.*   (*striking a tragic pose*) Hist! Whose winged words were those?

*Amp.*     (*looking about*) My goodness! Who was that speaking here? Who's that I see?

*Trach.*   Is that *Ampelisca* coming out of the temple?

*Amp.*     Is that *Trachalio* I'm looking at, *Plesidippus'* man?

*Trach.*   It is!

*Amp.*     It is! Ah, how are you, *Trachalio*?

*Trach.*   And you, *Ampelisca*? What of you?

*Amp.*     (*snappishly*) I'm finding youth's glad season bad.

*Trach.*   Don't say a thing like that.

*Amp.*     All sensible people should state and communicate facts. But your master *Plesidippus*, where is he, my good sir?

*Trach.*   Oh, come now! Just as though he weren't inside! (*indicating the temple*)

*Amp.*     Indeed he is not, and he has not been here at all, either.

*Trach.*   Hasn't been here?

*Amp.*     And that's the truth you're telling.

*Trach.*   Which is not a habit of mine, *Ampelisca*. But how soon will lunch be ready?

*Amp.*     Lunch? Why, what lunch?

*Trach.*   Well, of course you folks are sacrificing here.

*Amp.*     Man alive, what's this dream of yours?

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

*Trach.* Certe huc Labrax ad prandium vocavit Plesidippum  
erum meum erus vester.

*Amp.* Pol haud miranda facta dicis ;  
si deos decepit et homines, lenonum more fecit.

*Trach.* Non rem divinam facitis hic vos neque erus ?

*Amp.* Hariolare.

*Trach.* Quid tu agis hic igitur ?

*Amp.* Ex malis multis metuque summo  
capitalique ex periculo orbas auxiliique opumque  
huc

recepit ad se Veneria haec sacerdos me et Palae-  
stram.

350

*Trach.* An hic Palaestrast, obsecro, eri mei amica ?

*Amp.* Certo.

*Trach.* Inest lepos in nuntio tuo magnus, mea Ampelisca.  
sed istuc periculum perlubet quod fuerit vobis scire.

*Amp.* Confracta est, mi Trachalio, hac nocte navis nobis.

*Trach.* Quid navis ? quae istaec fabulast ?

*Amp.* Non audivisti, amabo,  
quo pacto leno clanculum nos hinc auferre voluit  
in Siciliam et quidquid domi fuit in navem im-  
posivit ?  
ea nunc perierunt omnia.

*Trach.* Oh, Neptune lepide, salve,  
nec te aleator nullus est sapientior ; profecto  
nimis lepide iecisti bolum : periurum perdidisti.  
sed nunc ubi est leno Labrax ?

360

*Amp.* Periiit potando, opinor.  
Neptunus magnis poculis hac nocte eum invitavit.

*Trach.* Credo hercle anancaeo datum quod biberet. ut ego  
amo te,  
mea Ampelisca, ut dulcis es, ut mulsa dicta dicis.

## RUDENS

*Trach.* Surely your master, Labrax, invited my master, Plesidippus, to lunch here.

*Amp.* Oh, well, there's nothing surprising in that. If he has cheated gods and men, it's all in the day's work for a pimp.

*Trach.* You're not offering sacrifice here, you or your master?

*Amp.* You're a clairvoyant.

*Trach.* Then what are you doing here?

*Amp.* When we were in awful trouble, and mortal terror and danger of death, absolutely helpless and destitute, the priestess of Venus here saved us and took us in—Palaestra and me.

*Trach.* Palaestra? Master's girl? You mean to say she's here?

*Amp.* Certainly.

*Trach.* You dear thing, what perfectly delightful news! But that danger of yours—I'd very much like to hear about it.

*Amp.* (*impressively*) Last night, Trachalio mine, our ship was wrecked.

*Trach.* Hey? Ship? What's this wild tale?

*Amp.* Why, mercy on us, haven't you heard how the pimp wanted to get us quietly off to Sicily and loaded a ship with everything he owned? And now it's all lost.

*Trach.* (*elated*) Ah, Neptune, you're a beauty, bless you! You're an expert with the dice, none better! Lord, Lord, that was a beautiful throw of yours! You laid a liar low. But where is pimp Labrax at present?

*Amp.* He died of drink, I fancy. Those were real bumpers Neptune treated him to last night.

*Trach.* Gad! A case of no heeltaps! (*hugging her*) Oh, how I love you, Ampelisca dear, how sweet you are,

## TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

sed tu et Palaestra quomodo salvae estis?

*Amp.* Scibis faxo.  
de navi timidae ambae in scapham insiluimus, quia  
videmus

ad saxa navem ferrier; properans exsolvi restim,  
dum illi timent; nos cum scapha tempestas dextro-  
vorum

differt ab illis. itaque nos ventisque fluctibusque  
iactatae exemplis plurimis miserae perpetuam  
noctem;

vix hodie ad litus pertulit nos ventus exanimatas.

*Trach.* Novi, Neptunus ita solet, quamvis fastidiosus  
aedilis est: si quae improbae sunt merces, iactat  
omnis.

*Amp.* Vae capiti atque aetati tuae.

*Trach.* Tuo, mea Ampelisca.  
scivi lenonem facere hoc, quod fecit, saepe dixi;  
capillum promittam optimumst occipiamque hario-  
lari.

*Amp.* Cavistis ergo tu atque erus ne abiret, cum scibatis?

*Trach.* Quid faceret?

*Amp.* Si amabat, rogas, quid faceret? adservaret  
dies noctesque, in custodia esset semper. verum  
ecastor

ut multi fecit ita probe curavit Plesidippus.

*Trach.* Cur tu istuc dicis?

*Amp.* Res palam est.

*Trach.* Scin tu? etiam qui it lavatum  
in balineas, cum ibi sedulo sua vestimenta servat,  
tamen surripiuntur, quippe qui quem illorum  
observet falsust;

fur facile qui observat videt: custos qui fur sit  
nescit.

sed duce me ad illam ubi est.

## RUDENS

what words of wine and honey! But how were you and Palaestra saved?

*Amp.* (*importantly, releasing herself*) It was this way. We were both frightened and jumped into the ship's boat, on seeing the ship driven toward the rocks. I hurried and unhitched the rope in the general fright, and the storm carried us and the boat off to the right, away from them. So the whole livelong night we were tossed about by the wind and waves, and oh, what didn't we go through! The wind finally did bring us ashore this morning more dead than alive.

*Trach.* (*unfeelingly*) I see. Just like old Neptune! He's a most conscientious market inspector: all trashy goods go overboard.

*Amp.* (*indignantly*) Bad luck to you!

*Trach.* (*grinning*) To you, Ampeliscia dear! (*complacently*) I knew the pimp was up to this. Just what I said, time and again. I ought to let my hair grow and set up for a fortune-teller.

*Amp.* (*sarcastic*) So you and your master took care that he shouldn't get away, knowing that?

*Trach.* What could he have done?

*Amp.* Done, you say? If he loved her? He should have kept watch day and night. He should have been on guard always. The fine care Plesidippus took of her quite matches his affection, yes, indeed.

*Trach.* What makes you say that?

*Amp.* The plain facts.

*Trach.* (*protestingly*) But don't you see? Why, even a man that goes to the baths to bathe, and keeps a sharp eye on his clothes, has 'em stolen just the same, not being sure which of the crowd to watch. The thief can easily see the man that's watching: the man that's keeping watch can't spot the thief. But take me to where she is.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

*Amp.* I sane in Veneris fanum huc intro,  
sedentem flentemque opprimes.

*Trach.* Vt iam istuc mihi molestumst.  
sed quid flet?

*Amp.* Ego dicam tibi : hoc sese excruciat animi,  
quia leno ademit cistulam ei, quam habebat ubique  
habebat  
qui suos parentis noscere posset : eam veretur  
ne perierit.

*Trach.* Vbinam ea fuit cistellula?

*Amp.* Ibidem in navi.  
conclussit ipse in vidulum, ne copia esset eius,  
qui suos parentes nosceret.

*Trach.* O facinus impudicum.  
quam liberam esse oporteat servire postulare.

*Amp.* Nunc eam cum navi scilicet abiisse pessum in altum.  
et aurum et argentum fuit lenonis omne ibidem.

*Trach.* Credo aliquem immersisse atque eum excepsisse.

*Amp.* Id misera maestast,  
sibi eorum evenisse inopiam.

*Trach.* Iam istoc magis usus factost,  
ut eam intro consolerque eam, ne sic se excruciet  
animi;  
nam multa praeter spem scio multis bona  
evenisse.

*Amp.* At ego etiam, qui speraverint spem decepsisse  
multos.

*Trach.* Ergo animus aequos optimum est aerumnae  
condimentum.  
ego eo intro, nisi quid vis.

*Amp.* Eas. ego quod mihi imperavit  
sacerdos, id faciam atque aquam hinc de proximo  
rogabo;  
nam extemplo, si verbis suis peterem, daturos  
dixit.



## RUDENS

*Amp.* Just go into the temple of Venus here; you'll find her sitting there crying.

*Trach.* Dear, dear, now I don't like that! What's she crying about, though?

*Amp.* Well, she's frightfully upset because the pimp took away a casket she kept, in which she kept some things that would help her to discover her parents. She's afraid that it's lost.

*Trach.* Ah, and where was this little casket?

*Amp.* There on the ship. Master put it away in his trunk so that she wouldn't have any means of discovering her parents.

*Trach.* Oh, what a dirty trick—to claim a girl's his slave when she ought to be free!

*Amp.* Now it has gone to the bottom of the sea along with the ship, of course. And all the pimp's gold and silver was in it too.

*Trach.* (*encouragingly*) I dare say someone has dived down and got it.

*Amp.* That's what distresses her, poor dear—having those things got away from her.

*Trach.* Then that's all the more reason for my going in and cheering her up so that she won't be so frightfully upset. For "many a stroke of luck has come to many a hopeless man"—I know that.

*Amp.* But "many a hopeful man has hope beguiled"—that's something I know.

*Trach.* Well then, "self-control best sweetens trouble." I'm going in, if there's nothing I can do for you.

*Amp.* Go on. [EXIT *Trachalio* INTO TEMPLE.]

I'll do as the priestess ordered and ask for some water at the house next door here. She told me they'd give it to me at once if I mentioned her

## TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

neque digniorem censeo vidisse anum me quem-  
quam,  
cui deos atque homines censeam bene facere magis  
decere.  
ut lepide, ut liberaliter, ut honeste atque haud  
gravate  
timidas egentes ùvidas eiectas exanimatas  
accepit ad sese, haud secus quam si ex se sinus  
natae;  
ut eapse sic succincta aquam calefactat, ut  
lavemus.  
nunc ne morae illi sim, petam hinc aquam, unde mi  
imperavit.  
heus ecquis in villast? ecquis hoc recludit? ecquis  
prodit?

II. 4.

*Scep.* Quis est qui nostris tam proterve foribus facit  
iniuriam?

*Amp.* Ego sum.

*Scep.* Hem, quid hoc boni est? eu edepol specie  
lepida mulierem.

*Amp.* Salve, adulescens.

*Scep.* Et tu multum salveto, adulescentula.

*Amp.* Ad vos venio.

*Scep.* Accipiam hospitio, si mox venies vesperi,<sup>1</sup>  
item ut adfectam; nam nunc nihil est qui te mane  
munerem.<sup>2</sup>

sed quid ais, mea lepida, hilara?

*Amp.* Aha, nimium familiariter  
me attrectas.

*Scep.* Pro di immortales, Veneris effigia  
haec quidem est.

<sup>1</sup> *vesperi* Libri Veteres: Leo notes lacuna here.

<sup>2</sup> *mane munerem* Hildebrand: Leo writes *manem* and  
notes lacuna.

## RUDENS

name. I think I never did see a dearer old lady, one I think more deserving of all the good things gods and man can give. How sweetly and kindly and graciously and gladly she took us in, poor, wet, frightened castaways that we were, only half alive. She acted just as if we were her own daughters. And then her tucking up her clothes that way and heating water for our bath! (*moving on*) But I mustn't delay her, I'll ask for the water here where she said. (*knocks at Daemones' door*) Hello! Is anyone at home? Open the door, won't you? Won't somebody come?

### Scene 4.

*Scep.* (*gruffly, within*) Who's that making so devilish free with our door?

*Amp.* (*sweetly*) It's me.

ENTER *Sceparnio* RAPIDLY.

*Scep.* Oho! What good luck is this? (*ogles her appreciatively*) Hurray! A woman, a pretty woman, upon my soul!

*Amp.* (*with dignity*) Good-morning, sir.

*Scep.* And a very good one to yourself, my little lady.

*Amp.* I've come to your house——

*Scep.* And I'll entertain you like a regular queen if you'll come a little later, in the evening. Why, in these morning hours I can't treat you properly. Well, how about it, my gay little beauty? (*tries to embrace her*)

*Amp.* (*pulling away*) The idea, sir! You're much too familiar with your hands!

*Scep.* Ye immortal gods! She's the very image of Venus. Just see that merry twinkle in her eye! My word!

## TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ut in ocellis hilaritudo est, heia, corpus cuius modi, subvoluturium—illud quidem, subaquilum volui dicere.

vel papillae cuius modi, tum quae indoles in saviost.

*Amp.* Non ego sum pollucta pago. potin ut me abstineas manum?

*Scep.* Non licet saltem sic placide bellam belle tangere?

*Amp.* Otium ubi erit, tum tibi operam ludo et deliciae dabo;

nunc quam ob rem huc sum missa, amabo, vel tu mi aias vel neges.

*Scep.* Quid nunc vis?

*Amp.* Sapienti ornatus quid velim indicium facit.

*Scep.* Meus quoque hic sapienti ornatus quid velim indicium facit.

*Amp.* Haec sacerdos Veneris hinc me petere aquam iussit a vobis.<sup>1</sup>

*Scep.* At ego basilicus sum: quem nisi oras, guttam non feres.

nostro illum puteum periclo et ferramentis fodimus. nisi multis blanditiis a me gutta non ferri potest.

*Amp.* Cur tu aquam gravare, amabo, quam hostis hosti commodat?

*Scep.* Cur tu operam gravare mihi quam civis civi commodat?

*Amp.* Immo etiam tibi, mea voluptas, quae voles faciam omnia.

*Scep.* Eugepae, salvos sum, haec iam me suam voluptatem vocat.

dabitur tibi aqua, ne nequiquam me ames. cedo mi urnam.

*Amp.* Cape.  
propera, amabo, efferre.

<sup>1</sup> Corrupt (Leo): *sibi* Leo.

## RUDENS

- And that complexion! A beauty, a real doughnut—no, no, I mean chestnut—beauty! Will you look at that bust! And those lovely lips! (*seizes her*)
- Amp.* (*struggling to free herself*) I'm no ploughland picnic! Do keep your hands off me, can't you?
- Scep.* Can't a fellow even give a nice little girl a nice little squeeze—real gentle, like that?
- Amp.* (*pretending to acquiesce*) Yes, yes, we'll have a perfectly lovely time together when I'm not busy. But just at present do please say yes or no to what I was sent here for.
- Scep.* And what do you want just at present?
- Amp.* (*showing the pitcher*) A sensible person could see what I want from what I'm carrying.
- Scep.* Yes, and a sensible person could see what I want from the way I'm carrying on.
- Amp.* I was told to come to you for some water, told by the priestess of Venus here.
- Scep.* But I'm the one that's Lord High Everything here. Unless you coax me, you won't get a drop. We dug that well at our own cost with our own tools. Not a drop do you get unless you say all sorts of nice things to me.
- Amp.* My dear man, why grudge me a little water, when strangers are free enough with that?
- Scep.* Why grudge me a little favour, when friends are free enough with them?
- Amp.* Oh, but I don't, sweetheart. I'll do anything for you, anything you please.
- Scep.* (*aside*) Fine, fine! I'm getting on! Now she's calling me her sweetheart! (*aloud*) You shall have your water; I won't let you love me all for nothing. Hand me the pitcher.
- Amp.* Here. (*gives it to him and he goes toward house*) Do hurry with it, there's a dear!

## TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

*Scep.* Manta, iam hic ero, voluptas mea.  
*Amp.* Quid sacerdoti me dicam hic demoratam tam diu? 440  
 ut etiam nunc misera timeo, ubi oculis intueor mare.  
 sed quid ego misera video procul in litore? 450  
 meum erum lenonem Siciliensemque hospitem,  
 quos periisse ambos misera censebam in mari.  
 iam illud mali plus nobis vivit quam ratae.  
 sed quid ego cesso fugere in fanum ac dicere haec  
 Palaestrae, in aram ut confugiamus prius quam huc<sup>1</sup>  
 scelestus leno veniat nosque hic opprimat?  
 confugiam huc, ita res suppetit subitaria.<sup>2</sup>

II. 5.  
*Scep.* Pro di immortales, in aqua numquam credidi  
 voluptatem inesse tantam. ut hanc traxi lubens.  
 nimio minus altus puteus visust quam prius. 460  
 ut sine labore hanc extraxi! praefiscine!  
 satin nequam sum, ut pote qui hodie amare in-  
 ceperim?  
 em tibi aquam, mea tu belliata. em sic volo  
 te ferre honeste, ut ego fero, ut placeas mihi.  
 sed ubi tu es, delicata? cape aquam hanc sis. ubi es?  
 amat hercle me, ut ego opinor. delituit mala.  
 ubi tu es? etiamne hanc urnam acceptura es?  
 ubi es?

<sup>1</sup> Corrupt (Leo): *prius in aram ut confugiamus quam huc* Schoell.

<sup>2</sup> *subitaria* Ussing: Leo writes *subit* and notes lacuna.

## RUDENS

*Scep.* Stay here. I'll be back in just a minute—(*fondly*)  
sweetheart!

[EXIT *Sceparnio*.]

*Imp.* What excuse shall I give the priestess for having  
stopped here so long? (*glancing toward the coast-*  
*line*) Oh dear, how frightened I do get even now  
when I catch sight of the sea! (*with a start*) But  
good heavens! What's that away down the shore  
there? It's my master, the pimp, and his friend  
from Sicily! Oh-oh! And I thought the both of  
them were drowned! Now that means more  
trouble for us than we counted on! But I must run  
to the temple and tell Palaestra so that we can run  
to the altar for refuge before that dreadful pimp  
comes and catches us here! (*hurrying away*) Yes,  
I'll take refuge here, it's all so sudden!

[EXIT INTO TEMPLE.]

Scene 5. RE-ENTER *Sceparnio* WITH THE PITCHER.

*Scep.* (*aside, very blithe*) Ye immortal gods! I never  
dreamt there was anything so wonderful about  
water. What fun it was drawing this up! The  
well didn't seem anything like as deep as it used to  
be. Why, it was no work at all drawing this up.  
Lord save us, but ain't I just the devil of a fellow  
with this flirtation I've got into to-day! (*aloud*)  
Here you are! Here's your water, my prettikins!  
(*putting the pitcher awkwardly on his head*) There!  
That's how I want you to carry it—graceful, just  
like me. That's the way to make me love you.  
(*looking about*) But where are you, frisky? Take  
the water here, won't you? Where are you?  
(*aside*) She's in love with me! By Jupiter! I do  
believe she is. Playing hide and seek, the rogue.  
(*aloud*) Where are you? See here, aren't you  
going to take this pitcher? Where are you?

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

commodule ludis. tandem vero serio,  
 etiam acceptura es urnam hanc? ubi tu es gentium?  
 nusquam hercle equidem illam video. ludos me facit. 470  
 adponam hercle urnam iam ego hanc in media via.  
 sed autem, quid si hanc hinc abstulerit quispiam,  
 sacram urnam Veneris? mi exhibeat negotium.  
 metuo hercle ne illa mulier mi insidias locet,  
 ut comprehendar cum sacra urna Veneria.  
 nempe optimo me iure in vinclis enicet  
 magistratus si quis me hanc habere viderit.  
 nam haec litteratast, eapse cantat cuia sit.  
 iam hercle evocabo hinc hanc sacerdotem foras,  
 ut hanc accipiat urnam. accedam huc ad fores. 480  
 heus exi, Ptolemocratia, cape hanc urnam tibi:  
 muliercula hanc nescio quae huc ad me detulit.  
 intro ferundast. repperi negotium,  
 siquidem his mihi ultro adgerunda etiam est aqua.

## II. 6.

*Labr.* Qui homo sese miserum et mendicum volet,<sup>1</sup>  
 Neptuno credat sese atque aetatem suam:  
 nam si quis cum eo quid rei commiscuit,  
 ad hoc exemplum amittit ornatum domum.  
 edepol, Libertas, lepida es, quae numquam pedem  
 voluisti in navem cum Hercule una imponere. 490  
 sed ubi ille meus est hospes, qui me perdidit?  
 atque eccum incedit.

<sup>1</sup> Corrupt (Leo): *hominem sese* Bothe.

<sup>1</sup> The allusion is obscure.



## RUDENS

You smart little tease! Oh, I say now, really, seriously! See here, aren't you going to take this pitcher? Where on earth are you? I don't see her anywhere, I certainly don't, dash it! She's making fun of me. I'll put this pitcher right down in the middle of the road this minute, by Jupiter! Hold on, though, what if someone carried it off—the sacred pitcher of Venus? That would make a mess for me. Oh Lord! I'm afraid that woman is setting a trap so that I'll get caught with Venus' sacred pitcher on me. Sure enough, the magistrate would have a perfect right to tie me up and take my head off, if anyone saw me with it. (*looks pitcher over and sees inscription on it*) Ha! A lettered pitcher! It lets out who its owner is itself. (*nearly collapses*) My goodness! I'm going to call this priestess out at once and have her take her pitcher. I'll just step up to the door here. (*knocking frantically*) Hey! Ptolemocratia! Come on out and get your pitcher here. (*yelling more loudly*) Some wench brought it over to me! I don't know who she was. (*waits a moment, then disgustedly*) It's got to be carried in. A nice job I've struck, if I've actually got to go ahead and lug their water for 'em, too. [EXIT INTO TEMPLE.]

Scene 6.                    ENTER *Labrax*, WET AND DEJECTED.

*Labr.* If anyone's looking for blight and beggary, just let him trust himself, body and soul, to Neptune. I tell you what, if anyone gets mixed up in any dealings with him, he's sent back home in a mess like this. My word, Liberty, you're a clever one—never wanting to set foot on board ship along with Hercules!<sup>1</sup> But where's that guest of mine that has been the ruination of me? (*looks back with a snort of anger*) Ah, there he is, sauntering along.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Charm.* Quo malum properas, Labrax?  
nam equidem te nequeo consequi tam strenue.
- Labr.* Vtinam te prius quam oculis vidissem meis,  
malo cruciatu in Sicilia perbiteres,  
quem propter hoc mihi optigit misero mali.
- Charm.* Vtinam, quom in aedis me ad te adduxisti tuas,  
in carcere illo potius cubuissem die.  
deosque immortales quaeso, dum vivas uti  
omnes tui similes hospites habeas tibi.
- Labr.* Malam fortunam in aedis te adduxi meas.  
quid mihi scelesto tibi erat auscultatio,  
quidve hinc abitio quidve in navem inscensio?  
ubi perdididi etiam plus boni quam mihi fuit.
- Charm.* Pol minime miror, navis si fractast tibi,  
scelus te et sceleste parta quae vexit bona.
- Labr.* Pessum dedisti me blandimentis tuis.
- Charm.* Scelestiorem cenam cenavi tuam,  
quam quae Thyestae quondam aut posita est Tereo.
- Labr.* Perii, animo male fit. contine quaeso caput.
- Charm.* Pulmoneum edepol nimis velim vomitum vomas.
- Labr.* Eheu, Palaestra atque Ampelisca, ubi estis nunc?
- Charm.* Piscibus in alto, credo, praebent pabulum.
- Labr.* Mendicitatem mi optulisti opera tua,  
dum tuis ausculto magnidicis mendaciis.

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<sup>1</sup> The bodies of their own sons.

## RUDENS

ENTER *Charmides*, WET AND COLD, BUT NONCHALANT.

*Charm.* Where the deuce are you rushing to, Labrax? Really, you know, I can't keep up with you at such a gait.

*Labr.* (*shaking his fist*) Oh, if you had only been hung for a damned rascal in Sicily before I ever set eyes on you, you that got me into this damned fix, poor wretch that I am!

*Charm.* (*mockingly*) Oh, if I had only made my bed in jail instead, that day you took me to your house! I pray the everlasting gods that all the guests you have for evermore may be just such specimens as yourself.

*Labr.* It was Bad Luck I took into my house when I took you there. Oh, why was I such a cursed fool as to listen to you? Why did I leave home? Why did I go on board that ship? Where I've lost all I owned and more, too!

*Charm.* Gad! I don't wonder at all that your ship was wrecked, with a rascal like you and your rascally gains aboard.

*Labr.* It was those alluring lies of yours that did for me.

*Charm.* Yes, and the food you fed me was more accursed than that<sup>1</sup> once served to Thyestes or Tereus.

*Labr.* (*affecting nausea at the allusion*) Oh dear, oh dear! I feel sick! Do please hold my head!

*Charm.* Let 'er go, lungs and all! Lord! Just what I'd like!

*Labr.* (*wailing*) Oh dear, oh dear! Oh, Palaestra, Am-pelisca, where are you now?

*Charm.* (*cheerfully*) Furnishing food to fish in the sea, probably.

*Labr.* Ugh, thanks to you! It's listening to you and your flattering flimflam that has left me flat.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Charm.* Bonam est quod habeas gratiam merito mihi,  
qui te ex insulso salsum feci opera mea.
- Labr.* Quin tu hinc is a me in maxumam malam crucem?
- Charm.* Eas. easque res agebam commodum.
- Labr.* Eheu, quis vivit me mortalis miserior? 520
- Charm.* Ego multo tanto miserior quam tu, Labrax.
- Labr.* Qui?
- Charm.* Quia ego indignus sum, tu dignus qui sies.
- Labr.* O scirpe, scirpe, laudo fortunas tuas,  
qui semper servas gloriam aritudinis.
- Charm.* Equidem me ad velitationem exerceo,  
nam omnia corusca prae tremore fabulor.
- Labr.* Edepol, Neptune, es balineator frigidus:  
cum vestimentis postquam aps te abii, algeo.
- Charm.* Ne thermipolium quidem ullum instruit,  
ita salsam praehibet potionem et frigidam. 530
- Labr.* Vt fortunati sunt fabri ferrarii,  
qui apud carbones adsident: semper calent.
- Charm.* Vtinam fortuna nunc anetina uterer,  
ut quom exiissem ex aqua, arerem tamen.
- Labr.* Quid si aliquo ad ludos me pro manduco locem?
- Charm.* Quapropter?
- Labr.* Quia pol clare crepito dentibus.
- Charm.* Iure optumo me elavisse arbitror.
- Labr.* Qui?
- Charm.* Qui una auderem tecum in navem ascendere,  
qui a fundamento mi usque movisti mare.

## RUDENS

- Charm.* You ought to be extremely grateful to me: you used to be an old dryasdust, and now, thanks to me, you're positively wetty.
- Labr.* You just get to the devil out of here and leave me alone!
- Charm.* Yes, do. Precisely what I was about to suggest.
- Labr.* Oh-h-h! What man alive's more miserable than me?
- Charm.* I am, Labrax—ever so much more.
- Labr.* How?
- Charm.* Because I don't deserve misery and you do.
- Labr.* (*wringing out his clothes*) Ah, bulrush, bulrush, you're in luck, to always stay so gloriously dry!
- Charm.* (*swinging his arms to get warm*) I must be training for the . . . infantry. I'm shivering so that everything I say has . . . rattles.
- Labr.* Lord, Neptune! You're a cold . . . bathman! I've been . . . freezing ever since I left you, even with my clothes on.
- Charm.* And he doesn't set up any hot-drinks counter, either. The kind of liquor he serves is . . . salty ice-water.
- Labr.* Ah, blacksmiths are fortunate fellows, round a . . . fire all the time, always . . . warm!
- Charm.* Oh, for the luck of a . . . duck! To come out of the water, yet not be . . . wet!
- Labr.* How about hiring myself out at some fair as a . . . wild man?
- Charm.* Why that?
- Labr.* Gad! Because of the grand way I . . . gnash my teeth.
- Charm.* I suppose it serves me right to get . . . cleaned out like this.
- Labr.* How so?
- Charm.* For having consented to go on board a ship with . . . you, that completely upset the sea for me.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Labr.* Tibi auscultavi, tu promittebas mihi  
illi esse quaestum maximum meretricibus,  
ibi me conruere posse aiebas ditias. 540
- Charm.* Iam postulabas te, impurata belua,  
totam Siciliam devoraturum insulam?
- Labr.* Quaenam ballaena meum voravit vidulum,  
aurum atque argentum ubi omne compactum fuit?
- Charm.* Eadem illa, credo, quae meum marsuppium,  
quod plenum argenti fuit in sacciperio.
- Labr.* Eheu, redactus sum usque ad unam hanc tuniculam  
et ad hoc misellum pallium. perii oppido. 550
- Charm.* Vel consociare mihi quidem tecum licet:  
aequas habemus partes.
- Labr.* Saltem si mihi  
mulierculae essent salvae, spes aliquae forent.  
nunc si me adulescens Plesidippus viderit,  
quo ab arrabonem pro Palaestra acceperam,  
iam is exhibebit hic mihi negotium.
- Charm.* Quid, stulte, ploras? tibi quidem edepol copias,  
dum lingua vivet, qui rem solvas omnibus.

## II. 7.

- Scep.* Quid illuc, opsecro, negotist quod duae mulierculae  
hic in fano Veneris signum flentes amplexae tenent, 560  
nescio quem metuentes miserae? nocte hac aiunt  
proxuma  
se iactatas, atque eiectas hodie esse aiunt e mari.
- Labr.* Opsecro hercle, adulescens, ubi istaec sunt quas  
memoras mulieres?
- Scep.* Hic in fano Veneris.
- Labr.* Quot sunt?
- Scep.* Totidem quot ego et tu sumus.

## RUDENS

- Labr.* It was your advice I followed. You kept promising there'd be all sorts of money in slave girls there; I could just rake in the cash, according to you.
- Charm.* So you counted on swallowing down the whole island of Sicily at one gulp, you dirty beast?
- Labr.* (*lugubriously*) I wonder what whale has swallowed my trunk, packed with all my gold and silver.
- Charm.* (*lightly*) Probably the same one that got the purse full of silver that was in my bag.
- Labr.* Oh dear me! I'm down to this one poor little tunic and this wretched rag of a cloak! I'm ruined, utterly ruined!
- Charm.* Yes, and I might very well go into partnership with you: we're both on the same basis.
- Labr.* Oh, if I only had the girls safe anyhow, there'd be some hope! (*groaning*) As it is, if young Plesidippus sees me, me that took part payment for Palaestra from him, he'll make trouble for me instantly!
- Charm.* Why blubber, you ninny? Lord, man, you've got enough to pay off everyone, so long as that tongue of yours will wag.

ENTER *Sceparnio* FROM TEMPLE.

Scene 7.

- Scep.* (*soliloquizing*) What the devil's it all about—two girls here in the temple of Venus crying and clinging to her statue, and scared to death of someone? Say they were tossed about by the storm last night and cast ashore this morning, so they say.
- Labr.* (*rushing up*) My goodness! Look here, young fellow, where are those women you mention?
- Scep.* (*brusquely*) Here in the temple of Venus.
- Labr.* How many are there?
- Scep.* As many as you and I, so many.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

*Labr.* Nempe meae?

*Scep.* Nempe nescio istuc.

*Labr.* Qua sunt facie?

*Scep.* Scitula.

vel ego amare utramvis possum, si probe adpotus  
siem.

*Labr.* Nempe puellae?

*Scep.* Nempe molestus es. i vise, si lubet.

*Labr.* Meas oportet intus esse hic mulieres, mi Charmides.

*Charm.* Iuppiter te perdat, et si sunt, et si non sunt tamen.

*Labr.* Intro rumpam iam huc in Veneris fanum.

*Charm.* In barathrum mavelim. 570

opsecro, hospes, da mihi aliquid ubi condormiscam  
loci.

*Scep.* Istic ubi vis condormisce; nemo prohibet, publicum  
est.

*Charm.* At vides me ornatus ut sim vestimentis uvidis:  
recipe me in tectum, da mihi vestimenti aliquid  
aridi,  
dum arescunt mea; in aliquo tibi gratiam referam  
loco.

*Scep.* Tegillum eccillud, mihi unum id aret; id si vis,  
dabo:

eodem amictus, eodem tectus esse soleo, si pluit.  
tu istaec mihi dato: exarescent faxo.

*Charm.* Eho an te paenitet,  
in mari quod elavi, ni hic in terra iterum eluam?

*Scep.* Eluas tu an exunguare, ciccum non interduim. 580  
tibi ego numquam quicquam credam, nisi si accepto  
pignore.



## RUDENS

- Labr.* (*eagerly*) They're mine, surely!
- Scep.* I surely don't know that.
- Labr.* What do they look like?
- Scep.* Pretty neat. I'd manage to make love to either one of 'em myself—if I was good and drunk.
- Labr.* Surely, they're young ones?
- Scep.* You're surely a pest. Go and have a look, if you want.
- Labr.* (*ecstatic*) They're my women! They must be my women in here, Charmides, old chap!
- Charm.* Whether they are or are not, in either case you be damned!
- Labr.* I'll burst into this temple of Venus this minute!
- Charm.* Wish it were into the bottomless pit!
- [EXIT *Labrax* INTO TEMPLE.]
- (*to Sceparnio*) I say, mine host, let me have some sort of place where I can go to sleep.
- Scep.* Go to sleep there, wherever you like; nobody's stopping you: it's a thoroughfare.
- Charm.* But you see my fix, dressed in these dripping clothes. Take me into your house and give me something dry to put on while my own things are drying. I'll do as much for you some time.
- Scep.* (*picking up a coarse mat from the ground*) There's a rush blanket; it's the only dry thing I've got. Take it, if you want. It's what I use for a cloak, it's what I wrap round me when it rains. Give me those things of yours. I'll get 'em well dried.  
(*tries to strip Charmides*)
- Charm.* (*pushing him off*) Hold on there! Now that I've been cleaned out at sea, aren't you content without my being cleaned out ashore here too?
- Scep.* (*turning away disgustedly*) I don't care a peppercorn whether you're cleaned out or wiped out. Never a thing 'll I trust to a man like you, unless I get

## TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

tu vel suda vel peri algu, vel tu aegrota vel vale.  
barbarum hospitem mi in aedis nil moror. sat  
litiumst.

*Charm.* Iamne abis? venalis illic ductitavit, quisquis est;  
non est misericors. sed quid ego hic asto infelix  
uvidus?  
quin abeo huc in Veneris fanum, ut edormiscam  
hanc crapulam,  
quam potavi praeter animi quam libuit sententiam?  
quasi vinis Graecis Neptunus nobis suffudit mare,  
itaque alvom prodi speravit nobis salsis poculis;  
quid opust verbis? si invitare nos paulisper pergeret, 590  
ibidem obdormissemus: nunc vix vivos amisit  
domum.  
nunc lenonem quid agat intus visam, convivam  
meum.

### ACTVS III

*Daem.* Miris modis di ludos faciunt hominibus: <sup>1</sup>  
ne dormientis quidem sinunt quiescere.  
velut ego hac nocte quae praecessit proxima  
mirum atque inscitum somniavi somnium.  
ad hirundinum nidum visa est simia  
ascensionem ut faceret admolirier <sup>2</sup>  
neque eas eripere quibat inde. postibi 600  
videtur ad me simia adgredirier,  
rogare scalas ut darem utendas sibi.  
ego ad hoc exemplum simiae respondeo, <sup>2</sup>  
natas ex Philomela <sup>3</sup> atque ex Progne esse hiru-  
dines.  
ago cum illa, ne quid noceat meis popularibus.

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following v., 594:  
*mirisque exemplis somnia in somnis danunt.*

<sup>2</sup> Leo notes lacuna here in A.

<sup>3</sup> Corrupt (Leo): *Attica* Schoell.

## RUDENS

security. You can sweat or freeze to death, get sick or well. I'll have no guests from foreign parts in the house. And that's final.

[EXIT *Sceparnio* INTO COTTAGE.]

*Charm.* (*calling after him*) So you're going, eh? (*dryly, as he disappears*) That fellow has been a slave-trader, whoever he is—perfectly heartless. Well, what's the use of standing around in this cursed state, dripping? Why not drop into Venus' temple here and sleep off this souse, which has been a bigger one than I really cared for? Neptune poured sea water into us as though we were Greek wines—hoped to settle our stomachs that way, by giving us a dose of salts. And how he did it! If he had kept on entertaining us a little longer we'd have dropped asleep on the spot. As it is, he let us go home alive, barely. Now for a look in here at the doings of the pimp, my pot companion.

[EXIT INTO TEMPLE.]

## ACT III

ENTER *Daemones* FROM HIS COTTAGE.

*Daem.* The gods do produce strange plays for us humans.<sup>1</sup> They don't even let us sleep in peace. Take my own case—just this past night I dreamed a strange, uncanny dream. I seemed to see a monkey trying to climb up to some swallows' nest. But she couldn't pull them out. After a while the monkey approached me, so it seemed, and asked for the loan of a ladder. I answered her to the effect that swallows were descendants of Philomela and Procne: I pleaded with her not to injure my compatriots. At

<sup>1</sup> The strange sorts of dreams they send us in our sleep.

## TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

atque illa animo iam fieri ferocior;  
 videtur ultro mihi malum minitarier.  
 in ius vocat med. ibi ego nescio quo modo  
 iratus videor mediam arripere simiam;  
 concludo in vincla bestiam nequissimam. 610  
 nunc quam ad rem dicam hoc attinere somnium,  
 numquam hodie quivi ad coniecturam evadere.  
 sed quid hic in Veneris fano meae vicinia  
 clamoris oritur? animus miratur meus.

### III. 2.

*Trach.* Pro Cyrenenses populares, vostram ego imploro  
 fidem,  
 agricolae, accolae propinqui qui estis his regionibus,  
 ferte opem inopiae atque exemplum pessimum pes-  
 sum date.  
 vindicate, ne impiorum potior sit pollutia  
 quam innocentum, qui se scelere fieri nolunt nobiles.  
 statuите exemplum impudenti, date pudori prae-  
 mium, 620  
 facite hic lege potius liceat quam vi victo vivere.  
 currite huc in Veneris fanum, vostram iterum  
 imploro fidem,  
 qui prope hic adestis quique auditis clamorem  
 meum,  
 ferte suppetias qui Veneri Veneriaeque antistitae  
 more antiquo in custodelam suam commiserunt  
 caput,  
 praetorqueite iniuriae prius collum quam ad vos  
 pervenat.

*Daem.* Quid istuc est negoti?

*Trach.* Per ego haec genua te optestor, senex,  
 quisquis es—

*Daem.* Quin tu ergo omitte genua et quid sit mi expedi  
 quod tumultues.

## RUDENS

that her insolence increased; she seemed to grow aggressive and threatened to thrash me. She summoned me to court. Then somehow or other, growing angry, it seemed I grabbed the monkey around the middle and put the vile beast in chains. Now what I'm to take this dream to mean, I haven't been able to divine all day. (*the noise of a scuffle in the temple*) But what's that racket right over there in the temple of Venus? Astonishing!

Scene 2.      ENTER *Trachalio* EXCITEDLY FROM TEMPLE.

*Trach.* (*banling out in wild burlesque of the tragic style*) Ho! Ye citizens of Cyrene! Save us, I implore you! Ye rustics, ye who dwell in the vicinity of this locality, succour the succourless, and give a devil hell! Help! Help! Let not the power of the impious be more potent than that of the innocent creatures who wish not the notoriety of being victims of villainy! Make an example of impudence and give pudency its recompense! See ye to it that men may live here under law, and not as objects of oppression! Here, to the fane of Venus, run! Again I implore your aid, ye who are hard by and hear my cries! Bring assistance to those who, according to ancient custom, have consigned themselves to the custody of Venus and the mistress of Venus! Wring the neck of iniquity before it reaches yourselves!

*Daem.* (*mystified*) What's all that about?

*Trach.* (*throwing his arms around Daemones' legs*) I beseech you by these your knees, old gentleman, whoever you be——

*Daem.* (*trying to extricate himself*) Come, come, now, let go my knees and hurry up and tell me what it is you're roaring about.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

*Trach.* Teque oro et quaeso, si speras tibi  
hoc anno multum futurum sirpe et laserpicium  
eamque eventuram exagogam Capuam salvam et  
sospitem,  
atque ab lippitudine usque siccitas ut sit tibi,<sup>1</sup>  
ut te ne pigeat dare operam mihi quod te orabo,  
senex.

*Daem.* At ego te per crura et talos tergumque obtestor  
tuom,  
ut, tibi ulmeam ni deesse speres virgidemiam  
et tibi eventuram hoc anno uberem messem mali,  
ut mi istuc dicas negoti quid sit, quod tumultues.

*Trach.* Qui lubet maledicere? equidem tibi bona optavi  
omnia.

*Daem.* Bene equidem tibi dico, qui te digna ut eveniant  
precor.

*Trach.* Obsecro, hoc praevertere ergo.

*Daem.* Quid negotist?

*Trach.* Mulieres  
duae innocentes intus hic sunt, tui indigentes  
auxili,  
quibus advorsum ius legesque insignite iniuria hic  
facta est fitque in Veneris fano; tum sacerdos  
Veneria  
indigne adflctatur.

*Daem.* Quis homo est tanta confidentia,  
qui sacerdotem violare audet? sed eae mulieres  
quae sunt? aut quid is iniqui fit?

*Trach.* Si das operam, eloquar.  
Veneris signum sunt amplexae. nunc homo auda-  
cissimus  
eas deripere volt. eas ambas esse oportet liberas.

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following v., 633 :

*Daem.* *Sanum es?*

*Trach.* *Seu tibi confidis fore multum magnudarin.*

## RUDENS

*rach.* (*still struggling with Daemones' knees*) I beg and entreat you, if you hope to have a good supply of silphium and silphium juice this year and to ensure its exportation safe and sound to Capua, and so that you may enjoy a perpetual drouth in respect to bleary eyes,<sup>1</sup> that you will not be loath to do me the service which I am about to ask of you, old gentleman!

*aem.* (*angrily*) Yes, and I beseech you by your shanks and heels and hide, that, if you don't hope to have a bad supply of birch rods and ensure a bounteous crop of welts this year, that you tell me what you're roaring about.

*rach.* (*sobered*) What makes you abuse me? I only wished you everything that's good.

*aem.* I'm only a-blessing you—praying you'll get what you deserve.

*rach.* Now do see to this, for mercy's sake!

*aem.* What is the matter?

*rach.* Two innocent women are inside here and they need your help. They've been injured infamously here against all law and justice, and it's going on in the temple of Venus. And the priestess of Venus is being outrageously treated, too.

*aem.* (*indignantly*) Who's the man reckless enough to dare lay hands on the priestess? But who are those women? How are they being injured?

*rach.* Listen and I'll tell you. They're clinging to the statue of Venus. And now a barefaced rascal wants to tear them away. And the both of them ought to be free by right.

<sup>1</sup> V. 633:

*aem.* Are you in your senses?

*rach.* Or if you expect to have a large supply of silphium seed.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

*Daem.* Quis istic est qui deos tam parvi pendit? paucis expedi.

650

*Trach.* Fraudis sceleris parricidi periuri plenissimus, legirupa impudens impurus invecundissimus, uno verbo absolvam, lenost: quid illum porro praedicem?

*Daem.* Edepol infortunio hominem praedicas donabilem.

*Trach.* Qui sacerdoti scelestus faucis interpresserit.

*Daem.* At malo cum magno suo fecit hercle. ite istinc foras,  
Turbalio, Sparax. ubi estis?

*Trach.* I obsecro intro, subveni illis.

*Daem.* Iterum haud imperabo. sequimini hac.

*Trach.* Age nunciam, iube oculos elidere, itidem ut sepiis faciunt coqui.

*Daem.* Proripite hominem pedibus huc itidem quasi occisam suem.

660

*Trach.* Audio tumultum. opinor, leno pugnis pectitur. nimis velim improbissimo homini malas edentaverint. sed eccas ipsae huc egrediuntur timidae e fano mulieres.

## III. 3.

*Pal.* Nunc id est cum omnium copiarum atque opum, auxili, praesidi viduitas nos tenet. nulla nunc speculast quae salutem afferat, nec quam in partem ingredi persequamur



## RUDENS

Who is that man that so scorns the gods? Make it short!

A cheat and villain, a perjured, parricidal monster, lawless, impudent, impure, impious past all telling—in one word, a pimp. Why describe him further? Bless my soul! From your description he ought to be presented with a hanging.

A criminal who would choke a priestess!

But he shall pay for it in full, by heaven! (*shouting at the door of his cottage*) Turbalio! Sparax! Come out here! Where are you?

Go in and save them, for mercy's sake!

(*shouting again*) I won't repeat my orders!

ENTER TWO HUGE SLAVE OVERSEERS.

Step along—this way! (*goes with slaves toward temple*)

(*trotting at a safe distance behind them*) And see here now, tell them to beat his eyes out the same as cooks do to cuttle-fish.

(*to the slaves*) Pitch him out here by the heels like a stuck pig.

[EXEUNT *Daemones* AND SLAVES INTO TEMPLE.  
(*listening*) Aha! A disturbance! Methinks they're tanning the pimp with their fists. I only hope they've knocked the teeth out of his jaws, the dirty scoundrel!

ENTER *Palaestra* AND *Ampelisca* FROM THE TEMPLE.

Hullo, though! Here come the women themselves in a fright.

Nothing is left us now, not a single resource, no one to help us or protect us! Not the slightest hope of safety have we, and we don't know where to try to

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

scimus: tanto in metu nunc sumus ambae,  
 tanta importunitas tantaque iniuria  
 facta in nos est modo hic intus ab nostro ero, 670  
 qui scelestus sacerdotem anum praecipēs  
 reppulit propulit perquam indignis modis  
 nosque ab signo intimo vi deripuit sua.  
 sed nunc sese ut ferunt res fortunaequē nostrae,  
 par moriri est. neque est melius morte in malis,  
 rebus miseris.

*Trach.* Quid est? quae illaec oratiost?  
 cesso ego has consolari? heus, Palaestra,

*Pal.* Qui vocat?

*Trach.* Ampelisca.

*Amp.* Obsecro, quis est qui vocat?

*Pal.* Quis is est qui nominat?

*Trach.* Si respexis, scies.

*Pal.* O salutis meae spes.

*Trach.* Tace ac bono animo es.  
 me vide.

*Pal.* Si modo id liceat, vis ne opprimat, 680a  
 quae vis vim mi afferam ipsa adigit.

*Trach.* Ah, desine, nimis inepta es.

*Pal.* Desiste dictis nunciam miseram me consolari;  
 nisi quid re praesidium apparas, Trachalio, acta  
 haec res est.

*Amp.* Certumst moriri quam hunc pati saevire lenonem  
 in me.  
 sed muliebri animo sum tamen: miserac quom  
 venit in mentem  
 mihi mortis, metus membra occupat. edepol<sup>1</sup> hunc  
 acerbum.

*Trach.* Bonum animum habete.

*Pal.* Nam, obsecro, unde animus mi invenitur?

<sup>1</sup> Leo notes lacuna here: *edepol nunc datur acerbum*  
 Leo.

## RUDENS

go! Oh, it's so dreadful for us both, master was so rough and brutal with us in there just now! Why, the ruthless monster threw the poor old priestess about every way in perfectly outrageous fashion, and dragged us away from the statue in the very inmost shrine by main strength! But seeing how things are and how fate treats us, death is welcome. Desperate, distracted creatures can do nothing better than die.

*Trach.* (*aside*) Eh? What sort of language is that? I must go cheer them up. (*approaching from behind*) Hey! Palaestra! (*the girls cover*)

*Pal.* Who's calling?

*Trach.* Ampelisca!

*Amp.* For mercy's sake, who is it calling?

*Pal.* Who is it spoke my name?

*Trach.* Look round and you'll learn.

*Pal.* (*turning*) Oh, my hope, my hope of safety!

*Trach.* There, there, be quite easy! (*throwing out his chest*) Leave it all to me!

*Pal.* Ah, yes, if I could only be relieved from fear of violence—violence that forces me to do violence on myself!

*Trach.* Oh, stop it! You're absolutely silly.

*Pal.* You stop trying to talk me into good spirits at an awful time like this. You must actually do something to protect us, Trachalio, or it's all over!

*Amp.* One thing's sure, I'll die sooner than let this pimp vent his rage on me! And yet I have a woman's feelings, after all—when the thought of dying comes to me it's terrible, I tremble all over. Oh, dear, dear! This dreadful day!

*Trach.* Keep up your courage, girls.

*Pal.* Ah, but where on earth can I find any courage?

## TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

*Trach.* Ne, inquam, timete; adsidite hic in ara.

*Amp.* Quid istaec ara  
prodesse nobis plus potest quam signum in fano hic  
intus

Veneris, quod amplexae modo, unde abreptae per  
vim miserae? 690

*Trach.* Sedete hic modo, ego hinc vos tamen tutabor.  
aram habete hanc

vobis pro castris, moenia hinc ego vos defensabo;  
praesidio Veneris malitiae lenonis contra incedam.

*Pal.* Tibi auscultamus et, Venus alma, ambae te obse-  
cramus,  
aram amplexantes hanc tuam lacrumantes, genibus  
nixae,

in custodelam nos tuam ut recipias et tutere;  
illos scelestos, qui tuom fecerunt fanum parvi,  
fac ut ulciscare nosque ut hanc tua pace aram  
obsidere

patiare: elautae ambae sumus opera Neptuni  
noctu,

ne inuisas habeas neve idcirco nobis vitio vortas, 700  
si quippiamst, minus quod bene esse lautum tu  
arbitrare.

*Trach.* Venus, aequom has petere intellego: decet abs te  
id impetrari;

ignoscere his te convenit: metus has id ut faciant  
subigit.

te ex concha natam esse autumant, cave tu harum  
conchas spernas.

sed optume eccum exit senex, patronus mihique et  
vobis.

### III. 4.

*Daem.* Exi e fano, natum quantum est hominum sacri-  
legissime.

vos in aram abite sessum. sed ubi sunt?

## RUDENS

*Trach.* Don't be afraid, I tell you. Sit by the altar here.  
(*leads them to the altar*)

*Amp.* How can that altar help us any more than the statue inside the temple of Venus here? That's what we poor girls were clinging to just now—and we were dragged away by brute strength.

*Trach.* (*very bold and superior*) Just you sit down here. From this position I'll defend you, come what may. Regard this altar as your camp. (*squares off*) Here I stand to champion you, this arm your rampart. With Venus' aid will I defy the pimp's iniquity.

*Pal.* Yes, yes, we will! And kindly Venus, we two girls do tearfully entreat thee, as we kneel and clasp this altar of thine, to take us in thy custody and defend us. Wreak vengeance on the wicked men who have scorned thy shrine, and in thy good grace let this altar be our refuge. We were both stripped clean last night by Neptune, so be not offended with us, hold us not at fault for this, if there be anything about us which thou dost think uncleanly.

*Trach.* (*airily*) Venus, I consider this a perfectly fair request; it's one you ought to grant. The proper thing for you to do is pardon them: it's fear compels 'em to act this way. Folks say you were born of an oyster: don't be above mothering these pearls. (*the temple door opens*) Here's luck, though! There comes the old man that has been the friend of us all.

Scene 4. ENTER *Daemones* FOLLOWED BY *Labrax* IN THE GRIP OF THE SLAVES.

*Daem.* (*to Labrax*) Come on out of the temple, you godless enormity! And you girls go sit down at the altar. Where are they, though?

*Trach.* Huc respice.

*Daem.* Optume, istuc volueramus. iube modo accedat prope.

tun legirupionem hic nobis cum dis facere postulas?  
pugnum in os impinge.

*Labr.* Iniqua haec patior cum pretio tuo. 710

*Daem.* At etiam minitatur audax?

*Labr.* Ius meum ereptum est mihi,  
meas mihi ancillas invito me eripis.

*Trach.* Cedo iudicem

de senatu Cyrenensi quemvis opulentum virum,  
si tuas esse oportet nive eas esse oportet liberas  
nive in carcerem compingi te est aequom aeta-  
temque ibi

te usque habitare, donec totum carcerem contriveris.

*Labr.* Non hodie isti rei auspicavi, ut cum furcifero fabuler.  
te ego appello.

*Daem.* Cum istoc primum, qui te novit, disputa.

*Labr.* Tecum ago.

*Trach.* At qui mecum agendumst. suntne illae  
ancillae tuae?

*Labr.* Sunt.

*Trach.* Agedum ergo, tange utramvis digitulo minimo  
modo.

720

*Labr.* Quid si attigero?

*Trach.* Extemplo hercle ego te follem pugilatorium  
faciam et pendentem incursabo pugnīs, periurissime.

*Labr.* Mihi non liceat meas ancillas Veneris de ara  
abducere?

*Daem.* Non licet: est lex apud nos—

## RUDENS

*Trach.* Here, sir! Look! (*points to them*)

*Daem.* Very good! Quite as we wished. Just let him go near them! (*to Labrax*) Expect us to look on, do you, with you lawbreaking against the gods? (*to a slave, as Labrax makes for the altar*) Let him have one in the jaw!

*Labr.* (*to Daemones, as the slave obeys*) I'll make you smart for my being put upon so!

*Daem.* What? Threatening me, the brazen scoundrel?

*Labr.* I'm robbed of my rights! You're robbing me of my own slave girls, in spite of me!

*Trach.* Bring on any senator of Cyrene, any responsible person, to decide whether these girls ought to be yours or ought to be free, and whether you shouldn't be clapped in a cell and left there for life till you've worn the whole place out.

*Labr.* (*scornfully*) It was not my purpose to-day to gossip with a gallows-bird. (*to Daemones*) I'm addressing you.

*Daem.* (*pointing to Trachalio*) There's your man. Have it out with a fellow that knows you, first.

*Labr.* You're the one I'm concerned with.

*Trach.* But I'm the one you've got to be concerned with. So those are your slave girls, eh?

*Labr.* Yes, they are.

*Trach.* (*making sure the slaves are handy*) Come on, then! Just touch either one of them with the tip of your little finger——

*Labr.* (*bristling*) What if I do?

*Trach.* (*edging closer to the slaves*) I'll make a punching-bag of you the next minute, by heaven, I'll hang you up and hammer you, you big liar!

*Labr.* (*to Daemones*) Can't I take my own slave girls away from the altar of Venus?

*Daem.* You cannot. We have a law——

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

*Labr.* Mihi cum vestris legibus  
nil quicquamst commerci. equidem istas iam  
ambas educam foras.

tu, senex, si istas amas, huc arido argentost opus ;  
si autem Veneri complacuerunt, habeat, si argentum  
dabit.

*Daem.* Det tibi argentum? nunc adeo meam ut scias sententiam,

occipito modo illis adferre vim ioculo pausillulum,  
ita ego te hinc ornatum amittam, tu ipsus te ut non  
noveris.

730

vos adeo, ubi ego innuero vobis, ni ei caput exoculassitis,  
quasi murteta iunci, item ego vos virgis circumvinciam.

*Labr.* Vi agis mecum.

*Trach.* Etiam vim probro das,<sup>1</sup> flagiti flagrantia?

*Labr.* Tun, trifurcifer, mihi audes inclementer dicere?

*Trach.* Fateor, ego trifurcifer sum, tu es homo adprime  
probus :

numqui minus hasce esse oportet liberas?

*Labr.* Quid, liberas?

*Trach.* Atque eras tuas quidem hercle, atque ex germana  
Graecia;

nam altera haec est nata Athenis ingenuis parentibus.

*Daem.* Quid ego ex te audio?

*Trach.* Hanc Athenis esse natam liberam.

*Daem.* Mea popularis, obsecro, haec est?

*Trach.* Non tu Cyrenensis es? 740

*Daem.* Immo Athenis natus altusque educatusque Atticis.

*Trach.* Opsecro, defende cives tuas, senex.

*Daem.* O filia

<sup>1</sup> *probro das* Leo : *proportas* MSS.



## RUDENS

*Labr.* Your laws mean nothing at all to me. I'm going to take both of them off this instant, I certainly am. As for you, old chap, if they've caught your fancy, you can hand over some hard cash. Yes, or let Venus keep 'em, if they suit her—provided she pays the bill.

*Daem.* She pay bills to you? Listen here now, and learn my ideas on the subject—you so much as begin using the least bit of violence with them even for a joke, and I'll send you home with such decorations that you won't know yourself. (*to the slaves*) Look here, you! Unless you knock the eyes out of his head when I give you the signal, I'll wind whips round you like rush twine round a bunch of myrtle.

*Labr.* (*feebly*) This is violence!

*Trach.* You censure violence, you scandalous scoundrel?

*Labr.* (*making a jump at him*) You dare be uncivil to me, you vile jailbird?

*Trach.* (*shrinking*) Granted. I'm a vile jailbird and you're a highly estimable gentleman. Does that make it any less fitting for these girls to be free?

*Labr.* What's that? Free?

*Trach.* Yes, and your betters, too, by Jupiter, and girls that come from Greece proper. Why, this one here (*points to Palaestra*) was born in Athens, born of good citizen stock.

*Daem.* Eh? What's that you say?

*Trach.* That this girl is a freeborn Athenian.

*Daem.* Good Lord! A compatriot of mine, is she?

*Trach.* Aren't you a Cyrenian?

*Daem.* Not I. I was born and bred and reared in Athens, Attic Athens.

*Trach.* For mercy's sake, sir, protect your own fellow-citizens!

*Daem.* (*aside, with emotion*) Ah, daughter dear, absent

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

mea, quom hanc video, mearum me absens miseriarum communes;

*Labr.* trima quae periit mihi, iam tanta esset, si vivit, scio. Argentum ego pro istisce ambabus cuiae erant domino dedi;

quid mea refert, haec Athenis natae an Thebis sient, dum mihi recte servitutem serviant?

*Trach.* Itane, impudens?

tune hic, feles virginalis, liberos parentibus sublectos habebis atque indigno quaestu conteres? nam huic alterae quae patria sit profecto nescio, 750 nisi scio probiorem hanc esse, quam te, impuratissime.

*Labr.* <sup>1</sup> Tuae istae sunt.

*Trach.* Contende ergo, uter sit tergo—verior: ni offerumentas habebis pluris in tergo tuo, quam ulla navis longa clavos, tum ego ero mendacissimus:

postea aspicio meum, quando ego tuom inspectavero:

ni erit tam sincerum, ut quivis dicat ampullarius optimum esse operi faciundo corium et sincerissimum,

quid causae est quin virgis te usque ad saturitatem sauciem?

quid illas spectas? quas si attigeris, oculos eripiam tibi.

*Labr.* At qui, quia votas, utramque iam mecum abducam simul. 760

*Daem.* Quid facies?

*Labr.* Vulcanum adducam, is Venerist adversarius.

*Trach.* Quo illic it?

*Labr.* Heus, ecquis hic est? heus.

*Daem.* Si attigeris ostium, iam hercle tibi messis in ore fiet mergis pugneis.

<sup>1</sup> Corrupt (Leo): *nugae* Bentley.

## RUDENS

though you are, you remind me of my sorrow when I look at this girl! Three years old when I lost her, and now the size of this lass, no doubt, if she's alive! I paid out money to their owner for the pair of 'em. What's the odds to me whether they were born in Athens, or in Thebes, so long as they're duly slaving it as slaves of mine?

*Labr.*

*Trach.*

Indeed, you brazen rascal? So you're our maiden mouser, eh, and count on keeping children snapped up from their parents, and wearing them out in your vile trade? Now as for this other girl, (*indicating Ampelisca*) I admit I don't know her birthplace, but I do know she's better than you are, dirty beast.

*Labr.*

(*ironically*) They're clearly yours.

*Trach.*

(*angrily*) Come on, then, let's see whose back is the dirtier—liar's! If there aren't more weals on yours than nails in a warship, then I'm a perjurer complete. After I've inspected yours, examine mine. If it isn't so flawless that any flask-maker'll say it's the best possible hide for his business, absolutely right and tight, what's the reason I shouldn't take a whip and slash you till I'm sick of it? What are you ogling those girls for? You touch them and I'll tear your eyes out for you!

*Labr.*

(*looking about*) Yes, but I'll soon take 'em both away with me, just because you say I can't.

*Daem.*

What are you going to do?

*Labr.*

(*making for Daemones' cottage*) Fetch Vulcan: he's at odds<sup>1</sup> with Venus.

*Trach.*

Where's he going?

*Labr.*

(*shouting at the door*) Hey! Anyone here? Hey!

*Daem.*

You touch that door and, by the Lord, I'll make hay in your face the next minute—with a fist for a fork!

<sup>1</sup> Because of her infidelity.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Lor.* Nullum habemus ignem, ficis victitamus aridis.  
*Daem.* Ego dabo ignem, siquidem in capite tuo conflandi copias.  
*Labr.* Ibo hercle aliquo quaeritatum ignem.  
*Daem.* Quid quom inveneris?  
*Labr.* Ignem magnum hic faciam.  
*Daem.* Quin<sup>1</sup> inhumanum exuras tibi?  
*Labr.* Immo hasce ambas hic in ara ut vivas comburam, id volo.  
*Daem.* Iam hercle ego te barba continuo arripiam, in ignem coniciam  
 teque ambustulatum obiciam magnis avibus pabulum.  
 quom coniecturam egomet mecum facio, haec illast simia,  
 quae has hirundines ex nido volt eripere ingratiis, quod ego in somnis somniavi.  
*Trach.* Scin quid tecum oro, senex? ut illas serves, vim defendas, dum ego erum adduco meum.  
*Daem.* Quaere erum atque adduce.  
*Trach.* At hic ne—  
*Daem.* Maximo malo suo, si attigerit sive oceptassit.  
*Trach.* Cura.  
*Daem.* Curatumst, abi.  
*Trach.* Hunc quoque adserva ipsum, ne quo abitat; nam promissimus  
 carnufici aut talentum magnum aut hunc hodie sistere.  
*Daem.* Abi modo, ego dum hoc curabo recte.  
*Trach.* Iam ego revenero.

<sup>1</sup> Corrupt (Leo): *ut humanum* P.

## RUDENS

*Overseer* We haven't any coals—we live on dried figs.

*Daem.* I'll give you some coals—if you give me a chance to kindle 'em on your cranium.

*Labr.* (turning away from the door) I'm going somewhere else to look for coals, by heaven!

*Daem.* And when you've found them, what?

*Labr.* I'll build a big fire here.

*Daem.* To burn out your venom, eh?

*Labr.* No, to burn up this pair at the altar here alive, that's what I want.

*Daem.* Ah yes, and then I shall forthwith catch you by the beard and throw you into your fire, and when you're half-roasted toss you to the vultures to feed on. (*aside*) Now that I come to consider it, this must be the monkey of that dream I dreamed—wanting to pull these swallows from their nest in spite of me.

*Trach.* <sup>(to Daemones)</sup> Do you know what I want of you, sir? Look after those girls and keep 'em out of harm's way, while I fetch my master.

*Daem.* Go look for him and bring him here.

*Trach.* But take care this fellow——

*Daem.* (with assurance) Things will be extremely unpleasant for him if he does touch them, or tries to.

*Trach.* Mind now!

*Daem.* It is minded. Off with you!

*Trach.* And see he doesn't slip away, either. We've promised the hangman two hundred pounds if we don't produce him to-day.

*Daem.* Be off, be off! I'll manage this properly meanwhile.

*Trach.* I'll soon be back.

[EXIT *Trachalio* WITH A FAREWELL SALUTE TO  
*Labrax*.

## TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

### III. 5.

*Daem.* Vtrum tu, leno, cum malo lubentius  
quiescis an sic sine malo, si copias?

*Labr.* Ego quae tu loquere flocci non facio, senex.  
meas quidem te invito et Venere et summo Iove  
de ara capillo iam deripiam.

*Daem.* Tange dum.

*Labr.* Tangam hercle vero.

*Daem.* Agedum ergo, accede huc modo.

*Labr.* Iube dum recedere istos ambo illuc modo.

*Daem.* Immo ad te accedent.

*Labr.* Non hercle equidem censeo.

*Daem.* Quid ages, si accedent propius?

*Labr.* Ego recessero.

verum, senex, si te umquam in urbe offendero,  
numquam hercle quisquam me lenonem dixerit,  
si te non ludos pessimos dimisero.

*Daem.* Facito istuc quod minitare; sed nunc interim,  
si illas attigeris, dabitur tibi magnum malum.

*Labr.* Quam magnum vero?

*Daem.* Quantum lenoni sat est.

*Labr.* Minacias ego flocci non faciam tuas,  
equidem has te invito iam ambas rapiam.

*Daem.* Tange dum.

*Labr.* Tangam hercle vero.

## RUDENS

Scene 5.

*Daem.* (*as Labrax seems restive*) Pimp, do you prefer to be quieted by a drubbing or quiet without one, as at present, if you have the choice?

*Labr.* I don't care a straw what you say, old fellow, not I. They're my girls and I'll haul 'em away from the altar by the hair this minute, despite you and Venus and Jupiter on high!

*Daem.* Well, touch them.

*Labr.* Indeed I will touch them, by gad!

*Daem.* (*coolly pointing toward the girls*) Proceed, then. Just step this way.

*Labr.* Well, just you tell those two brutes there (*indicating slaves who stand beside the girls*) to step the other way.

*Daem.* Nay, nay, they shall step your way.

*Labr.* (*with an attempt at confidence*) Oh, no, they won't. I hardly think so.

*Daem.* What will you do if they do step over your way?

*Labr.* (*glaring, then wryly*) I'll step—a-way. (*savagely*) But, oh Lord, if I ever catch you in the city, old boy, no one shall ever call me pimp again if I don't make a holy show of you before I let you go!

*Daem.* (*easily*) Do your worst. But now in the meantime, if you touch those girls, you shall get a good hard hiding.

*Labr.* (*impudently*) Really now? How hard?

*Daem.* Hard enough to do for a pimp.

*Labr.* I shan't care a straw for your threats. I'm going to drag 'em both off this minute in spite of you, I surely am. (*takes one cautious step in direction of girls*)

*Daem.* Well, touch them. •

*Labr.* Indeed I will touch them, by gad!

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Daem.* Tanges, at scin quo modo?  
i dum, Turbalio, curriculo, adfero domo  
duas clavas.
- Labr.* Clavas?
- Daem.* Sed probas. propere cito.  
ego te hodie faxo recte acceptum, ut dignus es. 800
- Labr.* Eheu, scelestus galeam in navi perdidici;  
nunc mi opportuna hic esset, salva si foret.  
licet saltem istas mi appellare?
- Daem.* Non licet.  
ehem, optime edepol eccum clavator advenit.
- Labr.* Illud quidem edepol tinnimentum est auribus.
- Daem.* Age accipe illinc alteram clavam, Sparax.  
age, alter istinc, alter hinc adsistite.  
adsistite ambo. sic. audite nunciam:  
si hercle illic illas hodie digito tetigerit 810  
invitas, ni istunc istis invitassitis  
usque adeo donec qua domum abeat nesciat,  
periistis ambo. si appellabit quempiam,  
vos respondetote istinc istarum vicem;  
sin ipse abire hinc volet, quantum potest  
extemplo amplectitote crura fustibus.
- Labr.* Etiam me abire hinc non sinent?
- Daem.* Dixi satis.  
et ubi ille servos cum ero huc advenerit,  
qui erum accersivit, itote extemplo domum.  
curate haec sultis magna diligentia. 820



## RUDENS

*Daem.* You will, eh? Know the results, though? Here! Turbalio! Run to the house and get 'a couple of clubs.

*Labr.* (*weakly*) Clubs?

*Daem.* Stout ones, mind. Quick! Step lively!

[EXIT *Turbalio* INTO COTTAGE.]

I shall see you get the rousing reception you deserve this day.

*Labr.* (*dryly*) Oh Lord, and I lost my helmet on the ship, confound it! It would come in handy here, if I only had it. (*to Daemones*) I can speak to the girls, anyhow, can't I?

*Daem.* You cannot.

RE-ENTER *Turbalio* WITH TWO LARGE CUDGELS.

Aha! Very good, by Jove! Look! Here comes our clubman.

*Labr.* My stars! That certainly makes my ears buzz!

*Daem.* Come now, Sparax, take one of those clubs. (*Sparax obeys*) Come now! One of you stand there, the other one here. (*stations them on either side of Labrax*) Stand there, both of you. (*steps back to survey arrangements*) That's it. Now then, attention! In case that fellow ever lays a finger on those girls against their will, if you don't lay those clubs against his carcass so hard that he won't know the way home, by heaven, I'll murder the pair of you! If he speaks to either of them, you answer for them from where you stand. And if he wants to clear out, himself, catch him round the legs with your sticks just as fast as you know how.

*Labr.* What? They won't let me go away from here?

*Daem.* (*to Labrax*) Enough said. (*to slaves*) And when that slave who went for his master gets back here with him, you hurry home. Now mind you follow these instructions to the letter.

[EXIT *Daemones* INTO COTTAGE.]

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

*Labr.* Heu hercle, ne istic fana mutantur cito :  
iam hoc Hèrculi est, Veneris fanum quod fuit,  
ita duo destituit signa hic cum clavis senex.  
non hercle quo hinc nunc gentium aufugiam scio,  
ita nunc mi utrumque saevit, et terra et mare.  
Palaestra.

*Lor.* Quid vis ?

*Labr.* Apage, controversia est,  
haec quidem Palaestra, quae respondit, non mea est.  
heus, Ampelisca.

*Lor. alter* Cave sis infortunio.

*Labr.* Vltro te. signa ut homines satis recte monent.  
sed vobis dico, heus vos, num molestia est,  
me adire ad illas propius ?

*Lor.* Nil nobis quidem.

*Labr.* Numquid molestum mihi erit ?

*Lor.* Nil, si caveris.

*Labr.* Quid est quod caveam ?

*Lor.* Em, a crasso infortunio.

*Labr.* Quaeso hercle, abire ut liceat.

*Lor.* Abeas, si velis.

*Labr.* Bene hercle factum. habeo vobis gratiam.

<sup>1</sup> accedam potius.

*Lor.* Illic astato ilico.

*Labr.* Edepol proveni nequiter multis modis.  
certumst hasce hodie usque obsidione vincere.

<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets preceding *non*.

## RUDENS

*Labr.* (with a rueful glance at the slaves and their cudgels) Oh, my Lord! How fast these here temples do change hands! This used to be a shrine of Venus, and now its patron saint is Hercules, judging from the two club-bearing statues the old fellow has set up here. My goodness! I don't know where in the world to make for now, the way everything's raging against me, land and sea both. (after a pause) Palaestra!

*Sparax* (in a feminine voice) What is it?

*Labr.* Oh, I say! I protest. That's not my Palaestra answering. Hey! Ampelisca!

*Turbalio* (in feminine voice) Just you look out for trouble.

*Labr.* Aw, stop it! (thoughtfully surveying the clubs) Statues like men give rather good counsel. (to slaves, placatingly) But I say, you! Hey! You fellows! Any harm in my going nearer to those girls?

*Overseers* (in unison) No indeed—not for us.

*Labr.* Will it do me any harm?

*Overseers* Oh no—if you look out.

*Labr.* Look out for what?

*Overseers* (swinging their clubs in his vicinity) See? That you don't get badly hurt.

*Labr.* (nervous) Oh, for God's sake, do let me go away from here!

*Overseers* Go away, if you like.

*Labr.* (moving off) My word, that's good of you! I do thank you! (as they come after him) No, I'll go your way. (steps back toward the girls)

*Overseers* (clubs in action) Stop right where you are!

*Labr.* Good Lord, the beastly bad luck I've had every way! (dryly) My policy's settled: I'll go on and beat 'em by blockade.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

## III. 6.

*Ples.* Meamne ille amicam leno vi, violentia  
de ara deripere Veneris voluit?

*Trach.* Admodum. 840

*Ples.* Quin occidisti extemplo?

*Trach.* Gladius non erat.

*Ples.* Caperes aut fustem aut lapidem.

*Trach.* Quid? ego quasi canem  
hominem insectarer lapidibus nequissimum?

*Labr.* Nunc pol ego perii, Plesidippus eccum adest.  
converret iam hic me totum cum pulvisculo.

*Ples.* Etiamne in ara tunc sedebant mulieres,  
quom ad me profectu's ire?

*Trach.* Ibidem nunc sedent.

*Ples.* Quis illas nunc illic servat?

*Trach.* Nescio quis senex,  
vicinus Veneris; is dedit operam optumam.  
is nunc cum servis servat. ego mandaveram. 850

*Ples.* Duc me ad lenonem recta. ubi illic est homo?

*Labr.* Salve.

*Ples.* Salutem nil moror. opta ocius:  
rapi te obtorto collo mavis an trahi?  
utrum vis opta, dum licet.

*Labr.* Neutrum volo.

*Ples.* Abi sane ad litus curriculo, Trachalio,  
iube illos in urbem ire obviam ad portum mihi,  
quos mecum duxi, hunc qui ad carnificem traderent.  
post huc redito atque agitato hic custodiam.

## RUDENS

Scene 6.            ENTER *Plesidippus* AND *Trachalio*.

*Ples.* (*indignant*) That pimp laid violent hands on my girl, tried to drag her from the altar of Venus by violence?

*Trach.* Just so, sir.

*Ples.* Why didn't you kill him on the spot?

*Trach.* (*after a pause*) I had no sword, sir.

*Ples.* You might have taken a club or a stone.

*Trach.* (*virtuously*) What, sir? Chase a human being, vile as he is, with stones like a dog—I?

*Labr.* (*aside, seeing them*) My goodness! I'm in for it now! There's Plesidippus! He'll clean me up entire in no time, last speck and all.

*Ples.* So the girls were sitting by the altar when you went for me?

*Trach.* And sitting there still, sir.

*Ples.* Who's there now to keep them safe?

*Trach.* Some old man, sir, a near neighbour of Venus. He has been awfully accommodating. They're safe now with him and his slaves. He had his instructions from me.

*Ples.* Take me straight to the pimp. Where is the fellow? (*follows Trachalio toward temple*)

*Labr.* (*stepping up, ingratiatingly*) Good-morning.

*Ples.* (*viciously*) Don't you good-morning me! Quick now, choose! Would you rather be hauled off with your neck in a noose, or dragged off? Take your choice while you have the chance.

*Labr.* (*smirking*) Neither suits me.

*Ples.* Now then, Trachalio, run down to the shore and tell 'em to go to the city and meet me at the harbour, the friends I brought with me, to hand this fellow over to the hangman. Then come

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ego hunc scelestum in ius rapiam exulem.  
age, ambulā in ius.

*Labr.*

Quid ego deliqui?

*Ples.*

Rogas,

860

quin arrabonem a me accepisti ob mulierem  
et eam hinc abduxti?

*Labr.*

Non avexi.

*Ples.*

Cur negas?

*Labr.*

Quia pol provexi: avehere non quivi miser.  
equidem tibi me dixeram praesto fore  
apud Veneris fanum: num quid muto? sumne ibi?

*Ples.*

In iure causam dicito, hic verbum sat est:  
sequere.

*Labr.*

Obsecro te, subveni mi, Charmides.  
rapior optorto collo.

*Charm.*

Quis me nominat?

*Labr.*

Viden me ut rapior?

*Charm.*

Video, atque inspecto lubens.

*Labr.*

Non subvenire mi audes?

*Charm.*

Quis homo te rapit?

870

*Labr.*

Adulescens Plesidippus.

*Charm.*

Vt nactus, habe.  
bono animo meliust te in nervom conrepere.  
tibi optigit quod plurimi exoptant sibi.

*Labr.*

Quid id est?

*Charm.*

Vt id quod quaerant inveniant sibi.

*Labr.*

Sequere, obsecro, me.

*Charm.*

Pariter suades qualis es

?

## RUDENS

back and stand guard here. As for me, I'll haul this rascal off to court, the outlaw.

[EXIT *Trachalio*.

(to *Labrax*) Come! Step along to court.

*Labr.* What harm have I done?

*Ples.* You ask? Aren't you the man that took part payment on the girl from me and then carried her off?

*Labr.* I didn't take her off.

*Ples.* Why deny it?

*Labr.* Gad, because I only took her on, not off—couldn't, worse luck! See here, I told you I'd be ready for you at Venus' temple. Held to it, haven't I? Here, ain't I?

*Ples.* Tell your story to the judge. No talk here! Come along. (*slips a rope around him*)

*Labr.* (*struggling*) Help, help, for heaven's sake, Charmides! I'm being dragged off with my neck in a noose!

ENTER *Charmides* INTO DOORWAY OF TEMPLE.

*Charm.* Who's calling me?

*Labr.* Don't you see how I'm being dragged off?

*Charm.* (*yawning*) Yes, I see. A gratifying spectacle.

*Labr.* Won't you help me?

*Charm.* Who's the man dragging you?

*Labr.* (*fighting for every inch of ground*) Young Plesidippus!

*Charm.* Findings keepings! You had better slink away to jail cheerfully. You've obtained what most people pray for.

*Labr.* What's that?

*Charm.* To get what suits them.

*Labr.* Oh, please do go along with me!

*Charm.* Just like yourself, that advice. Dragged off to

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

tu in nervom rapere, eo me obsecras ut te sequar.  
etiam retentus?

*Labr.* Perii.

*Ples.* Verum sit velim.

tu, mea Palaestra et Ampelisca, ibidem ilico  
mancte, dum ego huc redeo.

*Lor.* Equidem suadeo,  
ut ad nos abeant potius, dum recipis.

*Ples.* Placet, 880  
bene facitis.

*Labr.* Fures mi estis.

*Lor.* Quid, fures? rape.

*Labr.* Oro obsecro, Palaestra.

*Ples.* Sequere, carnufex.

*Labr.* Hospes—

*Charm.* Non sum hospes, repudio hospitium tuom.

*Labr.* Sicine me spernis?

*Charm.* Sic ago: semel bibo.

*Labr.* Di te infelicient.

*Charm.* Isti capiti dicito.

credo alium in aliam beluam hominem vortier:  
illic in columbum, credo, leno vortitur,  
nam in collumbari collus haud multo post erit;  
in nervom ille hodie nidamenta congeret.  
verum tamen ibo, ei advocatus ut siem,  
si qui mea opera citius addici potest.

890



## RUDENS

jail, and won't I please go there too! Still holding back, eh?

*Labr.* (*as Plesidippus gets a new hold*) I'm done for!

*Ples.* I wish you were! Palaestra dear, you and Ampelisca wait in that very same spot till I come back.

*Overseer* I say, sir, they'd better go over to our house till you get back, that's my advice.

*Ples.* A good idea! Very kind of you!

*Labr.* You robbers, you!

*Overseer* Robbers, eh? Drag him off!

*Labr.* Palaestra, I beg you. I beseech you!

*Ples.* (*pulling*) Come on, you criminal!

*Labr.* (*to Charmides*) Dear friend——

*Charm.* I'm not your dear friend. None of your dear friendship for me, thanks.

*Labr.* (*wildly*) You'll throw me over that way?

*Charm.* Yes, that way. One drink's enough.

*Labr.* God's curse on you!

*Charm.* Ask it for your own use.

[EXEUNT *Plesidippus* AND *Labrax* TOWARD CITY,  
GIRLS AND OVERSEERS INTO COTTAGE.]

It does seem true that men are changed into different kinds of animals. That pimp, it seems, is being changed to a ringdove: he'll shortly have a wrung neck, anyhow, and build a coop in the cooler. But I'll go along, though, so as to give him legal advice and see if I can't do something to get him—sentenced sooner.

[EXIT.]

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

## ACTVS IV

*Daem.* Bene factum et volup est, me hodie his mulierculis  
tetulisse auxilium. iam clientas repperi,  
atque ambas forma scitula atque aetatula.  
sed uxor scelestas me omnibus servat modis,  
ne quid significem quippiam mulierculis.  
sed Gripus servos noster quid rerum gerat  
miror, de nocte qui abiit piscatum ad mare.  
pol magis sapisset, si dormivisset domi,  
nam nunc et operam ludos facit et retia, 900  
ut tempestas est nunc atque ut noctu fuit.  
in digitis hodie percoquam quod ceperit,  
ita fluctuare video vehementer mare.  
sed ad prandium uxor me vocat. redeo domum.  
iam meas opplebit aures <sup>1</sup> vaniloquentia.

### IV. 2.

*Gr.* Neptuno has ago gratias meo patrono,  
qui salsis locis incolit pisculentis,  
quom me ex suis locis pulchre ornatum  
expedivit,  
<sup>2</sup> templis reducem, plurima praeda onustum, 910  
salute horiae, quae in mari fluctuoso  
piscatu novo me uberi compotivit;  
miroque modo atque incredibili hic piscatus mihi  
lepide evenit,  
neque piscium ullam unciam hodie pondo cepi, nisi  
hoc quod fero hic in rete.

<sup>1</sup> *aures sua vaniloquentia* corrupt (Leo): *sua* deleted (Guietus).

<sup>2</sup> Corrupt (Leo): *reducem et tempulis* Leo.

# RUDENS

## ACT IV

ENTER *Daemones* FROM HIS COTTAGE, MUCH  
PLEASED.

*Daem.* That was a good stroke of mine helping these girls to-day—delightful! Here we are now with some protégées, delicious little darlings too, the both of 'em! But that blessed wife of mine keeps her eye on me all the while, so that I can't even give 'em a wink. (*looking out to sea*) I wonder what that fellow Gripus of mine is doing, though, with his midnight fishing trip? Gad! He would have shown more sense by staying abed at home. Why, the way it's blowing now and blew last night, he's fooling away his time and nets both. I'll fry on my fingers this day anything he catches with such a heavy sea as this running. (*listening*) But there's wife calling me to lunch. (*starts for house*) Home we go. Now she'll be stuffing my ears with gabble.

[EXIT *Daemones*.

SCENE 2. ENTER *Gripus*, CARRYING A BASKET AND DRAGGING  
A NET CONTAINING A TRUNK.

*Gr.* (*ecstatic*) Glory be to Neptune for this, my patron Neptune, who doth reside in salty, fishy spots, for speeding me homeward from his sacred quarters fixed up gorgeously, laden with a splendid lot of booty, and the smack all sound that brought me this strange, rich haul in a raging sea! Oh, it's wonderful, it's unbelievable, the famous luck I've had in fishing! And not a single ounce of fish did I catch, either, only what I've got here in my net.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

nam ut de nocte multa impigreque exurrexi,  
 lucrum praeposivi sopori et quieti:  
 tempestate saeva experiri expetivi,  
 paupertatem eri qui et meam servitatem  
 tolerarem, opera haud fui parcus mea.  
 nimis homo nihilist quis piger est nimisque id genus 920  
 odi ego male.  
 vigilare decet hominem qui volt sua temperi con-  
 ficere officia.  
 non enim illum expectare oportet, dum erus se  
 ad suum suscitet officium.  
 nam qui dormiunt libenter, sine lucro et cum  
 malo quiescunt.  
 nam ego nunc mihi, qui impiger fui,  
 repperi ut piger, si velim, siem:  
 hoc ego in mari <sup>1</sup> repperi.  
 quidquid inest, grave quidem inest; aurum  
 hic ego inesse reor;  
 nec mihi conscius ullus homo.  
 nunc haec tibi occasio, Gripe, optigit, ut liber sit  
 nemo ex populo praeter te.  
 nunc sic faciam, sic consilium est: ad erum veniam  
 docte atque astute.  
 pauxillatim pollicitabor pro capite argentum, ut  
 sim liber.  
 iam ubi liber ero, igitur demum instruam agrum  
 atque aedis, mancipia, 930  
 navibus magnis mercaturam faciam, apud reges rex  
 perhibebor.  
 post animi causa mihi navem faciam atque imitabor  
 Stratonicum,  
 oppida circumvectabor.  
 ubi nobilitas mea erit clara,  
 oppidum magnum communibo, ei ego urbi Gripo  
 indam nomen,

## RUDENS

Ah, when I jumped smartly out of bed at midnight, I put profit ahead of sleep and rest, I did. There was a howling gale, but I was set on trying to make things easier for poor master—also for his slave—and I didn't spare myself a bit. How useless a lazy fellow is, how I do hate and despise that kind! The man that wants to get his jobs done in time had better keep awake. He has no business waiting till his master routs him out to do his work, I should say not. Yes, sir, fellows that love their sleep snooze away their chances of everything but trouble. Why, here's my case—up and doing, and now I've made such a find that I can do nothing if I choose. This is the find I made (*indicating the trunk*) in the sea. Whatever's in it, there's something heavy in it. There's gold in it, that's what I think. And not a soul knows about it but me! Here you are, Gripus, here's your chance to be as free as any man alive!

Now this is what I'll do, this is my scheme: I'll go up to master, real sharp and sly, and offer him money, little by little, to set me free. After that, when I am free, then I'll get me a house and land and slaves, and have big ships and be a merchant, and known as a king of kings. Then I'll build me a yacht, just for fun, and be a second Stratonicus<sup>1</sup>—sail all round everywhere. And when I've made a grand name for myself, I'll build a great big city with walls round it, and call it Gripusburg to

<sup>1</sup> A famous musician-errant of the time of Alexander the Great.

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<sup>1</sup> Leo brackets following *quidquid inest*.

## TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

monimentum meae famae et factis, ibi qui regnum  
magnum instituam.

magnas res hic agito in mentem instruere. nunc  
hunc vidulum condam.

sed hic rex cum aceto pransurust et sale, sine bono  
pulmento.

### IV. 3.

*Trach.* Heus, mane.

*Gr.* Quid maneam?

*Trach.* Dum hanc tibi, quam  
trahis, rudentem complico.

*Gr.* Mitte modo.

*Trach.* At pol ego te adiuvo nam bonis quod  
bene fit haud perit.

*Gr.* Turbida tempestas heri fuit, 940  
nil habeo, adulescens, piscium, ne tu mihi esse  
postules;  
non vides referre me uvidum rete, sine squamoso  
pecu?

*Trach.* Non edepol piscis expeto quam tui sermonis sum  
indigens.

*Gr.* Enicas iam me odio, quisquis es.

*Trach.* Non sinam ego abire hinc te. mane.

*Gr.* Cave sis malo. quid tu, malum, nam me retrahis?

*Trach.* Audi.

## RUDENS

immortalize my glorious career, and found a great big empire there. Ah, these are big things I'm busying my head with here! Now I'll hide this trunk. (*looking in his lunch basket as he puts it down*) Hm! His majesty'll have his lunch seasoned with sour wine and salt, without any tasty relish. (*begins dragging off the trunk in the net, one of the ropes dangling behind him*)

Scene 3.

ENTER *Trachalio*.

*Trach.* (*observing with interest the contents of the net*) Hi, there! Wait!

*Gr.* Wait? What for?

*Trach.* (*casually picking up the end of the rope*) Till I coil up this rope you're trailing.

*Gr.* (*gruffly*) Here you! Hands off!

*Trach.* (*genially*) Heavens, but I'm helping you! "Good turns done to the good never go for naught," you know. (*coils up the rope, getting nearer the net*)

*Gr.* (*very uneasy*) There was a wild gale last night. I have no fish at all, young fellow, and you needn't think I have. Don't you see I'm bringing back a wet net and not a one of (*forcing a grin*) the scaly herd?

*Trach.* Lord, man, I'm not so anxious for your fish as hungry for your conversation. (*still coiling the rope and eyeing the trunk*)

*Gr.* You're boring me to death, whoever you are. (*moves on, dragging the net*)

*Trach.* (*pulling on the rope*) Ah, but I won't let you leave me. Wait.

*Gr.* (*turning on him angrily*) Just look out or you'll get hurt! What the devil do you mean, holding me back?

*Trach.* Listen.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Gr.* Non audio.
- Trach.* At pol qui audies post.
- Gr.* Quin loquere quid vis.
- Trach.* Eho mane dum, est operae pretium quod tibi ego  
narrare volo.
- Gr.* Eloquere quid id est?
- Trach.* Vide num quispiam consequitur prope nos.
- Gr.* Ecquid est quod mea referat?
- Trach.* Scilicet.  
sed boni consili ecquid in te mihi est? 950
- Gr.* Quid negoti est, modo dice.
- Trach.* Dicam, tace,  
si fidem modo das mihi te non fore infidum.
- Gr.* Do fidem tibi, fidus ero, quisquis es.
- Trach.* Audi.  
furtum ego vidi qui faciebat;  
noram dominum, id cui fiebat,  
post ad furem egomet devenio  
feroque ei condicionem hoc pacto :  
' ego istuc furtum scio cui factum est;  
nunc mihi si vis dare dimidium,  
indicium domino non faciam.'  
is mihi nihil etiam respondit.  
quid inde aequom est dari mihi? dimidium 960  
volo ut dicas.
- Gr.* Immo hercle etiam amplius,  
nam nisi dat, domino dicundum  
censeo.
- Trach.* Tuo consilio faciam.  
nunc advorte animum; namque hoc omne  
attinet ad te.
- Gr.* Quid factumst?
- Trach.* Vidulum istum cuiust novi ego hominem iam pridem.
- Gr.* Quid est?
- Trach.* Et quo pacto periit.



## RUDENS

Gr. I won't listen!

Trach. (*significantly*) Ah, but you shall listen, later.

Gr. (*trying to seem indifferent*) Well, well, say what you want. (*gets a fresh grip on his rope*)

Trach. (*doing the same*) Oho! Now you just wait! It's worth attention, what I want to tell you.

Gr. Out with it, then, will you!

Trach. (*coming closer, and looking about warily*) See if anyone's near, trailing us.

Gr. (*nervously*) Has it got anything to do with me?

Trach. Rather. But have I got in you a man of discretion?

Gr. What's it all about? Only tell me!

Trach. Hush, hush! I will tell you, if you'll only promise me to play fair.

Gr. I promise, I'll play fair, whoever you are.

Trach. Listen. I saw a person commit a theft. (*Gripus is visibly relieved*) I knew the owner of the property, and afterwards approached the thief, and put the proposition to him in this way. "I know the man you stole that from," says I. "Now if you want to go halves with me, I won't inform the owner." Not a blessed thing did the fellow answer. Now what's my fair share of it? I hope you'll say half.

Gr. Half! Good Lord, yes, and more too! And unless you get it, the owner ought to be told, that's what I think.

Trach. I'll follow your advice. Now pay attention; for all this affects you.

Gr. (*startled*) Eh? How's that?

Trach. That trunk there—I've known its owner for a long time.

Gr. Eh? What?

Trach. And I know how it was lost.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Gr.* At ego quo pacto inventust scio  
et qui invenit hominem novi et dominus qui nunc  
est scio.  
nihilò pol pluris tua hoc quam quanti illud refert  
mea :  
ego illum novi cuius nunc est, tu illum cuius antehac  
fuit.  
hunc homo feret a me nemo, ne tu te speres potis.
- Trach.* Non ferat si dominus veniat?
- Gr.* Dominus huic, ne frustra sis,  
nisi ego nemo natust, hunc qui cepi in venatu meo.
- Trach.* Itane vero?
- Gr.* Ecquem esse dices in mari piscem meum?  
quos cum capio, siquidem cepi, mei sunt; habeo  
pro meis,  
nec manu adseruntur neque illinc partem quisquam  
postulat.  
in foro palam omnes vendo pro meis venalibus.  
mare quidem commune certost omnibus.
- Trach.* Adsentio :  
qui minus hunc communem quaeso mi esse oportet  
vidulum?  
in mari inventust communi.
- Gr.* Esne impudenter impudens?  
nam si istuc ius sit quod memoras, piscatores peri-  
erint.  
quippe quom extemplo in macellum pisces prolati  
sient,  
nemo emat, suam quisque partem piscium poscant  
sibi,  
dicant, in mari communi captos.
- Trach.* Quid ais, impudens?  
ausu's etiam comparare vidulum cum piscibus?  
eadem tandem res videtur? •
- Gr.* In manu non est mea

## RUDENS

*Gr.* (*indignant*) Well, I know how it was found, and I know who found it, and I know who owns it now. And this is no more your business than that is mine, by gad! I know the man it belongs to now, you know the man it used to belong to. Nobody alive's going to get this away from me, and you needn't hope you can.

*Trach.* Not even the owner, if he came along?

*Gr.* Owner? Don't you fool yourself! No mother's son owns this but me, that caught it, fishing.

*Trach.* (*ironically*) Really, now?

*Gr.* Would you call any fish mine while it's in the sea? When I catch them, supposing I do, then they are mine; I have them for my own, and no one lays claim to them or expects any part of them. And I sell them all in the public market as my wares. Why, the sea's common to all, that's certain.

*Trach.* Agreed. Then why shouldn't I have a common right to this trunk, tell me that? It was found in the common sea.

*Gr.* Well, of all the cheeky cheek! Why, if the law was like what you say, it would finish fishermen. Why, the minute fish were carried to market, no one would buy, but all crowd up and claim their share, contending they were caught in the common sea.

*Trach.* How's that, you cheeky rascal? So you've got the cheek to compare trunks with fish, eh? Really now, does it seem the same to you?

*Gr.* (*doggedly*) It's a thing I can't control. When I

ubi demisi rete atque hamum, quidquid haesit  
extraho. •

meum quod rete atque hami nancti sunt, meum  
potissimumst.

*Trach.* Immo hercle haud est, siquidem quod vas excepisti.

*Gr.* Philosopho.

*Trach.* Sed tu enumquam piscatorem vidisti, venefice,  
vidulum piscem cepisse aut protulisse ullum in  
forum?

non enim tu hic quidem occupabis omnis quaestus  
quos voles:

et vitorem et piscatorem te esse, impure, postulas. 990  
vel te mihi monstrare oportet piscis qui sit vidulus,  
vel quod in mari non natum est neque habet  
squamas ne feras.

*Gr.* Quid, tu numquam audisti esse antehac vidulum  
piscem?

*Trach.* Scelus,  
nullus est.

*Gr.* Immo est profecto; ego, qui sum piscator, scio;  
verum raro capitur, nullus minus saepe ad terram  
venit.

*Trach.* Nil agis, dare verba speras mihi te posse, furcifer.

*Gr.* Quo colore est, hoc colore capiuntur pauxilluli;  
sunt alii puniceo corio, magni item; atque atri.

*Trach.* Scio.  
tu hercle, opino, in vidulum te bis convertes, nisi  
caves:

fiet tibi puniceum corium, postea atrum denuo. 1000

*Gr.* Quod scelus hodie hoc inveni.

*Trach.* Verba facimus, it dies.  
vide sis, cuius arbitrato nos vis facere.

## RUDENS

let down my net and hook, I pull up, whatever's stuck to 'em. Anything my net and hooks get hold of is mine, yes, sir, mine.

No, by gad, it isn't, not if you've hauled up some utensil, anyhow.

(*scornfully*) Professor! (*attempts to go*)

(*pulling on the rope*) Look here, poisoner, did you ever see a fisherman catch a trunk-fish or carry one to market? You shan't monopolize all the trades you want in these parts, now I tell you—trying to pass for trunk-maker and fisherman both, you dirty thing. You've got to show me what a trunk-fish is like, or else you shan't make off with something that wasn't born in the sea and has no scales.

(*patronizingly*) What? You never heard tell of the trunk-fish before?

There's no such thing, scoundrel!

Indeed? Of course there is. I'm a fisherman and I know. They're scarce, I grant you; there's not a fish landed less often.

Rot! You hope you can fool me, you gallows-bird.

(*thoughtfully surveying the trunk*) As for the colour—it's generally little fellows they catch the colour of this one; there are others with red skins—they're big ones like mine. You find black ones, too.

(*menacingly*) Precisely. And I fancy you'll be turning into a trunk yourself, by gad, a double turn, if you don't look out! Your skin'll first turn red and then turn black.

(*aside*) What a cursed mess I've got into here!

This is idle talk. Time's flying. Kindly name some judge you want to decide this for us.

- Gr.* arbitratu.<sup>1</sup> ita enim vero. *Viduli.*
- Trach.* Stultus es.
- Gr.* Salve, Thales.
- Trach.* Tu istunc hodie non feres, nisi das sequestrum aut arbitrum,  
quocius haec res arbitratu fiat.
- Gr.* Quaeso, sanus es?
- Trach.* Elleborosus sum.
- Gr.* At ego cerritus, hunc non amittam tamen.
- Trach.* Verbum etiam adde unum, iam in cerebro colaphos apstrudam tuo;  
iam ego te hic, itidem quasi peniculus novos exurgeri solet,  
ni hunc amittis, exurgebo quidquid umoris tibist.
- Gr.* Tange: adfligam ad terram te itidem ut piscem soleo polypum.  
vis pugnare?
- Trach.* Quid opust? quin tu potius praedam divide.
- Gr.* Hinc tu nisi malum frunisci nil potes, ne postules. abeo ego hinc.
- Trach.* At ego hinc offlectam navem, ne quo abeas. mane.
- Gr.* Si tu proreta isti navi es, ego gubernator cro. mitte rudentem, sceleste.
- Trach.* Mittam: omitte vidulum.
- Gr.* Numquam hercle hinc hodie ramenta fies fortunatior.
- Trach.* Non probare pernegando mihi potes, nisi pars datur  
aut ad arbitrum reditur aut sequestro ponitur.
- Gr.* Quemne ego excepi in mari—

<sup>1</sup> Leo notes lacuna here: *Trach.* *Idone*? *Gr.* Seyffert.

<sup>1</sup> One of the "seven wise men" of Greece.

## RUDENS

Judge Trunk. Yes, sir, Judge Trunk.  
You idiot!

Greetings, you Thales.<sup>1</sup> (*tries again to go*)  
(*holding fast to the rope*) You shan't get away with  
that this day without appointing some trustee or  
referee to referee the matter.

See here, are you sane?

(*vehemently*) No, I'm beside myself!

(*more vehemently*) Well, I'm raving! I won't let  
go of this, for all you say!

(*roaring*) You add just one more word and I'll  
bury my fists in your brains! If you don't let go  
of this, here and now I'll squeeze out all the juice  
that's in you, the way they squeeze out a new  
sponge!

(*changing his tone to one of grim ferocity*) You touch  
me, and I'll beat the ground with you the way I  
do with a polypus! D'ye want to fight?

(*much less belligerent*) Aw, what's the use? Come  
on, let's share the spoils, instead.

All you'll get out of this is trouble, make up your  
mind to that. I'm going along. (*tugs at the net*)

(*encircling him with the rope and turning him around*)  
But I'm going to put the ship about so that you  
won't be going. Avast there!

(*circling Trachalio with his rope*) If you're the  
look-out on that craft, I'll be helmsman. Drop  
the rope, you lubber!

I'll drop the rope: you drop the trunk.

You'll never be a blessed bit the richer for this  
find, confound you!

(*tightening his hold*) No number of noes will weigh  
with me. You'll need to go shares or else leave  
it to a referee or give security.

Hey? A trunk I caught in the sea——

- Trach.* At ego inspectavi e litore.  
*Gr.* Mea opera, labore et rete et horia?  
*Trach.* Numqui minus, 1020  
 si veniat nunc dominus cuius, ego qui inspectavi  
 procul  
 te hunc habere, fur sum quam tu?  
*Gr.* Nihilo.  
*Trach.* Mane, mastigia:  
 quo argumento socius non sum, et fur sum? fac  
 dum ex te sciam.  
*Gr.* Nescio, neque ego istas vestras leges urbanas scio,  
 nisi quia hunc meum esse dico.  
*Trach.* Et ego item esse aio meum.  
*Gr.* Mane, iam repperi quo pacto nec fur nec socius  
 sies.  
*Trach.* Quo pacto?  
*Gr.* Sine me hinc abire, tu abi tacitus tuam viam;  
 nec tu me cuiquam indicassis neque ego tibi quic-  
 quam dabo;  
 tu taceto, ego mussitabo: hoc optimum atque  
 aequissimum est.  
*Trach.* Ecquid condicionis audes ferre?  
*Gr.* Iam dudum fero: 1030  
 ut abeas, rudentem amittas, mihi molestus ne sies.  
*Trach.* Mane, dum refero condicionem.  
*Gr.* Te, opseco hercle, aufer modo.  
*Trach.* Ecquem in his locis novisti?  
*Gr.* Oportet vicinos meos.  
*Trach.* Vbi tu hic habitas?  
*Gr.* Porro illic longe usque in campis ultimis.  
*Trach.* Vin qui in hac villa habitat, cuius arbitratu fieri?



While I saw you from the shore.

Single-handed and unaided with my own net and boat?

Supposing its owner comes along now, am I—that stood by and saw you with it—any less a thief than you?

*(eagerly)* Not a bit less!

Hold on, you villain! How do you make me out a thief without being a partaker? Just explain that to me.

*(taken aback)* I don't know, I don't understand those city laws of yours, anyway. All I say is, this is mine. Yes, and I maintain it is mine.

*(suddenly illuminated)* Hold on! Now I see how you needn't be a thief, or partaker, either.

How?

You let me go my way, and you go yours and keep your mouth shut. Don't you give me away to anyone, and I won't give anything away to you. You keep still, and I'll keep mum. That's perfectly fair and square. *(tries to go)*

*(tightening the rope again)* Do you intend to make me some offer?

I made you one long ago—that you get out, drop the rope, and let me alone. *(pulls at the net)*

*(holding him fast as before)* Wait, while I make you a counter offer.

For God's sake, offer to be off!

Know anyone in these parts, do you?

Ought to know my neighbours.

Where about here do you live?

*(pointing vaguely)* Away over there, ever so far, clear at the end of the meadows.

Want to let the man that lives in this cottage *(pointing to house of Daemones)* be our referee?

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

*Gr.* Paulisper remitte restem, dum concedo et consulo.

*Trach.* Fiat.

*Gr.* Euge, salva res est, praeda haec perpetua est  
mea;

ad meum erum arbitrum vocat me hic intra prae-  
sepis meas:

numquam hercle hodie abiudicabit ab suo trio-  
bolum.

ne iste haud scit quam condicionem tetulerit.  
ibo ad arbitrum.

1040

*Trach.* Quid igitur?

*Gr.* Quamquam istuc esse ius meum certo scio,  
fiat istuc potius, quam nunc pugnem tecum.

*Trach.* Nunc places.

*Gr.* Quamquam ad ignotum arbitrum me appellis, si  
adhibebit fidem,  
etsist ignotus, notus: si non, notus ignotissimust.

## IV. 4.

*Daem.* Serio edepol, quamquam vobis volo quae vultis,  
mulieres,

metuo, propter vos ne uxor mea med extrudat  
aedibus,

quae me paelices adduxe dicet ante oculos suos.

vos confugite in aram potius quam ego.

*Puellae* Miserae periimus.

*Daem.* Ego vos salvas sistam, ne timete. sed quid vos  
foras

prosequimini? quoniam ego adsum, faciet nemo  
iniuriam;

1050

ite, inquam, domum ambo nunciam ex praesidio  
praesides.

## RUDENS

(*hiding his satisfaction*) Ease off on the rope a minute while I turn aside and think it over.

(*doing so*) There you are!

(*aside, triumphantly*) Hurray! It's all safe now! I've got this prize for good! Inviting me to make my own master the referee, right here in my own stall! Gad! Why, with him as judge, not a single sixpence will ever leave the family. Lord! That chap doesn't know what an offer he has made. A referee? Rather!

Well, how about it?

(*resignedly*) Although I'm positive it's mine by rights, I'll give in, sooner than go on and have a row with you.

That's the way to talk!

Although it's an unknown referee you force on me, still, if he's square, I'll know him, even if I don't: otherwise, I'll never never know him, even if I do.

. ENTER *Palaestra* AND *Ampelisca* IN TEARS FROM THE COTTAGE, *Daemones* HESITANTLY COMING AFTER THEM. THE OVERSEERS FOLLOW.

(*very nervous*) Oh, good Lord, girls! I want to do what you want, I really do, but I'm afraid my wife will run me out of the house on account of you. She'll say I paraded my mistresses right in front of her face. I'd rather you fled to the altar than do so myself.

Oh dear, dear, dear!

I'll see you're safe, never fear. (*noticing the overseers*) But why are you escorting us out? No one will harm them now that I am here. Inside at once, I tell you, both of you! Guards off guard!

[*EXEUNT Overseers.*]

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Gr.* O ere, salve.
- Daem.* Salve, Gripe. quid fit?
- Trach.* Tuosne hic servos est?
- Gr.* Haud pudet.
- Trach.* Nil ago tecum.
- Gr.* Ergo abi hinc sis.
- Trach.* Quaeso responde, senex:  
tuos hic servost?
- Daem.* Meus est.
- Trach.* Em istuc optime, quando tuost.  
iterum te saluto.
- Daem.* Et ego te. tune es qui haud multo prius  
abiisti hinc erum accersitum?
- Trach.* Ego is sum.
- Daem.* Quid nunc vis tibi?
- Trach.* Nempe hic tuos est?
- Daem.* Meus est.
- Trach.* Istuc optime, quando tuost.
- Daem.* Quid negotist?
- Trach.* Vir scelestus illic est.
- Daem.* Quid fecit tibi  
vir scelestus?
- Trach.* Homini ego isti talos subfringi volo.
- Daem.* Quid est? qua de re litigatis nunc inter vos?
- Trach.* Eloquar. 1060
- Gr.* Immo ego eloquar.
- Trach.* Ego, opinor, rem facesso.
- Gr.* Si quidem  
sis pudicus, hinc facessas.
- Daem.* Gripe, animum advorte ac tace,

## RUDENS

- Gr. (*calling*) Oh, master! Good-morning!
- Daem. (*approaching them, the girls going to the altar*) Good-morning, Gripus. How goes it?
- Trach. (*to Daemones, in surprise*) Is this fellow your slave, sir?
- Gr. And not ashamed to be.
- Trach. (*to Gripus, icily*) I'm not concerned with you.
- Gr. Then kindly get out of here.
- Trach. (*to Daemones*) Do please answer me, sir. Is this fellow your slave?
- Daem. Yes, mine.
- Trach. Well, well, that's fine, his being yours! Good-morning to you again, sir!
- Daem. The same to you. (*looking at him more closely*) Aren't you the man that left here not long ago to call your master?
- Trach. I'm the man, sir.
- Daem. What do you want now?
- Trach. So this fellow's really yours?
- Daem. Yes, mine.
- Trach. That's fine, his being yours! (*glares balefully at Gripus*)
- Daem. What's the matter?
- Trach. He's an outrage of a man!
- Daem. And what has this outrage of a man done to you?
- Trach. I want his legs broken for him!
- Daem. What's the matter? What are you rowing about now, you two?
- Trach. I'll explain, sir.
- Gr. No, you won't! I'll explain.
- Trach. (*coldly*) I am on the stand here, I believe.
- Gr. You'd be on the move out of here, if you only had some decency.
- Daem. (*sternly*) Your attention, Gripus, and none of your talk!

*Gr.* Vtin istic prius dicat?

*Daem.* Audi. loquere tu.

*Gr.* Alienon prius  
quam tuo dabis orationem?

*Trach.* Vt nequitur comprimi.  
ita ut occepi dicere, illum quem dudum e fano foras  
lenonem extrusisti, hic eius vidulum eccillum tenet.

*Gr.* Non habeo.

*Trach.* Negas quod oculis video?

*Gr.* At ne videas velim.  
habeo, non habeo: quid tu me curas quid rerum  
geram?

*Trach.* Quo modo habeas, id refert, iurene anne iniuria.

*Gr.* Ni istum cepi, nulla causa est quin me condones  
cruci;  
si in mari reti prehendi, qui tuom potiust quam  
meum?

1070

*Trach.* Verba dat. hoc modo res gesta est ut ego dico.

*Gr.* Quid tu ais?

*Trach.* Quod primarius vir dicat: comprime hunc sis, si  
tuost.

*Gr.* Quid? tu idem mihi vis fieri quod erus consuevit  
tibi?  
si ille te comprimere solitust, hic noster nos non  
solet.

*Daem.* Verbo illo modo ille vicit. quid nunc tu vis? dic  
mihi.

*Trach.* Equidem ego neque partem posco mi istinc de  
istoc vidulo  
neque meum esse hodie umquam dixi; sed isti  
inest cistellula

## RUDENS

Gr. What? And let him speak first?

Daem. (to Gripus) Listen. (to Trachalio) Out with it, you.

Gr. You'll let an outsider's slave have the first word before your own?

Trach. (to Daemones, with a superior nod toward Gripus) How hard it is to plug him up! But as I was about to say, sir, that pimp you ran out of the temple a while ago—this chap has got hold of his trunk, look!

Gr. I haven't!

Trach. You deny what I see with my own eyes?

Gr. Ugh! I only wish you'd lose 'em! Whether I have it or haven't it, what makes you meddle with my affairs?

Trach. The important point is how you have it, rightfully or wrongfully.

Gr. (to Daemones) If I didn't haul it up, I have nothing against your handing me to the hangman. (to Trachalio) If I caught it in my net in the sea, how is it yours instead of mine?

Trach. (to Daemones) He's bluffing, sir. The case is just as I state it.

Gr. Hey? What's that?

Trach. My rights as first speaker! If that fellow's yours, sir, kindly plug him up.

Gr. So? Want me to be handled the same way your master handles you, eh? Yours may be used to plugging you up, but ours doesn't use us that way.

Daem. (to Trachalio, chuckling) He got the best of you that time. Well now, what do you want? Tell me.

Trach. I'm neither claiming any part of what's in that trunk there, nor did I ever say it was mine at all, no, sir. But inside it is a little casket belonging

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

huius mulieris, quam dudum dixi fuisse liberam.

*Daem.* Nempe tu hanc dicis quam esse aiebas dudum  
popularem meam?

*Trach.* Admodum; et ea quae olim parva gestavit cre-  
pundia

istic in ista cistula insunt, quae isti inest in vidulo.  
hoc neque isti usust, et illi miserae suppetias  
feret,

si id dederit, qui suos parentis quaerat.

*Daem.* Faciam ut det.    tace.

*Gr.* Nil hercle ego sum isti daturus.

*Trach.* Nil peto nisi cistulam  
et crepundia.

*Gr.* Quid si ea sunt aurea?

*Trach.* Quid istuc tua?  
aurum auro expendetur, argentum argento exae-  
quabitur.

*Gr.* Fac sis aurum ut videam, post ego faciam ut videas  
cistulam.

*Daem.* Cave malo ac tace tu. tu perge ut occepisti  
dicere.

*Trach.* Vnum te obsecro, ut ted huius commiserescat  
mulieris,  
si quidem hic lenonis eiust vidulus, quem suspicor;  
hic, nisi de opinione, certum nil dico tibi.

*Gr.* Viden? scelestus aucupatur.

*Trach.* Sine me ut occepi loqui.  
si scelesti illius est hic, cuius dico, vidulus,  
haec poterunt novisse: ostendere his iube.

*Gr.* Ain? ostendere?

*Daem.* Haud iniquom dicit, Gripe, ut ostendatur vidulus.

*Gr.* Immo hercle insignite inique.

*Daem.* Quidum?

*Gr.* Quia, si ostendero,  
continuo hunc novisse dicent scilicet.



## RUDENS

- to this girl that I previously told you was freeborn.
- Daem.* I suppose you mean the girl you previously said was a compatriot of mine?
- Trach.* Exactly, sir. And the toys she used to have as a child are there inside that casket that's there inside the trunk. It's of no use to him, and he'll be helping that poor girl if he gives her this means of identifying her parents.
- Daem.* I'll see he does. (*to Gripus*) No talk!
- Tr.* Not a thing will I give him, by heaven!
- Trach.* Not a thing do I ask for but the casket and toys.
- Tr.* What if they're gold?
- Trach.* What's that to you? You'll get gold for gold, silver for silver, same weight and same value.
- Tr.* Just you let me see your gold, and then I'll let you see the casket.
- Daem.* (*to Gripus*) Look out for trouble and hold your tongue! (*to Trachalio*) Go on, you, with what you were saying.
- Trach.* The one thing I beg of you, sir, is to take pity on this girl, if this is really the pimp's trunk, as I suspect it is. I'm only guessing so far, not telling you anything for certain.
- Tr.* Hear that? He's setting a trap, the villain!
- Trach.* Let me go on with what I was saying. If this trunk does belong to that villain I say, these girls can recognize it. Make him show it to them.
- Tr.* Hey? Show it?
- Daem.* There's nothing unfair in his request, Gripus, that the trunk be shown.
- Tr.* Lord save us! It's utterly unfair!
- Daem.* How so?
- Tr.* Why, once I show it, they'll instantly say they recognize it, of course they will.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Trach.* Scelerum caput,  
ut tute es, item omnis censes esse, periuri caput?
- Gr.* Omnia istaec ego facile patior, dum hic hinc a me  
sentiat. 1100
- Trach.* At qui nunc abs te stat, verum hinc cibit<sup>1</sup> testi-  
monium.
- Daem.* Gripe, advorte animum. tu paucis expedi, quid  
postulas.
- Trach.* Dixi equidem, sed si parum intellexti, dicam denuo.  
hasce ambas, ut dudum dixi, ita esse oportet  
liberas:  
haec Athenis parva fuit virgo surpta.
- Gr.* Dic mihi,  
quid id ad vidulum,<sup>2</sup> servae sint istae an fuerint  
liberae?
- Trach.* Omnia iterum vis memorari, scelus, ut defiat dies.
- Daem.* Apstine maledictis et mihi quod rogavi dilue.
- Trach.* Cistellam isti inesse oportet caudeam in isto  
vidulo,  
ubi sunt signa qui parentes noscere haec possit  
suos, 1110  
quibuscum periit parva Athenis, sicuti dixi prius.
- Gr.* Iuppiter te dique perdant. quid ais, vir venefice?  
quid, istae mutae sunt, quae pro se fabulari non  
queant?
- Trach.* Eo tacent, quia tacitast melior mulier semper  
quam loquens.
- Gr.* Tum pol tu pro portione nec vir nec mulier mihi es.
- Trach.* Quidum?
- Gr.* Quia enim neque loquens es neque tacens  
umquam bonus.  
quaeso, enumquam hodie licebit mihi loqui?

<sup>1</sup> *cibit* Acidalius: *ibi* MSS.

<sup>2</sup> Leo brackets following *pertinet*.

## RUDENS

You fount of iniquity! D'ye suppose everyone's like yourself, you fount of perjury?

All that sort of talk's easy to put up with, so long as master here is on my side.

It may be on your side he's standing now, but he'll take evidence from this side. (*indicating the girls*)

(*as Gripus fumes*) Attention, Gripus! (*to Trachalio*)

And you, state briefly what you want.

Why, sir, I've told you, but if it isn't clear, I'll tell you a second time. Both these girls, as I told you a while ago, ought to be free. This one (*pointing to Palaestra*) was stolen from Athens as a child.

And what has it got to do with the trunk whether they're slaves or were free, tell me that?

You want everything repeated, rascal, so as to kill time.

Drop your abuse and explain what I've asked you.

(*patiently*) Inside that trunk there should be a casket made of rushes, containing some things by which she can recognize her parents, things she had with her when she vanished from Athens in childhood, as I said before.

I wish to God you'd vanish from earth! Look here, poisoner! Tell me, are those girls dumb, that they can't do their own chattering?

They're silent because a woman's always worth more seen than heard.

Gad! Then I take it you aren't fully qualified as a man or woman either.

How so?

Why, because, seen or heard either, you're always worthless. (*to Daemones*) I say, ain't I ever going to get a chance to speak to-day?

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Daem.* Si praeterhac  
unum verbum faxis hodie, ego tibi comminuam  
caput.
- Trach.* Vt id ocepi dicere, senex, cam te quaeso cistulam  
ut iubeas hunc reddere illis; ob eam si quid  
postulat 1120  
sibi mercedis, dabitur: aliud quidquid ibi est  
habeat sibi.
- Gr.* Nunc demum istuc dicis, quoniam ius meum esse  
intellegis:  
dudum dimidiam petebas partem.
- Trach.* Immo etiam nunc peto.
- Gr.* Vidi petere miluom, etiam cum nihil auferret  
tamen.
- Daem.* Non ego te comprimere possum sine malo?
- Gr.* Si istic tacet,  
ego tacebo; si iste loquitur, sine me pro parte  
loqui.
- Daem.* Cedo modo mihi vidulum istum, Gripe.
- Gr.* Concedam tibi,  
ac, si istorum nil sit, ut mihi reddas.
- Daem.* Reddetur.
- Gr.* Tene.
- Daem.* Audi nunciam, Palaestra atque Ampelisca, hoc  
quod loquor.  
estne hic vidulus ubi cistellam tuam inesse aiebas?
- Pal.* Is est. 1130
- Gr.* Perii hercle ego miser, uti, prius quam plane  
aspexit, ilico  
eum esse dixit.
- Pal.* Faciam ego hanc rem ex procliva  
planam tibi.  
cistellam isti inesse oportet caudeam in isto vidulo.  
ibi ego dicam quidquid incrit nominatim: tu mihi  
nullum ostenderis; si falsa dicam, frustra dixero,

## RUDENS

*Daem.* Just one more word from you to-day, and I'll smash your skull!

*Trach.* As I was saying, sir, I do wish you'd make him give this casket back to them. If he claims a reward for it, he shall have one: and let him keep for himself anything else that's in it.

*(sneering)* Yes, finally you say that, now you realize I have a right to it. A while ago you were after a half of it.

Well, and I'm after it still.

I've seen a kite after something, and still get nothing, though.

*(to Gripus)* Can't I plug you up without making trouble?

If he shuts his mouth, I'll shut mine. If he goes on talking, let me have my say.

Here, Gripus, give me that trunk.

*(after an inward debate)* I'll give it up to you—I to get it back, if none of that stuff's in it.

You shall get it back.

*(tugging it up to Daemones)* There you are!

*(calling to the girls)* Palaestra! Ampelisca, too! Now then, listen to what I say. *(they approach)* Is this the trunk *(to Palaestra)* you said your casket was in?

*(eagerly)* Yes, it is!

Oh, damnation! I'm done for! The way she said it was the one, at once, without even giving it a good look!

*(to Daemones)* It does look doubtful, sir, but I'll make my claim clear to you. There in that trunk should be a rush casket. I'll name every article in it, one by one: you're not to show me a single thing. If I make mistakes, that makes my claim void, and you can disregard me and keep what-

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

vos tamen istaec, quidquid istic inerit, vobis  
habebitis;  
sed si erunt vera, tum opsecro te, ut mea mi  
reddantur.

*Daem.* Placet.

ius merum oras meo quidem animo.

*Gr.* At meo hercle iniuriam.

quid si ista aut superstitiosa aut hariolast atque  
omnia,

quidquid insit, vera dicet? anne habebit hariola? 1140

*Daem.* Non feret, nisi vera dicet: nequiquam hariola-  
bitur.

solve vidulum ergo, ut quid sit verum quam primum  
sciam.

*Gr.* Hoc habet, solutust.

*Daem.* Aperi. video cistellam. haecinest?

*Pal.* Istaec est. o mei parentes, hic vos conclusos gero,  
huc opesque spesque vestrum cognoscendum  
condidi.

*Gr.* Tum tibi hercle deos iratos esse oportet, quisquis es,  
quae parentis tam in angustum tuos locum com-  
pegeris.

*Daem.* Gripe, accede huc; tua res agitur. tu, puella,  
istinc procul

dicito quid insit et qua facie, memorato omnia.

si hercle tantillum peccassis, quod posterius  
postules

te ad verum convorti, nugas, mulier, magnas  
egeris.

1150

*Gr.* Ius bonum oras.

*Trach.* Edepol haud te orat, nam tu iniuriu's.

*Daem.* Loquere nunciam, puella. Gripe, animum advorte  
ac tace.

## RUDENS

ever is in there for yourselves. But if I don't make mistakes, then do please let me have my own things back.

*Daem.* Agreed. Yes, I call those terms perfectly fair.

*Gr.* But I call 'em perfectly unfair, by heaven! What if she's a witch or fortune-teller, and names everything in it rightly? Is a fortune-teller going to get it?

*Daem.* She gets nothing unless she does name things rightly. Fortune-telling won't help her. So unfasten the trunk and let me learn the facts as soon as possible.

*Gr.* (*with assumed confidence as he unfastens it*) Here's the end of her! (*to Daemones*) It's unfastened.

*Daem.* Open it. (*Gripius does so, glances inside, falls back, choking*) I see a casket! (*hands it to Palaestra*) Is this it?

*'al.* It is! Oh, my dear parents, here I hold you enclosed within! Here I've stored all means and hopes of knowing you!

*Gr.* Then, by gad, you ought to catch it from the gods, whoever you are, for cooping up your parents in such narrow quarters.

*Daem.* (*taking the casket and motioning Palaestra to stand aside*) Gripius, step up here; it's your case that's on. As for you, girl, name and describe, from away over there, what's inside here, and mind you mention everything. If you make the slightest slip and suppose you can correct yourself later, let me tell you it won't be of the least use, young lady.

*r.* (*pleased*) That's putting it straight!

*rach.* Gad! It's not you he's putting: you're crooked.

*aem.* (*opening the casket*) Now then, girl, speak up. Gripius, pay attention and keep your mouth shut.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

*Pal.* Sunt crepundia.

*Daem.* Ecce video.

*Gr.* Perii in primo proelio.  
mane, ne ostenderis.

*Daem.* Qua facie sunt? responde ex ordine.

*Pal.* Ensiculust aureolus primum litteratus.

*Daem.* Dice dum,  
in eo ensiculo litterarum quid est?

*Pal.* Mei nomen patris.  
post altrinsecust securicula ancipes, itidem aurea  
litterata: ibi matris nomen in securiculast.

*Daem.* Mane.  
dic, in ensiculo quid nomen est paternum?

*Pal.* Daemones. 11

*Daem.* Di immortales, ubi loci sunt spes meae?

*Gr.* Immo edepol meae?

*Trach.* Pergite, opsecro, continuo.

*Gr.* Placide, aut i in malam crucem.

*Daem.* Loquere matris nomen hic quid in securiculâ siet.

*Pal.* Daedalis.

*Daem.* Di me servatum cupiunt.

*Gr.* At me perditum.

*Daem.* Filiam meam esse hanc oportet, Gripe.

*Gr.* Sit per me quidem.

qui te di omnes perdant, qui me hodie oculis  
vidisti tuis,

meque adeo scelestum, qui non circumspexi  
centiens,

prius me ne quis inspectaret quam rete extraxi  
ex aqua.



# RUDENS

*Pal.* There's a chain of toys.

*Daem.* (*letting Gripus see it*) Yes, here it is! •

*Gr.* (*aside, morosely*) Finished in the first round! (*to Daemones*) Hold on! Don't show it her!

*Daem.* What sort of toys? Answer in detail.

*Pal.* First, there's a tiny little gold sword with an inscription.

*Daem.* (*finding it*) Come then, what's the inscription on this little sword? (*looks for it*)

*Pal.* The name of my father. Then on the other side there's a little two-headed axe, also made of gold and inscribed: it's my mother's name there on the axe.

*Daem.* (*startled at what he sees*) Wait! Tell me, what's this name on the sword, your father's name?

*Pal.* Daemones.

*Daem.* (*half aside, much agitated*) Good God! These hopes of mine!

*Gr.* (*ruefully*) Huh! And mine! Oh, Lord!

*Trach.* (*to Palaestra and Daemones*) Get on, for heaven's sake, keep at it!

*Gr.* (*to Trachalio, indignantly*) Go easy there! Or else go hang!

*Daem.* (*after examining the axe*) And your mother's name here on the little axe—tell me that!

*Pal.* Daedalis.

*Daem.* (*eagerly studying Palaestra's face*) Ah, this is help from Heaven!

*Gr.* Yes, but hell for me!

*Daem.* Gripus, this must be my daughter!

*Gr.* Let her be, for all I care! (*to Trachalio*) Ugh! God curse you for setting eyes on me to-day! Yes, and me for being an infernal fool that didn't look around a hundred times to see nobody was watching before I pulled my net out of the water!

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Pal.* Post sicilicula argenteola et duae conexae man-  
iculae et  
sucula.
- Gr.* Quin tu i diirecta, cum sucula et cum porculis. 1170
- Pal.* Et bulla aurea est, pater quam dedit mi natali  
die.
- Daem.* Ea est profecto. contineri quin complectar non  
queo.  
filia mea, salve. ego is sum qui te produxi pater,  
ego sum Daemones, et mater tua eccam hic intus  
Daedalis.
- Pal.* Salve, mi pater insperate.
- Daem.* Salve. ut te amplector libens.
- Trach.* Volup est cum istuc ex pietate vestra vobis con-  
tigit.
- Daem.* Cape dum, hunc si potes fer intro vidulum, age,  
Trachalio.
- Trach.* Ecce Gripi scelera. cum istaec res male evenit tibi,  
Gripe, gratulor.
- Daem.* Age eamus, mea gnata, ad matrem tuam,  
quae ex te poterit argumentis hanc rem magis  
exquirere, 1180  
quae te magis tractavit magisque signa pernovit  
tua.
- Trach.* Eamus intro omnes, quando operam promiscam  
damus.
- Pal.* Sequere me, Ampelisca.
- Amp.* Cum te di amant, voluptati est mihi.
- Grip.* Sumne ego scelestus, qui illunc hodie excepi  
vidulum?  
aut cum excepi, qui non alicubi in solo abstrusi  
loco?  
credebam edepol turbulentam praedam eventuram  
mihi,

# RUDENS

*Pal.* Then there's a tiny little silver sickle and a tiny pair of clasped hands, and a windlass.—

*Gr.* Go to Hades with your wind, lass, and take along your little windpipe!

*Pal.* And there's a gold locket, too, that my father gave me on my birthday.

*Daem.* (*looking at it*) She is, she certainly is! I can't keep from hugging her any longer! (*throws his arms about her*) Ah, my own daughter! I am the father that reared you! I am Daemones myself, and look, inside here is your mother, Daedalis!

*Pal.* Ah, dear father, father unhop'd for!

*Daem.* Ah, the joy of having you in my arms!

*Trach.* It's grand seeing you good folks get the luck you deserve!

*Daem.* Come, Trachalio, just see if you can't take this trunk and carry it inside.

*Trach.* (*blithely laying hold of it*) Look at poor old Gripus! Hard luck, Gripus! I want to express my—satisfaction.

*Daem.* (*to Palaestra*) Come, let's go to your mother, my child. She can make further inquiries and test you better, having had more to do with you and knowing more about those tokens of yours.

*Trach.* (*carefully excluding Gripus*) Let's all go in together, sir, seeing we've all got a part in it.

[*EXEUNT Trachalio AND Daemones.*]

*Pal.* Come along with me, Ampelisca.

*Amp.* I'm so glad that God has been good to you!

[*EXEUNT.*]

*Gr.* (*very low*) Now ain't I a damned fool, to have fished up that trunk to-day? Or not to have hidden it some place out of sight when I did fish it up? Oh Lord! I fancied I'd have a wild wild time with this catch, catching it in such wild wild

quia illa mihi tam turbulenta tempestate evenerat.  
 credo edepol' ego illic inesse argenti et auri largiter.  
 quid meliust, quam ut hinc intro abeam et me  
 suspendam clanculum,  
 saltem tantisper dum abscedat haec a me aegri-  
 monia?

1190

## IV. 5.

*Daem.* Pro di immortales, quis me est fortunatior,  
 qui ex improvise filiam inveni meam?  
 satin si cui homini dei esse bene factum volunt,  
 aliquo illud pacto optingit optatum piis?  
 ego hodie neque speravi neque illud credidi:  
 is improvise filiam inveni tamen;  
 et eam de genere summo adulescenti dabo  
 ingenuo, Atheniensi et cognato meo.  
 ego eum adeo arcessi huc ad me quam primum  
 volo,  
 iussique exire huc servom eius, ut ad forum  
 iret; nondum egressum esse eum, id miror tamen.  
 accedam, opinor, ad fores. quid conspicio?  
 uxor complexa collo retinet filiam.  
 nimis paene inepta atque odiosa eius amatiost.

1200

## IV. 6.

Aliquando osculando meliust, uxor, pausam fieri;  
 atque adorna, ut rem divinam faciam, cum intro  
 advenero,  
 Laribus familiaribus, cum auxerunt nostram fami-  
 liam.  
 sunt domi agni et porci sacres. sed quid istum  
 remoramini,  
 mulieres, Trachalionem? atque optime eccum exit  
 foras.

## RUDENS

weather! Oh Lord! And there's all sorts of silver and gold in it, I fancy. Well, the best I can do is go inside and hang myself, on the quiet—at least for a while, till I feel better.

[EXIT.

ENTER *Daemones* FROM HIS HOUSE, MUCH PLEASED  
WITH LIFE.

Ye immortal gods! Who's a luckier man than I am—discovering my daughter so unexpectedly? Isn't it a fact that if the gods wish to help a man, it does somehow come about that the prayers of the pious are answered? Here I was, never hoping or believing it could happen: yet here I am with my daughter unexpectedly discovered. And I'm going to marry her to a fine young fellow of one of the best families in Athens, related to me, too. I certainly want to have him summoned here at once; (*glancing about impatiently*) yes, and that slave of his had my orders to come out and run over to the forum. Odd he hasn't come out yet, though. I'd better go to the door. (*looking into the house*) Eh? What's this I see? My wife, arms around her daughter's neck, clinging to her! Comes precious near being a silly nuisance, all her fondling! (*shouting*) Wife! Better call a halt on that kissing some time! Yes, and get things ready for me to make an offering to the household gods when I return, seeing they've augmented our household. We have lambs and pigs for sacrifice. See here, you women! What are you keeping that Trachalio for? Ah! Here he comes! Good!

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Trach.* Vbi ubi erit, iam investigabo et mecum ad te  
adducam simul 1210  
*Plesidippum.*
- Daem.* Eloquere ut haec res optigit de filia;  
eum roga, ut relinquat alias res et huc veniat.
- Trach.* Licet.
- Daem.* Dicitō daturum meam illi filiam uxorem.
- Trach.* Licet.
- Daem.* Et patrem eius me novisse et mi esse cognatum.
- Trach.* Licet.
- Daem.* Sed propera.
- Trach.* Licet.
- Daem.* Iam hic fac sit, cena ut curetur.
- Trach.* Licet.
- Daem.* Omnian licet?
- Trach.* Licet. sed scin quid est quod te volo?  
quod promisisti ut memineris, hodie ut liber sim.
- Daem.* Licet.
- Trach.* Fac ut exores Plesidippum, ut me manu emittat.
- Daem.* Licet.
- Trach.* Et tua filia facito oret: facile exorabit.
- Daem.* Licet.
- Trach.* Atque ut mi Ampelisca nubat, ubi ego sim liber.
- Daem.* Licet. 1220
- Trach.* Atque ut gratum mi beneficium factis experiar.
- Daem.* Licet.
- Trach.* Omnian licet?
- Daem.* Licet: tibi rursum refero gratiam.  
sed propera ire in urbem actutum et recipe te huc  
rursum.

## RUDENS

ENTER *Trachalio*.

(*to Palaestra inside, patronizingly*) I'll hunt up Plesidippus for you at once and bring him back with me, no matter where he is.

(*to Trachalio, urgently*) Tell him all that happened about my daughter; ask him to drop everything else and come here.

(*nonchalantly*) Right.

Say he shall marry my daughter.

Right.

And that I know his father, and that he's a relative of mine.

Right.

But be quick, man!

Right.

Make him hurry up, so that we can see to dinner.

Right. (*saunters off*)

"Right" to everything, eh?

(*over his shoulder*) Right. (*halting*) But you know what it is I want of you? To remember your promise that I'd be freed to-day.

(*quizzically*) Right.

See you get Plesidippus to give me up.

Right.

And see that your daughter gets in her word: she'll get it out of him easily.

Right.

And that Ampelisca marries me when I'm free.

Right.

And that I get real pay for a real service.

Right.

(*grinning*) "Right" to everything, eh?

(*loudly*) Right! I'm paying you back in your own coin. But move! Hurry along to the city and then return here.

TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

<i>Trach.</i>	<i>Licet.</i>
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99	99
100	100

iam hic ero. tu interibi adorna ceterum quod  
opust.

*Daem.*                      Licet.

Hercules istum infelicet cum sua licentia;  
ita meas replevit auris, quidquid memorabam,  
licet.

## IV. 7.

*Gr.* Quam mox licet te compellare, Daemones?

*Daem.* Quid est negoti, Gripe?

Gr. De illo vidulo:

si sapias, sapias; habeas quod di dant boni.

*Daem.* Aequom videtur, tibi, ut ego, alienum quod est, 1230  
meum esse dicam?

Gr. Quodne ego inveni in mari?

*Daem.* Tanto illi melius optigit qui perdidit;  
tuom esse nihilo magis oportet vidulum.

*Gr.* Isto tu pauper es, quom nimis sancte pius.

*Daem.* O Gripe, Gripe, in aetate hominum plurimae  
fiunt trasennae, ubi decipiuntur dolis.  
atque edepol in eas plerumque esca imponitur:  
quam si quis avidus poscit escam avariter,  
decipitur in trasenna avaritia sua.  
ille qui consulte, docte atque astute cavet,  
diutine uti bene licet partum bene.  
mihi istaec videtur praeda praedatum irier,  
ut cum maiore dote abeat quam advenerit.  
egone ut quod ad me allatum esse alienum sciam,  
celem? minime istuc faciet noster Daemones.  
semper cavere hoc sapientis aequissimumst,



## RUDENS

*Trach.* (*more loudly*) Right! I'll be here soon. Meantime attend to other necessary things yourself.

*Daem.* (*yelling after him*) Right! (*to himself*) And pray Hercules make the fellow all wrong with his all Right! The way he filled my ears, whatever I said, with "Right"! [EXIT.

Scene 7. ENTER *Gripus* FROM THE HOUSE, FURTIVELY.

*Gr.* How soon will a word with you be all right, sir?

*Daem.* (*with a start at the "right"*) What's the matter, Gripus?

*Gr.* (*sidling up to him*) About that trunk, sir—if you'd show sense, you'd show sense; you'd keep the good things God gives you.

*Daem.* So you think it fair for me to claim another person's property, eh?

*Gr.* Something I found in the sea?

*Daem.* So much the luckier for the man that lost it. That doesn't make the trunk yours any the more.

*Gr.* (*morosely*) There! That's why you're poor—you're too blessed pious.

*Daem.* (*meditatively*) Ah, Gripus, Gripus, this life of ours is full of traps that cheat and catch mankind. Ay, and very often they are baited too. Then if some grasping soul snaps greedily at this bait, he's caught, trapped by his own greed. But the man that's careful to act with forethought, prudence and discernment can long take honest pleasure in his honest gains. Loot such as that, methinks, is on the road to being looted, and to leaving with a larger dowry than it brought. (*very self-righteous*) I to receive property I know to be another's, and conceal it? Not, I! None of that for friend Daemones! It highly befits wise masters to take

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

ne conscii sint ipsi malefici suis.

ego mihi conlusim <sup>1</sup> nil moror ullum lucrum.

*Gr.* Spectavi ego pridem comicos ad istunc modum  
sapienter dicta dicere atque eis plaudier,  
cum illos sapientis mores monstrabant poplo :  
sed cum inde suam quisque ibant divorsi domum,  
nullus erat illo pacto ut illi iusserant.

*Daem.* Abi intro, ne molestus, linguae tempera.  
ego tibi daturus nil sum, ne tu frustra sis.

*Gr.* At ego deos quaeso, ut quidquid in illo vidulost,  
si aurum si argentum est, omne id ut fiat cinis.

*Daem.* Illuc est quod nos nequam servis utimur.  
nam illic cum <sup>2</sup> servo si quo congressus foret,  
et ipsum sese et illum furti adstringeret ;  
dum praedam habere se censeret, interim  
praeda ipsus esset, praeda praedam duceret.  
nunc hinc intro ibo et sacrificabo, postibi  
iubebo nobis cenam continuo coqui.

## IV. 8.

*Ples.* Iterum mihi istaec omnia itera, mi anime, mi Trachalio,  
mi liberte, mi patrone potius, immo mi pater.

repperit patrem Palaestra suam atque matrem ?

*Trach.* Repperit.

*Ples.* Et popularis est ?

*Trach.* Opino.

*Ples.* Et mihi nuptura est ?

*Trach.* Suspikor.

<sup>1</sup> *conlusim* Exon : *mihi cum hui* MSS.

<sup>2</sup> Corrupt (Leo) : *conseruo* Lindsay.

## RUDENS

constant care never to be partners in crime with their own slaves. Collusional lucre has no attractions for me.

*Gr.* (*quite unchastened*) I've seen actors in comedies talk in that wise way before now, and get clapped after preaching those rules of wisdom to the people. But when folks left and they each went away home, not a one of 'em acted as those actors told 'em.

*Daem.* Be off inside and don't annoy me! Control your tongue! I shall give you nothing, make no mistake about that.

*Gr.* (*grumbling as he goes*) Well, I hope to heaven that whatever's in that trunk, gold or silver, all turns to dust and ashes!

[EXIT.]

*Daem.* There you are! That's how it is we have such rascally slaves. Why, if he had fallen in with some other slave, he'd have involved the both of them in theft. Thinking he had loot, he'd be the loot himself, and loot would have led loot captive. Well, now I'll go in and offer sacrifice, and then order our dinner to be cooked at once.

[EXIT.]

Scene 8. ENTER *Plesidippus*, HIS ARM AROUND *Trachalio*.

*Ples.* (*in transports*) Again now! Tell me all that again now, my darling, my *Trachalio*, my freedman, I mean my patron, no, no, my very father! *Palaestra* has found her father and mother, found them?

*Trach.* (*bored*) Found them.

*Ples.* And she's my compatriot?

*Trach.* I believe so.

*Ples.* And she's to marry me?

*Trach.* I suspect as much.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Ples.* Censen hodie despondebit eam mihi, quaeso?  
*Trach.* Censeo.
- Ples.* Quid? patri etiam gratulabor cum illam invenit?  
*Trach.* Censeo. 1270
- Ples.* Quid matri eius?  
*Trach.* Censeo.
- Ples.* Quid ergo censes?  
*Trach.* Quod rogas,  
 censeo.
- Ples.* Dic ergo quanti censes?  
*Trach.* Egone? censeo.
- Ples.* Adsum equidem, ne censionem semper facias.  
*Trach.* Censeo.
- Ples.* Quid si curram?  
*Trach.* Censeo.
- Ples.* An sic potius placide?  
*Trach.* Censeo.
- Ples.* Etiamne eam adveniens salutem?  
*Trach.* Censeo.
- Ples.* Etiam patrem?  
*Trach.* Censeo.
- Ples.* Post eius matrem?  
*Trach.* Censeo.
- Ples.* Quid postea?  
 etiamne adveniens complectar eius patrem?  
*Trach.* Non censeo.
- Ples.* Quid matrem?  
*Trach.* Non censeo.
- Ples.* Quid eampse illam?  
*Trach.* Non censeo.
- Ples.* Perii, dilectum dimisit. nunc non censet, cum volo.

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<sup>1</sup> The following play on *Censeo*, with its political allusions, can hardly be reproduced. The translator's best is very bad.

## RUDENS

- Ples.* And you gather<sup>1</sup> that he'll promise her to me to-day? Tell me!
- Trach.* So I gather.
- Ples.* And look here! Shall I congratulate her father on finding her?
- Trach.* So I gather.
- Ples.* And her mother, eh?
- Trach.* So I gather.
- Ples.* (*silly with joy*) Well, what do you gather?
- Trach.* What you ask, I gather.
- Ples.* Well, how much do you gather?
- Trach.* I? Oh, I gather.
- Ples.* I'm here, man, here! Must you always gather me?
- Trach.* So I gather.
- Ples.* (*glancing at Daemones' house*) Should I run?
- Trach.* So I gather.
- Ples.* Or step along sedately like this, rather?
- Trach.* So I gather.
- Ples.* Should I greet her, too, when I arrive?
- Trach.* So I gather.
- Ples.* And her father, too?
- Trach.* So I gather.
- Ples.* Then her mother?
- Trach.* So I gather.
- Ples.* What next? Should I hug her father too, when I arrive?
- Trach.* I gather not.
- Ples.* How about her mother?
- Trach.* I gather not.
- Ples.* How about my girl herself?
- Trach.* I gather not.
- Ples.* Oh, damn! He has adjourned the assembly! Now I want him to gather, he gathers not!

*Trach.* Sanus non es. sequere.

*Ples.* Duc me, mi patrone, quo libet. 1280

ACTVS V

*Labr.* Quis me est mortalis miserior qui vivat alter hodie,  
quem ad recuperatores modo damnavit Plesidippus?

abiudicata a me modo est Palaestra. perditus sum.

nam lenones ex Gaudio credo esse procreatos,  
ita omnes mortales, si quid est mali lenoni, gaudent.  
nunc alteram illam quae mea est visam huc in

Veneris fanum,  
saltem ut eam abducam, de bonis quod restat reliquiarum.

V. 2.

*Gr.* Numquam edepol hodie ad vesperum Gripum  
inspicietis vivom,  
nisi vidulus mihi redditur.

*Labr.* Perii, cum mentionem  
fieri audio usquam viduli: est <sup>1</sup> quasi palo pectus  
tundat.

1290

*Gr.* Istic scelestus liber est: ego qui in mari prehendi  
reti atque excepi vidulum, ei dare negatis quicquam.

*Labr.* Pro di immortales, suo mihi hic sermone arrexit  
aures.

*Gr.* Cubitum hercle longis litteris signabo iam usque-  
quaque,  
si quis perdidit vidulum cum auro atque argento  
multo,  
ad Gripum ut veniat. non feretis istum, ut  
postulatis.

<sup>1</sup> est Lindsay: Leo notes lacuna.

## RUDENS

*Trach.* You're crazy. Come along.

[EXIT INTO *Daemones'* HOUSE.]

*Ples.* (*following*) Lead me where thou likest, patron mine!

[EXIT.]

## ACT V

ENTER *Labrax*, IN POOR SPIRITS.

*Labr.* Who's a more unlucky wretch than me in all this world, with Plesidippus getting the judges to decide against me now? Now I'm sentenced to lose Palaestra! I'm ruined! Why, I do believe we pimps are the sons of Joy, the way every mortal soul considers our troubles so enjoyable. Well, now I'll go into the temple of Venus here and see to the other one I own, and at least get away with her, the remaining remnant of my estate.

Scene 2. ENTER *Gripus* GLOOMILY POLISHING A RUSTY SPIT.

*Gr.* (*soliloquizing bitterly*) No, sir, by Jove! You folks shan't set eyes this night on a living Gripus, unless I'm given back that trunk.

*Labr.* (*aside*) Oh dear! Anywhere I hear that word "trunk," it's like pounding my chest with a pole.

*Gr.* There that villain's free—and me, the man that caught the trunk in the sea with my net and pulled it up, not one thing will you give to him!

*Labr.* (*aside, edging closer*) Ye immortal gods! His talk has got my ears on end!

*Gr.* By heaven, I'll post notices everywhere now, in letters a foot and a half high, that if anyone has lost a trunk full of gold and silver, he's to apply to Gripus. You folks shan't get it as you count on doing.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Labr.* Meum hercle illic homo vidulum scit qui habet,  
ut ego opinor.  
adeundus mihi illic est homo. di, quaeso, sub-  
venite.
- Gr.* Quid me intro revocas? hoc volo hic ante ostium  
extergere.  
nam hoc quidem pol e robigine, non est e ferro  
factum, 1300  
ita quanto magis extergeo, rutilum atque tenuius  
fit.  
<sup>1</sup> nam quidem hoc venenatumst verum: ita in  
manibus consenescit.
- Labr.* Adulescens, salve.
- Gr.* Di te ament cum inraso capite.
- Labr.* Quid fit?
- Gr.* Verum extergetur.
- Labr.* Vt vales?
- Gr.* Quid tu? num medicus, quaeso, es?
- Labr.* Immo edepol una littera plus sum quam medicus.
- Gr.* Tum tu  
mendicus es?
- Labr.* Tetigisti acu.
- Gr.* Videtur digna forma.  
sed quid tibi est?
- Labr.* Hac proxima nocte in mari elavi.  
confracta est navis, perdidit quidquid erat miser ibi  
omne.
- Gr.* Quid perdidisti?
- Labr.* Vidulum cum auro atque argento multo.
- Gr.* Ecquid meministi, in vidulo qui periit quid ibi  
infuerit? 1310
- Labr.* Quid refert, qui periit tamen? sine hoc, aliud  
fabulemur.
- Gr.* Quid si ego sciam qui invenerit? volo ex te scire  
signa.



## RUDENS

- Labr.* (*aside*). By gad, that chap knows who has my trunk, I do believe! I must approach him! (*walks up*) Now Heaven be with me!
- Gr.* (*thinking he hears a summons from the house*) What are you calling me in for? (*polishing vigorously*) I want to clean this up out in front here. Good Lord! Why, this thing's made of rust instead of iron! The more I rub it, the redder and thinner it gets! Why, this cursed spit's bewitched: see how it's wasting away in my hands!
- Labr.* (*genially*) Good-day, young man.
- Gr.* (*polishing, savagely*) God bless you, in your need of a haircut.
- Labr.* How goes it?
- Gr.* Spit's a-polishing.
- Labr.* How are you feeling?
- Gr.* See here, you! Tell me this, are you in the medical line?
- Labr.* Lord, no! I'm two letters more than medical.
- Gr.* Oh, mendicant, then?
- Labr.* You've hit it.
- Gr.* You look it. But what's wrong with you?
- Labr.* (*casually*) The sea cleaned me out last night. Ship was wrecked, lost every thing I had in it, worse luck!
- Gr.* (*interested*) What did you lose?
- Labr.* A trunk full of gold and silver.
- Gr.* (*excited*) D'ye remember what was in it, in the trunk that's gone?
- Labr.* Oh, what's the odds, seeing it's gone? Enough of that. Let's talk of something else.
- Gr.* What if I know who found it? I want you to prove your property.

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1 Corrupt (Leo): *nam hoc quidem* Bothe.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Labr.* Nummi octingenti aurei in marsuppio infuerunt,  
praeterea centum minaria Philippa in pasceolo  
sorsus.
- Gr.* Magna hercle praedast, largiter mercedis indi-  
piscar;  
di homines respiciunt: bene ego hinc praedatus  
ibo.
- Labr.* profecto huius est vidulus. perge alia tu expedire.  
Talentum argenti commodum magnum inerat in  
crumina,  
praeterea sinus, cantharus, epichysis, gaulus,  
cyathus.
- Gr.* Papae, divitias tu quidem habuisti luculentas. 13
- Labr.* Miserum istuc verbum et pessimum est, habuisse,  
et nihil habere.
- Gr.* Quid dare velis, qui istaec tibi investiget indicet-  
que?  
eloquere propere celeriter.
- Labr.* Nummos trecentos.
- Gr.* Tricas.
- Labr.* Quadringentos.
- Gr.* Tramas putidas.
- Labr.* Quingentos.
- Gr.* Cassam glandem.
- Labr.* Sescentos.
- Gr.* Curculiunculos minutos fabulare.
- Labr.* Dabo septingentos.
- Gr.* Os calet tibi, nunc id frige factas.
- Labr.* Mille dabo nummum.
- Gr.* Somnias.
- Labr.* Nihil addo.
- Gr.* Abi igitur.
- Labr.* Audi:  
si hercle abiero hinc, hic non ero. vin centum et  
mille?

## RUDENS

- Labr.* Well, there were eight hundred pounds in it, in a wallet, besides a hundred sovereigns in a leather bag, all by itself.
- Gr.* (*aside*) My Lord, what loot! What a reward I'll get! The gods are good to men—I'll loot him handsomely before we part. The trunk's certainly his. (*aloud*) Go on with the rest of the contents.
- Labr.* There were two hundred pounds in silver—good honest coin—in a purse, and a bowl, too, and a tankard and a pitcher and a jug and a ladle.
- Gr.* Whew! You surely had a grand big pile!
- Labr.* That's a dismal word, the very worst of words, "had," when what you have is nothing.
- Gr.* (*looking about suspiciously*) What would you be willing to give a man for finding it all and informing you? Speak up, quick now, hurry!
- Labr.* (*enthusiastically*) Thirty pounds.
- Gr.* (*snorting*) Rubbish!
- Labr.* Forty.
- Gr.* Rotten cobwebs!
- Labr.* Fifty.
- Gr.* Nutshells!
- Labr.* Sixty.
- Gr.* Mites and maggots!
- Labr.* I'll give seventy.
- Gr.* That's cool of a man that's full of hot air!
- Labr.* Well, I'll make it a hundred pounds.
- Gr.* You're dreaming!
- Labr.* (*firmly*) That's my limit.
- Gr.* (*polishing again*) Then leave.
- Labr.* Listen: once I do leave here, by gad, I won't—be here! (*Gripus continues polishing*) How about a hundred and ten?

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Gr.* Dormis.
- Labr.* Eloquere quāntum postules.
- Gr.* Quo nihil invitus addas :  
talentum magnum. non potest triobolum hinc  
abesse. 1330
- proin tu vel aias vel neges.
- Labr.* Quid istic? necessum est, video :  
dabitur talentum.
- Gr.* Accede dum huc : Venus haec volo adroget te.
- Labr.* Quod tibi libet id mi impera.
- Gr.* Tange aram hanc Veneris.
- Labr.* Tango.
- Gr.* Per Venerem hanc iurandum est tibi.
- Labr.* Quid iurem?
- Gr.* Quod iubebo.
- Labr.* Praei verbis quidvis. id quod domi est, numquam  
ulli supplicabo.
- Gr.* Tene aram hanc.
- Labr.* Teneo.
- Gr.* Deiera te mi argentum daturum  
eodem die, tui viduli ubi sis potitus.
- Labr.* Fiat.
- Gr.* Venus Cyrenensis, testem te testor mihi,  
si vidulum illum, quem ego in navi perdidi,  
cum auro atque argento salvom investigavero 1340  
isque in potestatem meam pervenerit,  
tum ego huic Gripo, inquito, et me tangito—
- Labr.* Tum ego huic Gripo—dico, Venus, ut tu audias—  
talentum argenti magnum continuo dabo.
- Gr.* Si quid fraudassis, dic ut te in quaestu tuo  
Venus eradicet, caput atque aetatem tuam.  
tecum hoc habeto tamen, ubi iuraveris.

## RUDENS

Gr. Fast asleep!

Labr. (*disgustedly*) Come, state your price.

Gr. Two hundred pounds. You needn't add a bit to that unless you like. And you can't subtract a sixpence. So just say yes or no.

Labr. Oh, very well! Needs must, I see. I'll give two hundred.

Gr. (*drawing him to the altar*) Step this way, then. I want Venus here to take you in charge.

Labr. Anything you please, command me.

Gr. Put your hand on this altar of Venus.

Labr. (*doing so*) All right.

Gr. Now you must swear by Venus here.

Labr. Swear what?

Gr. What I say.

Labr. Dictate anything you like. (*aside*) Swearing's easy: I'll never beg for any help at that.

Gr. (*as Labrax casually uses his altar hand to scratch himself*) Keep hold of this altar.

Labr. (*obeying*) I am.

Gr. (*solemnly*) Now swear you will give me the money the same day you get possession of your trunk.

Labr. (*lightly*) So be it!

Gr. (*unsatisfied, dictating*) "Venus of Cyrene, be my witness that if that trunk I lost at sea is found safe with its gold and silver, and is put in my possession, then I will give to this man Gripus"—say that, and touch me——

Labr. (*slyly minatory in tone and touch*) Then I will give to this man Gripus—I speak so that you may hear me, Venus—two hundred pounds forthwith.

Gr. And say that if you try any tricks, you hope Venus will send you to smash, body and soul and business. (*aside*) And may the curse hold, anyhow, once you've sworn!

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

*Labr.* Illaec advorsum si quid peccasso, Venus,  
veneror te ut omnes miseri lenones sient.

*Gr.* Tamen fiet, etsi tu fidem servaveris. 1350  
tu hic opperire, iam ego faxo exhibit senex;  
eum tu continuo vidulum reposcito.

*Labr.* Si maxime mi illum reddiderit vidulum,  
non ego illi hodie debeo triobolum.  
meus arbitratust, lingua quod iuret mea.  
sed contisciscam: eccum exit et ducit senem.

V. 3.

*Gr.* Sequere hac.

*Daem.* Vbi istic lenost?

*Gr.* Heus tu. em tibi, hic habet vidulum.

*Daem.* Habeo et fateor esse apud me, et, si tuos est, habeas  
tibi.

omnia, ut quidquid infuit, ita salva sistentur tibi.  
tene, si tuost.

*Labr.* O di immortales, meus est. salve, vidule. 1360

*Daem.* Tuosne est?

*Labr.* Rogitas? si quidem hercle Iovis fuit,  
meus est tamen.

*Daem.* Omnia insunt salva; una istinc cistella excepta  
est modo

cum crepundiis, quibuscum hodie filiam inveni  
meam.

*Labr.* Quam?

## RUDENS

*Labr.* (*more or less dutifully*) If I do anything to violate that, Venus, I pray you that all pimps may come to grief.

*Gr.* (*aside*) They will, anyhow, even if you keep your word. (*aloud*) You wait here: I'll have the old man out at once. Then you go ahead and demand back the trunk from him.

[EXIT *Gripus* INTO HOUSE.]

*Labr.* (*glowering after him*) Huh! No matter if he does get me back that trunk, I don't owe him a single sixpence. My tongue may swear, but I act as I please. (*as Daemones' door opens*) Hush, though! Here he comes with the old man in tow.

Scene 3.                      ENTER *Gripus*, AND *Daemones*.

*Gr.* This way, sir. (*approaches Labrax*)

*Daem.* Where is that pimp?

*Gr.* (*to Labrax*) Hey, you! There's your man, (*pointing to Daemones*) he has the trunk.

*Daem.* I have, and admit I have it, and if it is yours, you shall have it. (*nods to Gripus to get it*)

[EXIT *Gripus*.]

It shall be put in your hands intact, just as it was, with everything in it.

RE-ENTER *Gripus* TUGGING THE TRUNK.

Take it, if it's yours. (*pointing*)

*Labr.* (*joyful*) O ye immortal gods, it is mine! Ah there, trunk!

*Daem.* Is it yours?

*Labr.* (*grabbing it*) Do you ask that? Lord, man, no matter if it even belonged to Jove, it's mine.

*Daem.* Everything inside is intact—except for our removing a little casket of toys which enabled me to find my daughter to-day.

*Labr.* Daughter? Who?

- Daem.* Tua quae fuit Palaestra, ea filia inventast mea.  
*Labr.* Bene mehercle factum est. cum istacc res tibi ex  
 sententia  
 pulchre evenit, gaudeo.
- Daem.* Istuc facile non credo tibi.  
*Labr.* Immo hercle, ut scias gaudere me, mihi triobolum  
 ob eam ne duis, condono te.
- Daem.* Benigne edepol facis.  
*Labr.* Immo tu quidem hercle vero.  
*Gr.* Heus tu, iam habes vidulum.  
*Labr.* Habeo.  
*Gr.* Propera.  
*Labr.* Quid properabo?  
*Gr.* Reddere argentum mihi. 1370  
*Labr.* Neque edepol tibi do, neque quicquam debeo.  
*Gr.* Quae haec factio est?  
 non debes?
- Labr.* Non hercle vero.  
*Gr.* Non tu iuratus mihi es?  
*Labr.* Iuratus sum, et nunc iurabo, si quid voluptati est  
 mihi:  
 ius iurandum rei servandae, non perdendae con-  
 ditum est.
- Gr.* Cedo sis mihi talentum magnum argenti, periuris-  
 sime.
- Daem.* Gripe, quod tu istum talentum poscis?  
*Gr.* Iuratust mihi  
 dare.
- Labr.* Libet iurare. tun meo pontifex peiurio es?  
*Daem.* Qua pro re argentum promisit hic tibi?  
*Gr.* Si vidulum  
 hunc redegissem in potestatem eius, iuratust dare  
 mihi talentum magnum argenti.



## RUDENS

- Daem.* That Palaestra you used to have proves to be my daughter.
- Labr.* (*with seeming heartiness*) Good business, by Jove! So everything has turned out finely just to suit you! I'm glad!
- Daem.* (*dryly*) Yes, it's easy for me to believe you are not.
- Labr.* No, by Jove, I am, and to show I'm glad I'll let you off from paying me a single sixpence for her.
- Daem.* (*as before*) My word! Kind of you!
- Labr.* No, by Jove, of you, it really is!
- Gr.* (*to Labrax, suggestively, as Daemones turns to go*) I say, you, now you have the trunk.
- Labr.* (*frigidly*) I have.
- Gr.* Hurry up.
- Labr.* Hurry up what?
- Gr.* And pay me my money.
- Labr.* Lord, man! I'll neither pay you any nor owe you any.
- Gr.* (*indignant*) What's all this? You don't owe me any?
- Labr.* Jove! I should say I didn't!
- Gr.* Didn't you swear to me?
- Labr.* Swear, yes, and I'll swear now, if it gives me any pleasure. Swearing was invented to save property, not wreck it.
- Gr.* (*viciously*) You kindly hand over that two hundred pounds, you perjured villain!
- Daem.* Gripus, what's that two hundred pounds you're claiming of him?
- Gr.* He swore he'd give it to me!
- Labr.* Hobby of mine, swearing. Are you high-priest over my perjury?
- Daem.* Why did he promise you the money?
- Gr.* If I got this trunk back in his hands, he swore he'd give me two hundred pounds.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Labr.* . Cedo quicum habeam iudicem, 1380  
ni dolo malo instipulatus sis nive etiamdum haud  
siem  
quinque et viginti annos natus.
- Gr.* Habe cum hoc.
- Labr.* Aliost opus.
- Daem.* Iam ab isto auferre haud potis sim, si istunc con-  
demnavero.  
promisistin huic argentum?
- Labr.* Fateor.
- Daem.* Quod servo meo  
promisisti, meum esse oportet, ne tu, leno, postules  
te hic fide lenonia uti: non potes.
- Gr.* Iam te ratu's  
nactum hominem quem defraudares? dandum huic  
argentum est probum:  
id ego continuo huic dabo adeo, me ut hic emittat  
manu.
- Daem.* Quando ergo erga te benignus ego fui atque opera  
mea  
haec tibi sunt servata—
- Gr.* Immo hercle mea, ne tu dicas tua. 1390
- Daem.* Si sapiēs, tacebis—tum te mihi benigne itidem  
addecet  
bene merenti bene referre gratiam.
- Labr.* Nempe pro meo  
iure oras?
- Daem.* Mirum quin tuom ius meo periclo aps te  
expetam.
- Gr.* Salvos sum, leno labascit, libertas portenditur.

<sup>1</sup> As a *patronus*, Gripus being a slave.

<sup>2</sup> See *Pseudolus*, 303.

## RUDENS

*Labr.* Name your man <sup>1</sup> and we'll go to an arbitrator and see if you didn't make a fraudulent compact, or if I'm not still (*with an evil grin*) under the age of twenty-five.<sup>2</sup>

*Gr.* Go to this gentleman. (*pointing to Daemones*)

*Labr.* I want someone else.

*Daem.* (*aside, dubitative*) Now I couldn't get it away from him, (*indicating Gripus*) if I decided against (*eyeing Labrax*) him. (*to Labrax, sternly, after thinking a moment*) Did you promise him the money?

*Labr.* I admit it.

*Daem.* What you promised my slave should be mine, pimp, and you needn't expect to use any of your pimp-craft on me: you can't do it.

*Gr.* (*to Labrax, gleefully*) So you thought you had lighted on a man you could cheat, eh? You've got to give me good honest money—and then I'll give it straight to master here, yes, so that he'll set me free.

*Daem.* (*changing his tone*) Now then, seeing I've done the decent thing by you and all this has been saved for you through my assistance——

*Gr.* (*hotly*) No, sir, by gad! Mine! Don't you say "yours"!

*Daem.* (*to Gripus, sharply*) Show sense and keep your mouth shut! (*to Labrax*) Then you ought to do the decent thing by me also, and return the favour of a man who has favoured you.

*Labr.* (*cautiously*) In asking this you recognize my rights, I take it?

*Daem.* It is remarkable that I don't risk trying to take your rights away from you.

*Gr.* (*aside, as Labrax looks doubtful*) Saved! The pimp falters! Freedom for me!

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Daem.* Vidulum istunc ille invenit, illud mancipium meum  
est;  
ego tibi hunc porro servavi cum magna pecunia.
- Labr.* Gratiam habeo, et de talento nulla causa est quin  
feras,  
quod isti sum iuratus.
- Gr.* Heus tu, mihi dato ergo, si sapis.
- Daem.* Tacen an non?
- Gr.* Tu meam rem simulas agere, tibi munis viam.<sup>1</sup>  
non hercle istoc me intervortes, si aliam praedam  
perdidi.
- Daem.* Vapulabis, verbum si addis istuc unum.
- Gr.* Vel hercle enica,  
non tacebo umquam alio pacto, nisi talento com-  
primor.
- Labr.* Tibi operam hic quidem dat. tace.
- Daem.* Concede hoc tu, leno.
- Labr.* Licet.
- Gr.* Palam age, nolo ego murmurillum neque susurrum  
feri.
- Daem.* Dic mihi, quanti illam emisti tuam alteram mulier-  
culam,  
Ampeliscam?
- Labr.* Mille nummum denumeravi.
- Daem.* Vin tibi  
condicionem luculentam ferre me?
- Labr.* Sane volo.
- Daem.* Dividuom talentum faciam.
- Labr.* Bene facis.
- Daem.* Pro illa altera,  
libera ut sit, dimidium tibi sume, dimidium huc cedo.
- Labr.* Maxime.
- Daem.* Pro illo dimidio ego Gripum emittam manu,  
quem propter tu vidulum et ego enatam inveni.

<sup>1</sup> *mu(nis viam)* Koch : Leo notes lacuna.

## RUDENS

*Daem.* This fellow found that trunk, and he's my slave.  
And then I saved it for you, with all the money  
in it.

*Labr.* (*succumbing*) I'm much obliged, and as for the two  
hundred pounds I swore to give that chap, there's  
no reason you shouldn't have it.

*Gr.* Hey, you! Give it to me, then, if you know  
what's what.

*Daem.* Will you be silent, or not?

*Gr.* You pretend to see to my interests, and improve  
your own! By gad, you shan't swindle me out of  
that, even if I did lose the other loot.

*Daem.* You'll be thrashed if you add another word!

*Gr.* Murder me if you like, by gad, but the only way  
you can ever silence me is to plug me up with  
two hundred pounds!

*Labr.* (*maliciously*) Why, your master's looking to your  
welfare. Silence!

*Daem.* (*withdrawing*) Step over here, pimp.

*Labr.* (*doing so*) Very well.

*Gr.* (*calling*) Do things openly; I don't want any  
murmurlings or whisperings.

*Daem.* (*to Labrax, in an undertone*) Tell me, how much did  
you pay for that other girl of yours, Ampelisca?

*Labr.* One hundred pounds.

*Daem.* Do you want me to make you a handsome offer?

*Labr.* I certainly do.

*Daem.* I'll split the two hundred pounds.

*Labr.* That's good of you.

*Daem.* You take half for setting that other girl free, and  
give me half.

*Labr.* Very well.

*Daem.* (*in a still lower tone*) For that half I'll free Gripus,  
it being through him you found your trunk and I  
my daughter.

# TITUS MACCIUS PLAUTUS

- Labr.* Bene facis,  
gratiam habeo magnam.
- Gr.* Quam mox mi argentum ergo redditur?
- Daem.* Res soluta est, Gripe. ego habeo.
- Gr.* At ego me hercle mavolo.
- Daem.* Nihil hercle hic tibi est, ne tu speres. iuris iurandi  
volo  
gratiam facias.
- Gr.* Perii hercle. nisi me suspendo, occidi.  
numquam hercle iterum defraudabis me quidem  
post hunc diem.
- Daem.* Hic hodie cenato, leno.
- Labr.* Fiat, condicio placet.
- Daem.* Sequimini intro. spectatores, vos quoque ad  
cenam vocem,  
ni daturus nil sim neque sit quicquam pollucti  
domi,  
nive adeo vocatos credam vos esse ad cenam foras. 1420  
verum si voletis plausum fabulae huic clarum dare,  
comissatum omnes venitote ad me ad annos  
sedecim.  
vos hic hodie cenatote ambo.
- Labr.* Fiat.
- Daem.* Plausum date.

## RUDENS

*Labr.* That's good of you, and I'm much obliged. (*they rejoin Gripus*)

*Gr.* Well now, how soon do I get my money?

*Daem.* It's all settled, Gripus. I have it.

*Gr.* Oh Lord, but I prefer having it myself.

*Daem.* (*mockingly*) Oh Lord, there's nothing in it for you, so have no hopes. I want you to let him off his oath.

*Gr.* (*wild*) Oh Lord, I'm done for! It's all over with me, unless I hang myself! Oh Lord! After this day you'll never again cheat me, not me!

*Daem.* Dine with me to-day, pimp.

*Labr.* Good. I accept with pleasure.

*Daem.* Come on in the house. (*turning to the audience*) Spectators, I should invite you to dinner too if it were not for the fact that I am giving none, and have nothing at home worth serving, and furthermore assume that you already have dinner invitations. But if you are willing to give this play your loud applause, all come and make a night of it with me—sixteen years from now. (*to Labrax and Gripus*) You two dine with me to-day.

*Labr.* (*while Gripus still meditates death*) Good.

*Daem.* (*to audience*) Give us your applause.

[EXEUNT OMNES.]





# INDEX OF PROPER NAMES

*The index is limited to names of characters in the plays, and of characters, persons, towns, countries and peoples mentioned in the plays.*

- Adelphasium, *Poen.*  
 Advocati, *Poen.*  
 Aeschinus, 228  
 Aeschrodora, 168  
 Aetolia, Aetolian, 62, 106  
 Africa, African, 102, 132  
 Agathocles, 204  
 Agorastocles, *Poen.*  
 Agrigentine, 292  
 Alexandrian, 162  
 Ampelisca, *Rud.*  
 Ampsigura, 106  
 Anactorium, 10  
 Antamonides, *Poen.*  
 Anterastilis, *Poen.*  
 Antidamas, Antidama, 96, 104, 106  
 Antiochus, 68  
 Apelles, 128  
 Arcturus, *Rud.*  
 Aristarchus, 4  
 Athens, Athenian, 178, 184, 194, 212,  
     226, 292, 356, 358, 398, 408  
 Attalus, 66  
 Attic, Attica, 38, 168, 194, 356  
 Ballio, *Pseud.*  
 Calidorus, *Pseud.*  
 Callipho, *Pseud.*  
 Calydon, Calydonian, 8, 10, 116  
 Campanian, 162  
 Cupua, 346  
 Carthago, Carthaginian, 2, 6, 8, 98,  
     100, 104, 106, 110, 112, 112  
 Carystus, 224, 226  
 Charinus, *Pseud.*  
 Charmides, *Rud.*  
 Chian, 70  
 Chrysis, 218  
 Cocus, *Pseud.*  
 Collybiscus, *Poen.*  
 Cruriragus, 88  
 Cyrene, Cyrenaic, 292, 344, 354, 424  
 Daedalis, 404, 406  
 Daemones, *Rud.*  
 Delphi, 198  
 Demarchus, 106  
 Diphilus, 292  
 Egyptian, 130  
 Euripides, 296  
 Giddens, *Poen.*  
 Greece, Greek, 342, 356  
 Gripus, *Rud.*  
 Hanno, *Poen.*  
 Harpax, *Pseud.*  
 Hedytium, 168  
 Iahon, 106  
 Ionian, 278  
 Jason, 168  
 Labrax, *Rud.*  
 Lesbian, 70  
 Leucadian, 70  
 Lorarii, *Rud.*  
 Lycus, *Poen.*  
 Macedon, Macedonian, 154, 186, 212,  
     258, 264, 270  
 Magara, 8  
 Massic, 280  
 Milphio, *Poen.*  
 Myttlumbalis, 100

# .INDEX OF PROPER NAMES

- Palacstra, *Rud.*  
 Pentetronica, 48.  
 Phoenicium, 116, 172, 180, 181, 238,  
     254, 264  
 Piscatorcs, *Rud.*  
 Plautus, 6  
 Plesidippus, *Rud.*  
 Polymachaeoplagides, 250, 264  
 Pseudolus, *Pseud.*  
 Ptolemeratia, *Rud.*  
 Puer, *Poen.*, *Pseud.*  
 Pultiphagonides, 6  
 Punic, 2, 10, 12, 98, 100, 180  
  
 Roman, 132  
  
 Soeparrio, *Rud.*  
 Sicily, Sicilian, 90, 292, 320, 330, 334,  
     338  
 Sicyon, 250, 258, 266  
 Simia, Simmia, *Pseud.*  
  
 Sino, *Pseud.*  
 Soerates, 198  
 Sparax, 348, 364  
 Sparta, Spartan, 66, 72, 76, 78  
 Stratonieus, 376  
 Subballio, 212  
 Synceerastus, *Poen.*  
 Syrus, Surus, 116, 211, 216, 260,  
     270  
  
 Thales, 386  
 Thasian, 70  
 Thebes, 358  
 Trachalio, *Rud.*  
 Trojan, 274  
 Turbalio, 348, 364  
  
 Xystilus, 170  
  
 Zeuxis, 128

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